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Br. Overton

HISTORY OF MEMPHIS.

THE HISTORY

OF THE

CITY OF MEMPHIS,

BEING A COMPILATION OF THE

Most Important Documents and Historical Events Connected with the Purchase
of its Territory, Laying off of the City and early Settlement.

ALSO,

THE "OLD TIMES PAPERS,"

BEING A

Series of reminiscences and local stories written by the author, and published
in the Daily Appeal over the signature of "Old Times," corrected,
revised and enlarged, with other important matters pertaining
to the same, never heretofore published, and, beyond
the author, but partially known.

By JAMES D. DAVIS,

A RESIDENT OF THIS BLUFF FOR OVER FORTY-FIVE YEARS.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE:

HITE, CRUMPTON & KELLY, PRINTERS.

1873.

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By JAMES D. DAVIS,

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PREFACE.

The principal object of this work is to preserve, as far as it now remains practicable, that portion of the History of Memphis liable to be lost by time and culpable neglect. More than half a century has passed since the territory on which it stands was laid off into lots, streets, squares and alleys, preparatory to the building of a town. Incidents and anecdotes of rare interest have died with those who alone knew them. Even individuals of standing and influence in their day, have been so completely forgotten, that in some instances where their names have slipped my memory I have been wholly unable to recover them from others. Take, for instance, the name of Judge Benjamin Foy, who lived immediately opposite, on the Arkansas shore. A few years ago, or before the publication of the "Old Times" stories, there were perhaps not twenty men on this bluff, who had ever heard of such a man, and yet he was once the most important personage within hundreds of miles distant—the man whom Volney, and other writers, statesmen and tourists sought for valuable information and social intercourse; the last Spanish Alcaldia this side of Texas, whose official duties glided from one government to another, with perhaps as little confusion as is now experienced by some of our country magis-

trates after the sitting of a new legislature. To save from oblivion such names, will be my greatest effort.

Reminiscences, prior to 1840, I will endeavor to give as full and accurate as possible. After that date I shall be less particular, from the fact that there are many living whose leisure and opportunities enable them to do the subject far greater justice than myself. I shall now have broken the ice, awakened an interest, and opened a field which will doubtless prove remunerative and interesting to future efforts in the same direction. In reference to our late unfortunate civil war, I shall have as little to say as possible; far rather would I obliterate than revive its memories; and were they even pleasant, would be out of place here. In my "Old Times Papers," numerous errors appeared, which, through the aid of Judge Lea, and others, I have been in a great measure able to correct. There are some who have made themselves quite noisy about errors. I have called to see some of these, and have been astonished to find how very defective their memories were, and when brought to a point, the difference would prove nothing more than what might occur between two conscientious witnesses in reference to a recent affray; and with rare exceptions, I was more confirmed in my opinions. (One singular feature, though, and which I am told by an old professional writer is a very common one, was, that I never gave offense where I anticipated or feared doing so, but invariably where I least dreamed of it.) Others, again, have expressed alarm lest their sacred names may be desecrated through these pages. To such I would say, make yourselves easy; I would not injure you for the world. I have offended some in my stories, as heretofore published, by failing to name them, and in some instances have done them injustice by such omissions; while others

have been terribly incensed at finding their names, even in complimentary terms, alluded to. These latter, however, were but few, and remarkable only for ignorance. All such names have since been omitted.

I have a large amount of manuscript, giving biographical sketches of important individuals, most of which would be well worthy a place, but I do not propose making this an advertising medium.

Upon the whole, however, I suppose I have gotten along fully as well as any one could, occupying as humble a position as myself. As to critics—a class of beings whom amateur authors are generally so desperately afraid of—I will say, go ahead and say just what you please.

THE AUTHOR.



HISTORY OF MEMPHIS.

A complete history of Memphis might require me to go back, if not to the discovery of the Mississippi river by DeSoto—which many believe to have occurred at this point—at least to give an account of its occupation by Governor Gayoso and the different other powers which alternately held it prior to its falling into the possession of the United States government, and more particularly the Indian wars, which have occurred within the memory of persons still living, and the names of the different forts erected on it. But these are all matters of history, and I should be able to add very little to what has already been written. I shall, therefore, select as my starting point the John Rice and John Ramsey grants, covering the territory on which the city of Memphis is situated; and as these grants have, from time to time, furnished subjects of controversy and litigation, I have thought proper to devote considerable space to them.

THE JOHN RICE GRANT.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA. No. 283.

To all to whom these presents shall come—Greeting:

Know ye, that we, for and in consideration of the sum of ten pounds for every hundred acres hereby granted, paid into our Treasury by John Rice, have given and granted,

and by these presents do give and grant unto the said John Rice, a tract of land containing five thousand acres, lying and being in the Western District, lying on the Chickasaw Bluff. Beginning about one mile below the mouth of Wolf river, at a whiteoak tree, marked J R, running north twenty degrees, east two hundred and twenty-six poles; thence due north one hundred and thirty-three poles; thence north twenty-seven degrees, west three hundred and ten poles to a cotton wood tree; thence due east one thousand three hundred and seventy-seven and nine-tenth poles to a mulberry tree; thence south six hundred and twenty-five poles to a stake; thence west one thousand three hundred and four and nine-tenths poles to the beginning, as by the plat* hereunto annexed doth appear, together with all woods, waters, mines, minerals, hereditaments and appurtenances to the said land belonging or appertaining: To hold to the said John Rice, his heirs and assigns forever—yielding and paying to us such sums of money yearly, or otherwise as our General Assembly from time to time shall cause. This grant to be Registered in the Register's Office of our said Western District within twelve months from the date hereof; otherwise the same shall be void and of no effect.

In testimony whereof, we have caused these our letters to be made patent, and our great seal to be hereunto affixed. Witness Samuel Johnson, Esquire, our Governor, Captain General and Commander in Chief, at Halifax, the twenty-fifth day of April, in the XIII year of our Independence, and of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine.

By his Excellency's command.

SAM. JOHNSON.

J. GLASGOW, Secretary.

Scale of two hundred poles to the inch.

* Unavoidably omitted.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, }
 Western District. }

By virtue of a warrant from the State Entry Taker, No. 382, dated the twenty-fourth day of June, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four, I have surveyed for John Rice five thousand acres of land, lying on the Chickasaw Bluff; beginning about one mile below the mouth of Wolf river, at a whiteoak tree, marked J R, running north twenty degrees, east two hundred and twenty-six poles; thence due north one hundred and thirty-three poles; thence north twenty-seven degrees, west three hundred and ten poles to a cotton wood tree; thence due east one thousand three hundred and seventy-seven and nine-tenths poles to a mulberry tree; thence south six hundred and twenty-five poles to a stake; thence west one thousand three hundred and four and nine-tenths poles to the beginning.

Surveyed December 1st, 1786.

ISAAC ROBERTS, D. S.

JOHN SCOTT, }
 THOS. JAMISON, } S. C. C.

ORANGE COUNTY, REGISTER'S OFFICE, }
 August 14th, 1789. }

The within Grant is registered in book M, folio 117.

By JOHN ALLISON, P. R.

STATE OF TENNESSEE, }
 County of Shelby. }

Received five dollars, being the amount of the State tax on the within Grant. This 4th May, 1820.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE, Clerk.

STATE OF TENNESSEE, SHELBY COUNTY, }
 Register's Office, 14th May, 1820. }

The foregoing Grant is duly registered in my office.
 This 5th May, 1820. THOS. TAYLOR, R. S. C.

A true copy from Record Book A., page 149. Memphis, Tenn., June 9th, 1873.

JOHN BROWN, Register.

THE JOHN RAMSEY GRANT.

No. 19,060. RECORDED MAY 10TH, 1823.

THE STATE OF TENNESSEE.

To all to whom these presents shall come—Greeting:

Know ye, that in consideration of Warrant No. 383, dated the 24th day of June, 1784, issued by John Armstrong, Entry Officer of Claims for the North Carolina western lands, to John Ramsey, for five thousand acres, and entered on the 25th day of October, 1783: by No. 383, there is granted by the said State of Tennessee, unto the said John Ramsey and John Overton, assignee, &c., a certain tract or parcel of land, containing five thousand acres by survey, bearing date the first day of March, 1822, lying in Shelby county, eleventh district, ranges eight and nine, sections one and two, on the Mississippi river, of which to said Ramsey four thousand two hundred eighty-five and five-seventh acres, and to said Overton seven hundred and fourteen and two-seventh acres, and bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a stake on the bank of said river—the southwest corner of John Rice's five thousand acre grant, as proccessioned by William Lawrence in the year 1820—running thence south eighty-five degrees, east with said Rice's south boundary line, as proccessioned aforesaid, one hundred and seventy-five chains to a poplar marked R; thence south two hundred chains to an elm marked F R; thence west, at sixty-two chains, crossing a branch bearing south, at seventy chains crossing a branch bearing southeast, at one hundred and

nineteen chains crossing a branch bearing south, and at one hundred and sixty chains a branch bearing south—in all two hundred and seventy-three chains to a cottonwood marked F R, on the bank of the Mississippi river; thence up the margin of said river, with its meanders, north seven degrees, east eleven chains, north one degree, east five chains and thirty-five links, north ten and a-half chains, north eight degrees, east fourteen chains, north twenty-two degrees, east eleven chains and sixty-three links, north eighty-six degrees, east four chains and sixty-three links, north twenty-nine degrees, east seven chains and ten links, north four degrees, west three chains and twenty-seven links, north five degrees, east six chains, north ten degrees, east three chains, north thirty-one, east sixteen chains, north nineteen degrees, east six chains, north four degrees, east thirteen chains and seventy links, north fourteen degrees, east thirteen chains and nineteen links, north twenty-six, east thirteen chains and eight links, north forty-three, east seven and one-half chains, north thirty, east twenty-two chains and thirty-eight links, north forty, east one chain and eight links, north fifty-three, east one chain and twenty-four links, north forty-nine, east three chains, north thirty-three, east five chains and eighty links, north forty-seven, east seventeen chains, north thirty-six, east four chains and thirty-four links, north forty-nine degrees, east six chains and fifty-seven links, north thirty-nine degrees, east thirty-three and one-half chains; thence north thirty-six degrees, east twelve and one-half chains to the beginning; with the hereditaments and appurtenances: To have and to hold the said tract or parcel of land, with its appurtenances, to the said John Ramsey and John Overton and their heirs forever.

In witness whereof, William Carroll, Governor of the

State of Tennessee, hath hereunto set his hand and caused the great seal of the State to be affixed, at Murfreesborough, on the thirtieth day of April, in the year of our Lord 1823, and of the independence of the United States the forty-seventh. By the Governor.

WILLIAM CARROLL.

DANIEL GRAHAM, Secretary.

I, Alexander Kocsis, Register of the Land Office for the District of Middle Tennessee, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of Grant No. 19,060 of the State of Tennessee, to John Ramsey and John Overton, as the same stands recorded in my office, in book V, page 415. Given under my hand, at office, this 15th day of June, 1867.

ALEXANDER KOCSIS,

Register Land Office.

By A. GATTINGER, Deputy.

STATE OF TENNESSEE, }
Shelby County. }

The foregoing instrument, with Clerk's certificate, was filed in my office for registration on the sixth day of March, 1872, at 10:40 o'clock, A. M., and noted in Note Book No. 7, page 120, and was recorded on the seventh day of March, 1872.

JOHN BROWN, Register.

By J. C. BUSTER, D. R.

STATE OF TENNESSEE, }
Shelby County. }

I, John Brown, Register of said county, certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the Ramsey Grant, as recorded in my office, in Book No. 86, pages 89 and 90. This June 9th, A. D. 1873.

JOHN BROWN, Register.

HISTORY OF THE RICE AND RAMSEY GRANTS.

The five thousand acre entry, upon which a large portion of the city of Memphis is situated, was entered by John Rice, on the 23d day of October, 1783, in the Land Office, known to lawyers as John Armstrong's Office, in Hillsboro, North Carolina. The time fixed by law for the reception of entries for "western lands," was the 20th day of October, 1783, and in three days thereafter the locality about the mouth of Wolf was deemed of such importance as to cause an investment of "ten pounds in specie for every hundred acres of land entered." A warrant duly issued, and the land, the entry "beginning about one mile below the mouth of Wolf river," was surveyed the 1st day of December, 1786.

The certificate of survey was returned and a grant regularly issued, which was registered both at Hillsboro and at Raleigh, as required by law. The original grant, with plat and certificate of survey, are in the possession of John M. Lea, of Nashville. John Rice, the enterer and grantee, was the owner of large bodies of land in Middle and West Tennessee. He must have been a very enterprising, energetic man. He removed from North Carolina to Nashville soon after the entries of those lands, and engaged in the trade of merchandise. During one of his trading expeditions, whilst bringing

goods up the Cumberland river, he and his party, at a point about where Clarksville is situated, were attacked by the Indians, and Rice and several others were unfortunately killed. This event happened in 1791, and is alluded to by Haywood, in his History of Tennessee. In 1794 Judge Overton bought, for the consideration of five hundred dollars, the Chickasaw Bluff tract from Elisha Rice, to whom (the said Elisha being his brother) the same was devised by said John. So particular was Judge Overton about the title, that, in consequence of the will (though in the handwriting of, and signed by John Rice) not being attested, he doubly and indisputably fortified the title by also taking a conveyance from all the four brothers (including Elisha, the devisee,) who would inherit as heirs in case of intestacy. At that time, or prior to 1796, brothers inherited, to the exclusion of sisters. The next day after the purchase an undivided half interest in the land was conveyed to General Andrew Jackson.

I presume the purchase was made on joint account. They were bosom friends and partners in many land purchases.

Many men who have been successful in life are indebted to what is called LUCK, but they all feel as if their good judgment ought to be entitled to the credit. Oftentimes riches grow, and sometimes, like greatness, are thrust upon a man. A fortunate speculation, as desperate and foolhardy in inception as fortunate in result, achieves more in a day than the labor of a lifetime can accumulate. Very rare are the instances where plans are formed, steadily adhered to, and vigorously carried out, which are not expected to work out a great result in a less time than half a century. A perfect confidence in one's own judgment (a very rare faculty) and great

patience, are necessary for such undertakings. In 1794, the Indian title had not been extinguished to any land west of the Tennessee river, nor was there any prospect of an early removal of that claim. The northwest, except a small settlement at St. Louis, was unpeopled west of the Ohio. The southwest, this side of Georgia, was unsettled, except at Natchez, Mobile, and New Orleans. Extraordinary foresight must have been requisite to select the mouth of Wolf, as the site for a future city, in the face of all these discouragements. If the mind had been directed to the question, any judgment would have said that in the long lapse of time there was prospect of a town at that locality; but few, very few, would have looked so far ahead, and waited so patiently for the results. Remarkable sagacity was certainly displayed in the purchase. Gen. Jackson, at various times, sold three-eighths of his one-half interest, and, finally, the interest settled down as follows: Judge Overton, one-half; William Winchester, one-eighth; General Jackson, one-eighth; and General James Winchester, legally, one-fourth—one-half of which he held as his own property, and the other half of which he held as trustee for a deceased brother. Settlements began to advance toward the west and south, and the people of Tennessee expressed a desire that the Indian title should be extinguished to the lands between the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers. The soil was claimed by the Chickasaws, but for some reason or other it was used rather as a hunting ground than as a place for settled habitations.

During the Administration of President Madison, Isaac Shelby and General Jackson were appointed to negotiate a treaty with several Indian tribes. On the 19th of October, 1818, the treaty was signed "at the treaty ground, east of Old Town," and by its stipulations the

Chickasaws surrendered all claim to lands lying north of the Tennessee boundary. Tennessee acquired jurisdiction, and the next year, 1819, a law was passed to lay off the lands into ranges, townships and sections, for the purpose of sale. The law directed that the surveyor should lay down on the map the boundary of every North Carolina grant, and he was required to mark, survey and reserve such from sale. The law further declared, that after the surveying and marking, the State and the grantee should be estopped from disturbing the boundaries as laid down upon the new map.

In the meantime the proprietors of the Chickasaw Bluff were not idle and inactive. In 1819, the year after the treaty, Front, Main, Second and Third streets were laid off from Bayou Gayoso to Union street. Judge Overton and General Winchester were at Memphis. General Jackson was in Florida, but Judge Overton held his power of attorney, authorizing him to do any and everything that he (Judge Overton) thought proper to do concerning the land. There was considerable trouble in laying down the Rice entry upon the map. The Mississippi river, as laid down upon the old plat, did not present the same outline that the stream showed in 1819 and 1820. The only reason, I suppose, that these streets were not extended to the south line of the entry was that the proprietors did not know exactly where the surveyor would locate the south line. The river flowed at the base of the bluff, and there was then no batture. Wolf river flowed into the Mississippi at a point opposite to where the county jail now stands. The old plat represented Wolf as flowing into the Mississippi much lower down, and the land or bank of the Mississippi, north of Wolf, as running away out to the northwest, instead of running nearly north, as the bank indicated in 1819. The owners

of the Rice Grant wished to get as far south as possible, and the owners of the Ramsey Grant were equally anxious to get north. The Surveyor-General was authorized to take the depositions of old settlers to determine the boundaries. The only one of which I have been able to find is that of Judge Benjamin Foy, of Arkansas, which is on file in the County Court of Stewart. I have heard that Paddy Maghar's deposition was also taken, but he came here too late to know much about it. Even the Judge appears to have been less definite than most of his family, with whom I have conversed, were. His nephew, Spillman Foy, and others, have repeatedly told me that the mouth of Wolf, at the time alluded to, was opposite a pond on the bluff, known afterward as Lake Walker, which was immediately below Jefferson street, and that the river struck the bluff below Union street. Judge Lea is evidently mistaken in saying, as he does, that the Surveyor-General was governed by the deposition of Judge Foy, for a correct survey will show that the foot of Beal street is very little, if at all, over a mile from where the mouth of Wolf was in 1820, and not more than half the distance from the foot of Jefferson street, where it was in Foy's early days, and where it was when Rice stood, some eighteen years before, with his land grant in hand, and the word EUREKA, or the English of it, on his lips. It is not at all likely that a man of his undoubted shrewdness, unrestricted as he was, would have left out the level and beautiful land below Beal street and taken in the ugly spurs at the mouth of Wolf, as proved to be forty years later.

If I was a preacher I might here find a theme to prove the instability of all sublunary matter. When John had determined in his mind to locate his grant here, which was no doubt without hesitation, and perhaps with a

vivid imagination of its future grandeur and importance, his first object was to fix on the most stable landmark as his processional point. He selected the mouth of Wolf river, which, instead of going down, like everything else, had just gone up the Mississippi full half a mile, and lost to his successors the handsomest and most valuable part of the bluff. [For a more full account of this change in the river I refer the reader to my history, in another place, of the Memphis Batture.]

There is another point I wish to make here. I published a communication addressed to the Board of Mayor and Aldermen, previous to my "Old Times Papers," in reference to the washing away of the batture, in which I said that the bluff might prove no barrier to the inroads of the Mississippi, as large portions of it had fallen in at the washing away of the previous batture. This was denied, so far as that part of it above Union street was concerned. One old citizen, who has since died, made himself very offensive about it, and it has since been alluded to as an evidence of the unreliability of my information. I now find that the original plat of the John Rice Grant shows that the bluff, from about Jefferson street up, ran in a northwestern direction, instead of nearly due north, as at present; and Judge Foy, in his deposition, says that such was the case when he first knew it, but that large portions of the bluff at the northern end had caved off, and thereby changed its line.

Some singular features, or defects, appear in the Rice Grant, which has since led to much litigation. No allusion is made to the Mississippi river except on the plat, and there simply by a single curved line of the pen, without the slightest regard to its true shape, while the western line of the Grant is in something like three parts of an octagon, leaving an apparent space between it and the river.

It may also appear strange that after John Rice had paid out five hundred pounds in specie for the Grant, with other necessary expenses, that his brother, Elisha, sold it to Judge Overton for five hundred dollars, or about one-fifth of its original cost; but such was, nevertheless, true.

I will here state that the first of this, the history of the John Rice Grant up to its allusion to Judge Foy, is taken from the handwriting, literally, of Judge John M. Lea, one of the ablest lawyers in the country, who, as the son-in-law and attorney of Judge Overton and his estate for some forty years, is undoubtedly the best informed man living in reference to the John Rice Grant, its assignees, and general history, and I have waived my opinions generally where they differed from his. He has been very kind in furnishing me a large amount of valuable information, enabling me to correct many important errors, and for which I feel under great obligations.

In criticising the Grant and conveyance to Overton, I do so without the slightest design of questioning its fairness or legitimacy, if I were capable of doing so. Where discrepancies appear between the statements herein contained and those of the "Old Times Papers," I wish the errors charged to the latter. Among others, I have done the original proprietors some injustice. In one instance I alluded to the fact that they had made liberal donations of lots to old settlers for the purpose of appeasing them for having been disturbed in what they considered occupant or pre-emption rights.

Judge Lea seems hurt at this, and says: "These donations were acts of pure kindness." I am now satisfied that such was the case, but the error, nevertheless, existed, and whether the donations were or not intended to appease, it had that effect, and was none the less an act

of kindness. But the most common error was the laying on, or locating of the Grant which was supposed to have taken place after the treaty commonly known as the "Jackson Purchase" of 1818, by which the Indian titles were extinguished. This idea was certainly a very natural one. The John Ramsey Grant was not located until 1822, and even then the southern line of the Rice Grant was undetermined. This error or misunderstanding led to the laying of the warrant by McAlpin and others, which succeeded so far as securing a compromise, though I think very unjustly; but even as late as 1846 R. K. Turnage and others contended that there was still a space between the McAlpin and Rice lines, based upon the supposed original survey of the Rice Grant in 1819 or 1820. By this time it seems to have been discovered that the angling lines were intended for the bluff, and the wriggling of the pen was simply an addition of some copying clerk. So it was the Turnage speculation failed. There was a feature in this trial which goes to show how unreliable some old folks' memories prove to be at times. Turnage's main witness swore that when the processional survey was made Judge Overton told the Surveyor-General to place the line well back, that he wanted a large space in front, and that some of the bluff might fall in. Now the Records show that the procession was made on the 28th day of July, 1820, while the Records of Knox county show that Judge John Overton was, on that self same day, married in the town of Knoxville. Judge Lea, in his extreme liberality, thinks this old man did not design to commit perjury, though I take it as a greater proof of good heart than good judgment. It, however, amounted to nothing, and the court informed Judge Lea that he might admit not only this witness, but everything

else that Turnage proposed to prove, without endangering his case. This Turnage scheme is alluded to in my history of the Memphis Batture.

There are other features in the Ramsey Grant that may appear strange. No consideration is shown for its issuance, and appears never to have been spread on the Records of Shelby county until within the past year.

Its genuineness, however, never seems to have been called into question, though I cannot resist the idea that North Carolina was rather loose and reckless in the disposition of her western possessions; her title to which was based on the most flimsy of pretexts.

I have a large amount of documents bearing on this subject; also important discussions of the Supreme Court in reference to the titles, etc. Also, the agreement in relation to the matter of arbitration, involving the right of the city to the alluvial lands on the margin of the Mississippi river, to erect wharfs, collect wharfage, etc., about which there is much history. Governor Ousley, of Kentucky, was called upon to select the arbitrators, and selected the Hon's Wm. B. Turley, Wm. B. Reese and Nathan Green, Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of Tennessee, to determine the matter, and were their opinions and awards less lengthy I would publish them.

The following record, however, never before having been in print, settling finally the respective interests of the original proprietors and confirming the statements of Judge Lea, are, I think, of sufficient importance to merit an insertion here:

“At a Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, begun and held for the county of Shelby, State of Tennessee, at the courthouse, in the town of Raleigh, on the third Monday, being the 20th day of April, 1829—Present: James

Warren, James Ralston, S. Henderson, F. M. Weatherhead, Thomas Powers and John Ralston, gent. Justices—the following entry appears of record upon the Minutes of said court, to-wit: ‘A majority of the acting Justices being present, William Lawrence presented to the court the following petition, viz:

‘To the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, for the County of Shelby, in the State of Tennessee, sitting at their April Session, 1829:

‘We, the undersigned, respectfully represent to your Worships that we hold different undivided interests in sundry unsold lots in the town of Memphis, and in a tract of twelve hundred acres. We pray the court to appoint the lawful number of Commissioners to divide the said town lots, and the said land, between us agreeably to a plat of the same that will be exhibited to the Commissioners by our agents, according to law—our respective interests in said property being as follows, viz: John Overton owns one-half; John C. McLemore owns one-eighth; the heirs of General James Winchester own one-fourth, and the devisees of Wm. Winchester, of Baltimore, own one-eighth; and your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray, etc. April 20th, 1829.

(Signed), JOHN OVERTON,
 JOHN C. McLEMORE,

By their Attorney in fact, WM. LAWRENCE.

GEORGE WINCHESTER,
WILLIAM WINCHESTER,

By their Attorney in fact, M. B. WINCHESTER.’

Whereupon, it appearing to the satisfaction of the court that the requisitions of the law have been complied with by the said petitioners, by giving notice to the other parties concerned, by publication in the MEMPHIS ADVOCATE, it is ordered by the court that

Anderson B. Carr, Nathaniel Anderson, John Ralston, David Dunn, Tilman Bettis, Jas. H. Lawrence, and William Lawrence, them, or any five of them be, and are appointed Commissioners, to examine, divide and set apart to the parties petitioning their several parts or portions in severalty of said town lots and land, agreeably to the prayer of the petition, and make the report thereof to our next court.

And at a subsequent term of said court, to-wit: At a Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, begun and held for the county of Shelby, at the courthouse, in the town of Raleigh, on Monday, the 20th day of July, 1829—Present: the Worshipful John Ralston, James Ralston, Francis M. Weatherhead and James Warren, Esquires, Justices of the Court—the following entry appears of record upon the Minutes of said court, to-wit:

‘The Commissioners appointed by a former order of this court, to divide and set apart, in severalty, to John Overton and others, their parts and portions of the unsold lots in the town of Memphis, and the tract of land adjoining thereto, returned to court their report in the words and figures following, to-wit:

‘We, the undersigned, Commissioners appointed by an order of the County Court of Shelby county, in the State of Tennessee, made at their April sessions 1829, to divide and set apart, in severalty, to John Overton and others, their respective shares or portions of all unsold lots in the town of Memphis, and also their shares and portions of a tract of land lying north, east and south of said town, usually called and known as the town reserve, do report and say, (being first sworn as the law directs,) that we proceeded to make a particular examination of the various unsold lots, fractions and country lots, agreeably to the plan of the same

furnished to us by M. B. Winchester and William Lawrence, agents for the said John Overton and others, proprietors of Memphis, and after said examination parcelled the said lots, etc., into eight divisions, as equal in value as we could make them. And it being shown to us that the said John Overton, was entitled to one half of the unsold lots, etc., or in other words to four of the said eight divisions; that John C. McLemore, is entitled to one of said eight divisions; that William Winchester and George Winchester, together, as the devisees of William Winchester, deceased, are entitled also to one of said eight divisions, and that the remaining two divisions belong to the estate of the late General James Winchester, we proceeded to ascertain by balloting, which one of said eight divisions should constitute the share or portion of the said John C. McLemore, when division No. 2 was drawn in his name, whereupon we assigned and allotted to the said McLemore, said division No. 2, which is made up and composed of these town lots, fractions and country lots, viz:

[Here follows a list of the lots, descriptions, bounds, plat of the town, etc., covering some twenty five pages of legal cap paper.]

In testimony whereof, we have hereunto set our hands as commissioners, as aforesaid.

TILMAN BETTIS,
JOHN RALSTON,
WM. LAWRENCE,
A. B. CARR,
J. H. LAWRENCE,
Commissioners.'

Whereupon, it is ordered, adjudged and decreed by the court here, that the said John C. McLemore, the said William and George Winchester, and the said John

Overton, do have and hold, in severalty, the shares, parts and portions assigned to them, respectively, by the foregoing report of division. And that the heirs of the late General James Winchester, also have and hold in severalty the divisions or shares left for them, and specified in said report.

And it is further ordered, that, inasmuch as the plan accompanying said report is on too large a scale to be copied on the pages of the Record Book of this court, said plan shall be posted firmly to, and on the 437th page of this, the said Record Book, and be a part of said report."

STATE OF TENNESSEE, }
Shelby County. }

I, John P. Trezevant, Clerk of the County Court of said county, do certify the foregoing twenty-nine pages to be a full, true and perfect transcript, from the Minutes of the Court of Pleas and Quarterly Sessions of said county, of the petition of John Overton, and others, for the division of real estate therein mentioned.

Witness my hand at office, the 22d day of March, A.D. 1858.

JOHN P. TREZEVANT, Clerk.



DESCRIPTION OF MEMPHIS IN 1820.

We find in the *Portfolio*, published in Philadelphia in 1820, the following communication, the authorship of which was at the time attributed to General Jackson. In relation to the laying out of Memphis, the writer says:

“A town of the above name has been laid off on the east bank of the Mississippi river, at the lower Chickasaw Bluffs, in the county of Shelby, State of Tennessee. It is also within the Western District, lately acquired by treaty from the Chickasaw Indians.

“The plan and local situation of Memphis is such as to authorize the expectation that it is destined to become a populous city. It is laid off parallel with the Mississippi, the course of which at this place is nearly due south, with Wolf river emptying into it at the northern extremity of the town. Three hundred and sixty-two lots are designated upon its present plat; and there is any quantity of elevated level land adjoining, suited to the purpose of enlarging it at pleasure. The streets run to the cardinal points. They are wide and spacious, and, together with a number of alleys, afford a free and abundant circulation of air. There is, besides, four public squares, in different parts of the town, and between the front lots and the river an ample vacant place reserved as a promenade; all of which must contribute very much

to the health and comfort of the place, as well as to its security and ornament.

“The bluff on which Memphis is situated is remarkably high and level, as it is a large tract of country which extends for many miles at right angles from the Mississippi. Being from twenty to thirty feet above the highest flood, it is always dry, and commands a complete view of the river, which, at this place, is rather more than three-quarters of a mile wide. The scenery from the town is quite picturesque and delightful, presenting a rich and extensive plain in the rear, with improvements skirting the opposite shore, as well as a vast expanse of water, chequered by islands which are covered by the heaviest and tallest timber. In casting the eye up the river, a water view is obtained for several miles, interrupted and varied by a cluster of islands about three-quarters of a mile distant, commonly known by the name of PADDY’S HEN AND CHICKENS, through which the Mississippi is seen discharging its immense column of water in two or three different channels. Upon directing the attention down the river the eye enjoys an equally extensive range, where is presented, within the space of three miles, PRESIDENT’S ISLAND, which contains several thousand acres of land, a considerable portion of which is very fertile, and entirely free from inundation. In addition to this, the frequent passage of steamboats and crafts of every description, up and down the Mississippi, give a grandeur even to the prospect, and an active and commercial appearance to the place, which is only one remove from a position on the sea-board.

“This is the only site for a town of any magnitude on the Mississippi, between the mouth of the Ohio and Natchez. The western bank is uniformly too low and subject to inundation, and the eastern affords no other

situation sufficiently high, dry, level and extensive, together with a rich surrounding country, competent to support it. Neither can an eligible position be selected, for this purpose, on any of the rivers which empty themselves into the Mississippi, between the Tennessee river and the Bluff, in consequence of their being greatly incommoded by swamps as high as they are navigable. It is consequently the only desirable site, and is considered by many superior to any upon the Mississippi river. Natchez cannot vie with it, and it even excels Baton Rouge, inasmuch as the banks are higher and more uniformly level and commanding, the surrounding prospects more beautiful and interesting, and, from its situation, necessarily more healthy. Thus, by nature, it is so situated that much competition cannot arise by the erection of other towns between the mouth of the Ohio and Natchez.

“The general advantages of Memphis are owing to its being founded on the Mississippi, one of the largest and most important rivers on the globe, and the high road for all the commerce of the vast and fertile valley through which it flows. This noble river, which may with propriety be denominated the AMERICAN NILE, is about two thousand five hundred and eighty miles from its head to its mouth, and, with its branches, waters two-thirds of the territory of the United States.

“Memphis lies thirty-five degrees six minutes of north latitude, and thirteen degrees west longitude from Washington. The adjacent and surrounding country, which is to be relied on to support it, is one of the most extensive and beautiful bodies of land, contiguous to the Mississippi river, between the mouth of the Ohio and New Orleans. It is elevated, dry and level, possessing a fertile and productive soil, and extending east northeast,

south and southeast, for nearly one hundred miles.

"No tract of country can be better accommodated to the principal staples of the western world. Corn, cotton, wheat and tobacco may be cultivated to great advantage. It is also well adapted to the growth of blue and herd grass, clover, etc., and must consequently be happily suited to the rearing of stock.

"The climate is certainly a desirable one, in consequence of its uniformity and being free from those extremes of heat and cold to which the country, either farther north or south, is generally subjected. Such a climate must be very congenial to the constitution, and to the vigorous maturity of most of the vegetable productions of the temperate regions. From the locality of Memphis, the largest portion of the produce hereafter to be raised for market, in the extreme tract of country lying between the Tennessee river and Bluff, must necessarily be concentrated at that point for exportation, as the rivers by which it is watered are not uniformly navigable.

"The superiority of the Bluff on which Memphis stands over the few situations of high ground on the Mississippi river, is evinced by its having been first selected by the French, as early as the year 1736, as a suitable position for a garrison. Whilst Louisiana was in the possession of Spain, this Bluff was again chosen as a healthy and commanding site for a similar establishment. A fort and garrison had been built and occupied, and the adjacent land cleared and cultivated for many years anterior to their being surrendered to the United States, agreeably to the treaty of St. Ildefonso."

MEMPHIS RAILROADS IN EARLY DAYS.

The first Railroad terminating at this point was the Memphis and LaGrange, commenced in 1838. She only succeeded in laying six miles of track with bar iron, and putting a locomotive and some old fashioned English cars on, done a sort of pleasure business for several months. Some ten years later the Memphis and Charleston Railroad purchased the charter, etc., and the latter road was built to LaGrange on the line staked out for the former. Mention is made of this road in my story of the Memphis Batture.

The following communication appears in the RAILROAD RECORD (Cincinnati) of 1854, which contains foresight and suggestions which have by no means lost their force, and are therefore deemed worthy of reproduction:

“MEMPHIS.—We begin with Memphis, because it is the most promising town in the southwest. Memphis lies on one of only three bluffs on the Lower Mississippi, where it is possible, without unnecessary expense for artificial work, to build a great town. It is almost 280 miles from the mouth of the Ohio, and 730 miles, by water, from Cincinnati. It is, however, only 430 miles on an air line, and a railroad to Louisville and Cincinnati will reduce the distance run to less than 500 miles, and the time to twenty hours. From Memphis, also, a railroad is partially completed, and doubtless will be finished, to Charleston, S. C., connecting it with the Central South. Memphis being also precisely east of Little Rock, it may be, and will be, connected with it by a line of railroad, which shall bring within its commercial influence the

great valleys of White river and the Arkansas. Thus it has great commercial advantages, and its admirable situation on a beautiful and healthy bluff secures them.

“We visited it in 1850, and were struck with the superiority of its position over any other place in the southwest. It is destined, in our opinion, to be the largest city in the southwest, not excepting New Orleans. Memphis will probably contain more than 25,000 people at the census of 1856. Its high position has secured its health so far that neither cholera nor yellow fever have visited it in the several forms in which they have prevailed in almost all the southern cities. This immunity is likely to continue, for it lies on both high and dry ground, and has purer and better air than any other place in that region. Nearly one-fourth the population of Memphis are slaves, and the country back of it is a cotton planting section. Hence, Memphis, as the port of that region, will be chiefly a commercial town. But if it would grow to be a really large place, it must seek to manufacture, and this it may. By railroads through Tennessee and Kentucky it may be supplied with coal and iron, and there iron factories, and steam machinery, and cotton mills may be readily carried on. If Memphis would be great she must make railways and build factories.”

DISTINGUISHED RAILROAD MEN.

Among the most energetic railroad men of both the past and present, I might name Major General Edmund Pendleton Gaines, Ex-Governor James C. Jones, Colonel Nat. Anderson, Colonel Sam Tate, Judge J. T. Swayne, Colonel John T. Trezevant, E. H. Porter, F. M. White, R. C. Brinkley, R. Topp, W. B. Greenlaw, W. B. Waldran, A. L. Mitchell, N. B. Forrest, W. J. Sykes, Amos Woodruff, M. J. Wicks, David C. Cross and John Donovan.

LIST OF MAYORS AND ALDERMEN.

[In order to do justice to all, we have deemed it best to extend the list of Mayors and Aldermen down to the present date.]

1st Corporate Year—March, 1827, to March, 1828.—
Mayor: M. B. Winchester. Aldermen: Joseph L. Davis, John Hook, N. B. Attwood, Geo. F. Graham, (died), John R. Dougherty, (died), Wm. A. Hardy, Nathaniel Anderson, and Littleton Henderson.

2d Corporate Year—March, 1828, to March, 1829.—
Mayor: M. B. Winchester. Aldermen: Samuel Douglass, Wm. A. Hardy, John D. Graham, Augustus L. Humphrey, Joseph L. Davis, and Robert Fearn.

3d Corporate Year—March, 1829, to March, 1830.—
Mayor: Isaac Rawlings. Aldermen: M. B. Winchester, (resigned), A. L. Humphrey, J. L. Davis, J. F. Schabell, James L. Vaughn, J. D. Graham, and Wyatt Christian.

4th Corporate Year—March, 1830, to March, 1831.—
Mayor: Isaac Rawlings. Aldermen: John Kitchell, A. L. Humphrey, D. King, E. Young, (resigned), J. L. Davis, (resigned), H. W. Mosely, (resigned), John Coleman, David W. Wood, Geo. Aldred, and J. F. Schabell.

5th Corporate Year—March, 1831, to March, 1832.—
Mayor: Seth Wheatley. Aldermen: Geo. Aldred, Mar-

tin Swope, Ulysses Spalding, A. L. Humphrey, L. Henderson, and Thos. Phœbus.

6th Corporate Year—March, 1832, to March, 1833.—Mayor: Robert Lawrence. Aldermen: John Kitchell, E. Coffee, C. C. Locke, Jas. B. Walker, L. Henderson, and J. A. H. Cleveland.

7th Corporate Year—March, 1833, to March, 1834.—Mayor: Isaac Rawlings. Aldermen: Littleton Henderson, John F. Schabell, Samuel Runkle, (died), Hezekiah Cobb, John W. Fowler, Elijah Coffee, and Joseph Cooper.

8th Corporate Year—March, 1834, to March, 1835.—Mayor: Isaac Rawlings. Aldermen: Jedediah Prescott, H. Cobb, M. B. Winchester, John W. Fowler, Littleton Henderson, and John F. Schabell.

9th Corporate Year—March, 1835, to March, 1836.—Mayor: Isaac Rawlings. Aldermen: John F. Schabell, (died), James Rose, Joseph Cooper, H. Cobb, Silas T. Toncray, Steth M. Nelson, and Hugh Wheatley.

10th Corporate Year—March, 1836, to March, 1837.—Mayor: Enoch Banks. Aldermen: Silas T. Toncray, Hannibal Harris, (resigned), Seth Wheatley, (resigned), M. B. Winchester, Hugh Wheatley, James Rose, (resigned), John Hare, S. M. Nelson, and R. G. Hart, Jos. Cooper, (resigned.)

11th Corporate Year—March, 1837, to March, 1838.—Mayor: John H. Morgan. Aldermen: Frank McMahan, S. T. Toncray, (resigned), A. H. Bowman, L. C. Trezevant, Charles Stuart, Zachariah Edmunds, (resigned), Joseph Cooper, (resigned), Barnett Graham, H. Cobb, and Jas. D. Currin.

12th Corporate Year—March, 1838, to March, 1839.—
Mayor: Enoch Banks. Aldermen: Jedediah Prescott,
James D. Currin, Lewis C. Trezevant, Lewis Shanks, A.
H. Bowman (resigned), Edwin Hickman and Gray Skip-
with.

13th Corporate Year—March, 1839, to March, 1840.—
Mayor: Thomas Dixon. Aldermen: Jedediah Prescott,
Joseph Wright, Samuel Hayter, E. Hickman, C. Stewart,
(resigned), C. B. Murray, and William Spickernagle.

14th Corporate Year—March, 1840, to March, 1841.—
Mayor: Thomas Dixon. Aldermen: Michael Leonard,
Joseph Wright, C. B. Murray, (died), Jacob M. Moon,
T. C. McMakin, (resigned), E. Hickman, L. C. Treze-
vant, and W. B. Garrison.

15th Corporate Year—March, 1841, to March, 1842.—
Mayor: William Spickernagle. Aldermen: Joseph
Wright, (resigned), Michael Leonard, (resigned), L. C.
Trezevant, (resigned), J. N. Moon, Charles Stewart, F.
P. Stanton, J. Prescott, H. Cobb and John Trigg.

16th Corporate Year—March, 1842, to March, 1843.—
Mayor: Edwin Hickman. Aldermen: C. C. Mahan, (re-
signed), V. Furguson, (died), C. Bias, C. Lofland, (re-
signed), E. H. Porter, Wm. Chase, A. Walker, (resigned),
J. C. Davenport, (resigned), M. Gabbert, (resigned), W.
B. Waldran, H. Cobb, L. Shanks, W. A. Bickford, (resign-
ed), W. Test, J. Prescott, John Woods, and Eugene Ma-
geveney.

17th Corporate Year—March, 1843, to March, 1844.—
Mayor: Edwin Hickman. Aldermen: J. Prescott, H.
Cobb, William Spickernagle, C. Bias, (resigned) Wm.
Chase, E. H. Porter, John Woods, (resigned), E. Magev-

ney, W. B. Waldran, Calvin Goodman, (resigned), L. Shanks, Thomas Whitelaw, and L. R. Richards.

18th Corporate Year—March, 1844, to March, 1845.—Mayor: Edwin Hickman. Aldermen: Wm. Spickernagle, J. D. Allen, Lewis Shanks, (resigned), Jos. Wright, Wm. Connell, Charles A. Leath, (resigned), E. Magevney, (resigned), J. B. Outlaw, (resigned), J. T. N. Bridges, (resigned), M. B. Sappington, Wm. F. Allen, (resigned), John A. Allen, (resigned), Calvin Goodman, (resigned), W. B. Waldran, Dr. Jephtha Fowlkes, John Trigg, (resigned), David Looney, and L. Shanks.

19th Corporate Year—March, 1845, to March, 1846.—Mayor: J. J. Finley. Aldermen: Jos. D. Allen, William Goodman, (resigned), Jos. Wright, Daniel Hughes, Jephtha Fowlkes, Wm. Chase, David Looney, J. R. Maltbie, E. F. Watkins, (resigned,) Calvin Goodman, Gardner B. Locke, D. S. Greer, (resigned), E. M. Apperson, Lewis Shanks, Miles Owen, and J. Delafield.

20th Corporate Year—March, 1846, to March, 1847.—Mayor: Edwin Hickman. Aldermen: Joseph D. Allen, Michael Leonard, Jephtha Fowlkes, Daniel Hughes, D. O. Dooley, (resigned), E. H. Porter, (resigned), E. Magevney, Wm. Carter, Wiley B. Miller, Samuel Mosby, (resigned,) E. Banks, A. O. Harris, and V. D. Barry.

21st Corporate Year—March, 1847, to March, 1848.—Mayor: Enoch Banks. Aldermen: Jos. D. Allen, J. W. A. Pettit, J. Fowlkes, Daniel Hughes, Wm. Connell, V. D. Barry, S. A. Norton, Joseph I. Andrews, Samuel Mosby, and W. B. Miller.

22d Corporate Year—March, 1848, to March, 1849.—

Mayor: Gardner B. Locke. Aldermen: Benj. Wright, J. W. A. Pettit, Jephtha Fowlkes, Daniel Hughes, James Wright, V. D. Barry, R. L. Kay, E. Mageveney, J. M. Patrick, and S. B. Williamson.

23d Corporate Year—March, 1849, to July, 1850.—Mayor: E. Hickman. Aldermen: H. Cobb, T. James, L. Shanks, J. Weller, E. H. Porter, H. B. Joyner, V. Rhodes, E. McDavitt, R. A. Parker, (resigned), H. G. Smith, D. Looney, A. O. Harris, (resigned), N. B. Holt, S. W. Jefferson, A. B. Taylor, (resigned), G. W. Murphy, (resigned), W. Carr, J. L. Webb, and W. L. Guion.

24th Corporate Year—July, 1850, to July, 1851.—Mayor: E. Hickman. Aldermen: Thomas Conway, John Kehoe, E. McDavitt, E. H. Porter, S. W. Jefferson, A. D. Henkle, S. P. Walker, D. Looney, A. B. Shaw, J. Waldran, G. W. Smith, and A. B. Taylor.

25th Corporate Year—July, 1851, to July, 1852.—Mayor: E. Hickman. Aldermen: F. Titus, T. Conway, E. H. Porter, E. McDavitt, (resigned), S. W. Jefferson, A. D. Henkle, David Looney (resigned), S. P. Walker, J. M. Patrick (resigned), A. B. Shaw, Wm. Ruffin, G. W. Smith, W. S. Cockrell. (resigned), A. Woodruff, and J. D. Danbury.

26th Corporate Year—July, 1852, to July, 1853.—Mayor: A. B. Taylor. Aldermen: J. Kehoe, B. Wright, A. Woodruff, R. W. Thompson, A. D. Henkle, M. Eagan, S. P. Walker, (resigned), J. D. Danbury, A. B. Shaw, (resigned), T. W. Hunt, A. N. Edmonds, M. Jones, A. P. Merrill, F. Lane, (resigned), J. M. Patrick and A. G. Underwood.

27th Corporate Year—July, 1853, to July, 1854.—

Mayor: A. B. Taylor. Aldermen: Thos. Conway, Dr. L. Shanks, E. McDavitt, (resigned), W. M. Maddox, E. Mageveney, S. W. Jefferson, (resigned), S. P. Walker, A. Whipple, T. W. Hunt, J. M. Patrick, Marcus Jones, John Wiley, R. W. Thompson, (resigned), John Park, (resigned), and Charles Jones.

28th Corporate Year—July, 1854, to July 1855.—Mayor: A. B. Taylor, Aldermen: John L. Saffarrans, Dan'l Hughes, S. B. Curtis, John Neal, A. Street, (resigned), A. M. Hopkins, A. A. Smithwick, (resigned), J. L. Morgan, (resigned), J. M. Patrick, Jas. Jenkins, W. E. Milton, A. H. Douglass, A. Woodruff, W. Houston and J. D. Danbury.

29th Corporate Year—July, 1855, to July, 1856.—Mayor: A. H. Douglass. Aldermen: Jno. L. Saffarans, Dan'l Hughes, S. B. Curtis, Jno. Neal, A. Woodruff, Jas. Elder, W. R. Chandler, J. D. Danbury, James Jenkins, Jno. L. Morgan, (resigned), W. E. Milton, F. M. Copeland and A. B. Shaw.

30th Corporate Year—July, 1856, to July, 1857.—Mayor: T. B. Carroll. Aldermen: John L. Saffarrans, Dan'l Hughes, S. B. Curtis, L. J. Dupre, W. F. Barry, James Elder, C. M. Fackler, T. J. Finnie, Jno. Smoot, (resigned), A. B. Shaw, D. Bogart, F. M. Copeland, A. H. Douglass, (resigned), and R. Wormeley.

31st Corporate Year—July, 1857, to July, 1858.—Mayor: R. D. Baugh. Aldermen: Dan'l Hughes, J. S. Irwin, A. Street, W. O. Lofland, A. Woodruff, R. S. Jones, Thos. J. Finnie, I. M. Hill, F. M. E. Falkner, T. A. Hamilton, John Martin and F. M. Copeland.

32d Corporate Year—July, 1858, to July, 1859.—

Mayor: R. D. Baugh, Aldermen: J. O. Drew, Daniel Hughes, A. Street, R. H. Norris, (resigned), Chas. Kortrecht, N. B. Forrest, Jas. Elder, T. J. Finnie, T. A. Hamilton, A. H. Douglass, G. P. Foute, D. H. Townsend, Jno. B. Robinson, F. M. Copeland, Jno. Neal, S. W. Jefferson and S. T. Morgan.

33d Corporate Year—July, 1859, to July, 1860.—Mayor: R. D. Baugh. Aldermen: Jno. O. Drew, Sam'l Tighe, A. Street, (resigned), N. B. Forrest, James Elder, C. Potter, T. A. Hamilton, A. H. Douglass, W. E. Milton, (resigned), Marcus Jones, J. N. Barnett, Wm. Farris, J. C. Griffing, W. M. Perkins, D. H. Townsend, S. T. Morgan, W. O. Lofland, and C. Kortrecht.

34th Corporate Year—July, 1860, to July, 1861.—Mayor: R. D. Baugh. Aldermen: Dan'l Hughes, P. T. O'Mahoney, S. T. Morgan, R. S. Joyner, J. J. Worsham, (resigned), N. B. Forrest, J. M. Crews, A. P. Merrill, D. B. Malloy, R. M. Kirby, John Martin, C. W. Frasier, J. B. Robinson, D. H. Feger, H. Volentine, W. C. Anderson and W. S. Pickett.

35th Corporate Year—July, 1861, to July, 1862.—Mayor: John Park. Aldermen: Samuel Tighe, G. M. Grant, M. E. Cochran, S. T. Morgan, L. Amis, jr., C. Kortrecht, A. P. Merrill, L. J. Dupre, (resigned), J. O. Greenlaw, R. M. Kirby, D. H. Townsend, C. M. Farmer, John B. Robinson, J. M. Patrick, H. Volentine, F. M. Gaylor and T. S. Ayres.

36th Corporate Year—July, 1862, to July, 1863.—Mayor: John Park. Aldermen: S. Tighe, J. C. Powers, (resigned), Paul Schuster, (resigned), G. D. Johnson, L. Wunderman, B. F. C. Brooks, H. B. Henghold, M.

Mulholland, Wm. Harvey, Jas. Hall, S. Ogden, John Gager, (resigned), B. Fenton, (resigned), S. T. Morgan, M. McEnroe, A. P. Merrill, (resigned), C. M. Farmer, J. O. Drew, H. T. Hulbert, S. A. Moore and C. Deloach.

37th Corporate Year—July, 1863, to July, 1864.—Mayor: John Park. Aldermen: J. Donovan, J. Glancy, G. D. Johnson, S. T. Morgan, L. Amis, L. Wunderman, A. P. Merrill, C. A. Stillman, M. Mulholland. W. W. Jones, G. W. Harver, M. McEnroe, (died), M. Kelly, W. P. Evans, H. T. Hulbert and H. Volentine.

38th Corporate Year—July, 1864, to July, 1865.—Mayors: Lieut. Colonel Thomas H. Harris and Captain C. Richards—the former from July to November, the latter the remainder of the term. (*) Aldermen: J. P. Foster, (appointed Chief of Police), A. Renkert, G. D. Johnson, S. T. Morgan, B. F. C. Brooks, A. J. Miller, (died), I. M. Hill, J. G. Owen, W. S. Bruce, (resigned,) W. W. Jones, J. E. Merriman, C. C. Smith, G. P. Ware, Jos. Tagg, Patrick Sherry, H. T. Hulbert, J. B. Wetherill, H. G. Smith, (resigned), W. R. Moore and W. M. Farrington.

39th Corporate Year—July, 1865, to July, 1866.—Mayor: John Park. Aldermen: John Glancy, E. V. O'Mahoney, S. T. Morgan, J. H. Reany, (died), Louis Wunderman, Thomas Leonard, I. M. Hill, A. P. Burdett, (resigned), A. Hitzfield, (resigned), M. Burke, R. K. Becktell, (died), Wm. M. Harvey, John S. Toof, M. Kelly, J. F. Green, G. D. Johnson, D. R. Grace, Thomas O'Donnell, S. P. Walker and R. W. Creighton.

(*) See after page in relation to Martial Law.

40th Corporate Year—July, 1866, to January, 1868. (*)
Mayor: Wm. O. Lofland. Aldermen: J. J. Powers, Jno. Glancy, G. D. Johnson, M. E. Cochran, E. W. Wickersham, L. Amis, R. P. Bolling, H. J. Lynn, T. W. O'Donnell, J. C. Holst, A. T. Shaw, D. H. Townsend, H. Lemon, T. O. Smith, W. H. Passmore and H. T. Hulbert.

42d Corporate Year, 1869.—Mayor: John W. Leftwich. Aldermen: Thos. Foley, E. Marshall, Jas. O. Durff, L. E. Dyer, Thos. W. O'Donnell, James Gallagher, S. Ogden, L. M. Wolcott, L. D. Vincent, and J. E. Williams.

43d Corporate Year, 1870.—Mayor: John Johnson.—Aldermen: Owen Dwyer, Phil. J. Mallon, J. O. Durff, I. T. Cartwright, J. C. Holst, Thos. B. Norment, A. J. Roach, Thos. Moffatt, J. P. Prescott, and James Rounds. Councilmen: John Glancey, Patrick J. Kelly, William Chase, J. M. Graves, O. F. Prescott, Jas. Birmingham, R. P. Duncan, M. Pepper, Owen Smith, M. Cohen, R. A. Parker, H. M. James, J. B. Signaigo, Patrick Twohig, John Hallum, Wm. Hewitt, Wm. Miller, M. Doyle, Geo. Dixon, B. F. Boon.

44th Corporate Year, 1871.—Mayor: John Johnson. Aldermen: Owen Dwyer, Phil. J. Mallon, T. F. Mackall, I. T. Cartwright, J. C. Holst, P. A. Cicalla, H. G. Dent, Thos. Moffatt, A. C. Bettis, M. J. Pendergrast. Councilmen: John Zent, John Walsh, Wm. Chase, R. W. Light-

(*) By default of an election, John Park, elected for the 39th Corporate Year, served to October 15th, 1866, when W. O. Lofland, elected 13th October, 1866, was qualified and served until January, 1868. By the same act one-half of the Aldermen elected for the 40th Corporate Year served till January, 1869, which having been determined by lot, fell upon Aldermen Powers, Johnson, Wickersham, Bolling, O'Donnell, Townsend, Lemon and Passmore.

burne, Lewis Amis, Jr., Henry Eschman, R. P. Duncan, J. M. Pettigrew, N. Malatesta, James Bachman, J. B. Signaigo, Patrick Twohig, J. D. Ruffin, W. M. Harvey, J. Genette, J. R. Grehan, Gus. Reder, J. F. Schabell, J. H. Smith, M. Boland.

45th Corporate Year, 1872.—Mayor: John Johnson. Aldermen: John Walsh, Phil. J. Mallon, T. F. Mackall, J. M. Pettigrew, N. Malatesta, P. A. Cicalla, H. G. Dent, M. Burke, B. F. White, Jr., M. J. Pendergrast. Councilmen: John Zent, Thos. Foley, S. B. Robbins, Wm. Schade, Jacob Steinkuhl, A. D. Gibson, C. A. Beehn, J. L. Norton. James Bachman, W. P. Martin, J. Halstead, W. M. Harvey, A. J. White, A. H. Dickerson, J. Genette, H. Marks, J. F. Schabell, Gus. Reder, J. H. Smith, P. Colligan.

46th Corporate Year, 1873.—Mayor: John Johnson. Aldermen: John Walsh, S. B. Bobbins, Andrew Davis, J. M. Pettigrew, N. Malatesta, P. A. Cicalla, J. J. Busby, M. Burke, B. F. White, Jr., P. Colligan. Councilmen: John Zent, M. V. Holbrook, Wm. Hewitt, Wm. J. Chase, C. A. Beehn, J. L. Norton, A. R. Droescher, Jno. A. Roush, Edward Shaw, Joseph Clouston, Jr., Benj. Bingham, C. E. Clarke, S. C. Toof, Turner Hunt, A. J. White, John P. Hughes, Geo. M. Grant, P. S. Simons, J. H. Smith, Turner Mason.

MARTIAL LAW.

The municipal government of this city having been administered during the 38th Corporate Year by appointees of Major General Washburn, commanding the United States military forces in the city at that time, it

is thought advisable to present the several orders under which the civil government was, for the time being, set aside.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE, }
Memphis, Tenn., July 2, 1864. }

Special Orders No. 70.]

I. The utter failure of the municipal government of Memphis for the past two years to discharge its proper functions, the disloyal character of that government, its want of sympathy for the Government of the United States, and its indisposition to co-operate with the military authorities, have long been felt as evils which the public welfare required to be abated. They have grown from bad to worse, until a further toleration of them will not comport with the sense of duty of the Commanding General. The city of Memphis is under martial law, and the municipal government existing since the armed traitors were driven from the city has been only by sufferance of the military authorities of the United States. Therefore, under the authority of General Orders No. 100, dated War Department, Adjutant General's office, April 24, 1863,

It is ordered, That the functions of the municipal government of Memphis be and they are hereby suspended until further orders.

The present incumbents are forbidden to perform any official acts or exercise any authority whatever; and persons supposed to be elected officers of the city at an election held on June 30, 1864, will not qualify. That the interests and business of the city may not be interrupted, the following appointments of officers are made:

Acting Mayor—Lieut. Col. Thomas H. Harris, Ass't Adj't General U. S. Volunteers.

Recorder—F. W. Buttinghaus.

Treasurer—James D. Davis.

Comptroller—W. O. Lofland.

Tax Collector—F. L. Warner.

Tax Collector on Privileges—John Loague.

Chief of Police—P. M. Winters.

Wharfmaster—J. J. Butler.

Who will be fully respected in the exercise of the duties assigned them; and all records, papers, moneys and property in any manner pertaining to the offices, government and interests of the city of Memphis, will be immediately turned over by the present holders thereof to the officers above appointed to succeed them. Said officers will be duly sworn to the faithful discharge of their duties, and will be required to give bonds to the United States in the sums at present prescribed by law and the city ordinances for such officers respectively.

The officers herein named and apponited will constitute a Board, which shall discharge the duties heretofore devolving upon the Board of Aldermen, and the Acting Mayor shall be Chairman thereof; and their acts, resolutions and ordinances shall be valid and of full force and effect until revoked by the Commanding General of the District of West Tennessee, or superior military authority.

By order of Major General C. C. WASHBURN.

W. H. MORGAN, Maj. and Ass't Adj't Gen'l

Official: W. H. MORGAN, Ass't Adj't Gen'l.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE, }
 Memphis, Tenn., July 2, 1864. }

Special Order No. 70.]

[Extract.]

XIII. L. R. Richards is hereby appointed Register of the City of Memphis and a member of the Board,

constituted by Special Order No. 70, Part I, of this date, from these Headquarters.

By order of Major General C. C. WASHBURN.

W. H. MORGAN, Ass't Adj't Gen'l.

To Lieut. Col HARRIS, A. A. Gen. and Acting Mayor.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE, }
Memphis, Tenn., July 16, 1864. }

Special Orders No. 83.]

[Extract.]

I. Paragraph I of Special Orders No. 70, from these Headquarters, dated July 2, 1864, is hereby so modified as to constitute the persons hereinafter named a Council to discharge the duties heretofore devolving upon the Board of Mayor and Alderman of the City of Memphis, and they, with the Acting Mayor are hereby invested with all the powers heretofore exercised by the said Board of Mayor and Aldermen, and shall receive the usual compensation, and be known as the Provisional Mayor and Council of the City of Memphis.

1st Ward—J. P. Foster, Andrew Renkert.

2d Ward—G. D. Johnson, S. T. Morgan.

3d Ward—B. F. C. Brooks, A. J. Miller.

4th Ward—I. M. Hill, J. G. Owen.

5th Ward—W. S. Bruce, Wm. W. Jones.

6th Ward—J. E. Merriman, C. C. Smith.

7th Ward—G. P. Ware, Joseph Tagg.

8th Ward—Patrick Sherry, H. T. Hulbert.

By order of Major General C. C. WASHBURN.

W. H. MORGAN, Ass't Adj't Gen'l.

Official: CHAS. H. TOWNSEND,

Lieut. and Act'g Ass't Adj't Gen'l.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE, }
Memphis, Tenn., July 28, 1864. }

E. T. Morgan is hereby appointed City Attorney for the City of Memphis.

By order of Major General C. C. WASHBURN.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE, }
 Memphis, Tenn., August 12, 1864. }

Special Orders No. 112.]

IX. 1. P. M. Winters is hereby relieved from duty from this date as Chief of Police of the City of Memphis.

2. J. P. Foster is relieved from duty as Councilman for the First Ward, and is appointed Chief of Police of the City of Memphis from this date.

3. Henry G. Smith, Esq., is appointed Councilman for the First Ward, vice J. P. Foster, appointed Chief of Police.

4. J. B. Wetherill is appointed Councilman for the Fifth Ward, vice Wm. S. Bruce, resigned.

By order of Major General C. C. WASHBURN.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE, }
 Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 6, 1864. }

Special Orders No. 134.]

Wm. M. Farrington, Esq., is hereby appointed Alderman of the Third Ward, in the city of Memphis, in the place of A. J. Miller, deceased.

By order of Major General C. C. WASHBURN.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE, }
 Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 4, 1864. }

Special Orders No. 159.]

W. R. Moore, Esq., is hereby appointed Councilman, for the First Ward, City of Memphis, vice H. G. Smith, Esq., resigned.

By order of Brigadier General M. L. SMITH.

W. H. MORGAN, Ass't Adj't Gen'l.

To Lieut. Col. T. H. HARRIS, Milt'y Mayor Memphis.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE, }
 Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 19, 1864. }

[Extract II.]

Special Orders No. 173.]

In obedience to orders from the Headquarters 16th

Army Corps, Lieut. Col. T. H. Harris, Assistant Adjutant General, is hereby relieved from duty as Acting Mayor of the City of Memphis, and will report in person to Major Gen. Dana, at headquarters of the corps at Vicksburg, Miss.

Capt. Channing Richards, 22d Ohio Volunteers, is hereby relieved from duty at the Headquarters District of Memphis, and is appointed Acting Mayor of the City of Memphis. He will enter upon his duties immediately, and will carry out the general policy and measures initiated by Lieutenant Colonel Harris, reporting to these Headquarters.

By order of Brigadier General MORGAN L. SMITH.

W. H. MORGAN, Maj. and Ass't Adj't Gen'l.

Official: W. H. MORGAN, Ass't Adj't Gen'l.

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF WEST TENNESSEE, }
Memphis, Tenn., July 3, 1865. }

[Extract III.]

General Orders, No. 170.]

Extract I, Special Orders No. 70, and Extract I, Special Orders No. 83, series of 1364, from these Headquarters, are hereby revoked, and the officers appointed by them will cease to exercise their functions after this date.

They will also turn over to the officers elect all books and papers pertaining to their several offices.

By order of Major General Jno. E. SMITH.

W. H. MORGAN, Brev't Brig. Gen'l and A. A. G.



LIST OF CITY OFFICERS AT PRESENT DATE.

MAYOR,	-	-	-	-	-	JOHN JOHNSON.
COMPTROLLER,	-	-	-	-	-	FRED. C. SCHAPER.
REGISTER,	-	-	-	-	-	LEWIS R. RICHARDS.
ATTORNEY,	-	-	-	-	-	W. M. RANDOLPH.
TREASURER,	-	-	-	-	-	JOHN NEWSOM.
ENGINEER,	-	-	-	-	-	J. H. HUMPHREYS.
TAX COLLECTOR,	-	-	-	-	-	FELIX W. ROBERTSON.
WHARFMASTER,	-	-	-	-	-	R. W. LIGHTBURNE.
INSPECTOR,	-	-	-	-	-	EDWARD BARINDS.
LUMBER INSPECTOR,	-	:	-	-	-	T. W. RICE.
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS,	-	-	-	-	-	A. C. BETTIS.
MAYOR'S CLERK,	-	-	-	-	-	J. H. FRELIGH.
LICENSE INSPECTOR,	-	-	-	-	-	W. B. ALLEN.

CITY SCHOOLS.

OFFICERS OF THE BOARD.

R. B. MAURY, M.D., President.	J. G. CAIRNS, Secretary.
W. S. BRUCE, Vice-President.	H. E. GARTH, Treasurer.
H. C. SLAUGHTER, Superintendent.	

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD.

- 1st. Ward—M. Garvin, Henry Seessel, Jr.,
- 2d. Ward—H. D. Connell, Dr. C. E. Miner.
- 3d. Ward—Dr. R. W. Mitchell, D. P. Hadden.
- 4th Ward—Noland Fontaine, N. J. Wiggins.
- 5th Ward—G. F. Cook, H. G. Harrington.
- 6th Ward—H. E. Andrews, C. Kortrecht.
- 7th Ward—J. H. Barnum, Wm. D. Beard.
- 8th Ward—A. E. Frankland, Wm. Farris.
- 9th Ward—George E. Irwin, W. Z. Mitchell.
- 10th Ward—Jas. O. Pierce, A. H. Merrill.

POLICEMEN.

OFFICERS.

P. R. ATHY,	- - - - -	Chief.
G. R. WEATHERFORD,	- - - - -	Captain.
C. T. SMITH,	- - - - -	Captain.
C. H. BRAUN,	- - - - -	Sergeant.
M. DEA,	- - - - -	Sergeant.
R. F. ARATTA,	- - - - -	Sergeant.
P. McELROY,	- - - - -	Sergeant.
S. L. BARINDS,	- - - - -	Clerk.
W. FEATHERSTONE.	- - - - -	Station-House Keeper.
E. G. FORREST,	- - - - -	Assistant Station-House Keeper.
A. G. TUCKER,	- - - - -	Assistant Station-House Keeper.
W. G. McILVAINE,	- - - - -	Assistant Station-House Keeper.
JAS. A. TORRY,	- - - - -	Turnkey.
THOMAS GARVEY,	- - - - -	Turnkey.

PRIVATES.

Allison, M. M.	Farrel, Thomas.	Malowney, M.
Alt, C. W.	Fitzpatrick, J.	Malowney, P.
Baker, T. N.	Getzendanner, J.	Manuel, R. C.
Birmingham, F.	Hackett, P.	Morrison, C. L.
Boyd, A. M.	Hagerty, P.	O'Mahoney, T.
Brown, H.	Homan, William.	Pickett, O. B.
Brown, W. P.	Hope, Tim.	Piltz, Louis.
Campan, J.	Huber, J. J.	Richards, J.
Carmichael, T.	Jenny, F. W.	Rogers, W. S.
Clancey, John.	Kroker, F.	Scanland, W. S.
Clements, H.	McAuliffe, E.	Schlick, Charles.
Cogbill, T. C.	McCormick, T.	Scott, Jas.
Costillo, William.	McDonnel, C. E.	Servatus, L.
Couch, F.	McDonough, J.	Sheehan, P.
Cullen, H. D.	McElroy, F. R.	Shepperd, R. D.
Cusick, P.	McKenna, James.	Sommers, T. M.
Davis, W. C.	McNulty, M.	Walsh, John.
Dougherty, J.	McPartland, J.	Wilson, H.
Elliot, Robert.		

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

J. D. DANBURY—NO. 1.

James Madden, Captain.	Thomas Quinn, Pipeman.
Joseph Hickey, Engineer.	James Finn, Assistant Pipeman.
Arthur Dwyer, Fireman.	Patrick Connel, Hoseman.
Timothy Ryan, Engine Driver.	Michael Ragan, Hoseman.
James Ryan, Hose Driver.	

VOLENTINE—NO. 2.

W. J. Raja, Captain.	W. F. Carroll, Pipeman.
J. R. Clark, Engineer.	Geo. Saxon, Assistant Pipeman.
Charles Piaggio, Fireman.	A. B. Weaver, Hoseman.
Patrick Scott, Engine Driver.	John Mahrans, Hoseman.
L. D. Young, Hose Driver.	

DESOTO—NO. 3.

James Cleary, Captain.	John Schirmaster, Pipeman.
P. G. Kennett, Engineer.	Edw. Cunny, Assistant Pipeman.
C. H. M. Smith, Fireman.	P. H. Duffy, Hoseman.
Wm. J. Crosby, Engine Driver.	Michael Cleary, Hoseman.
Antone McCarty, Hose Driver.	

WASHINGTON—NO. 4.

M. McFadden, Captain.	John Hackett, Pipeman.
James Dolan, Engineer.	John McMahon, Assis't Pipeman.
John Sullivan, Fireman.	Timothy Foley, Hoseman.
Jno. Cunningham, Eng'e Driver.	George Cox, Hoseman.
James Stokes, Hose Driver.	

PIONEER HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY, NO. 1.

Patrick Haley, Captain.	J. Shaughnessy, Truckman.
Barney Lynch, Driver.	Clinte Klinke, Truckman.
Frank Egan, Truckman.	

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

I am indebted to many gentlemen for material aid in obtaining documents and information, without which this work would have been quite deficient, if not a failure; and to whom I take this method of returning my sincere thanks—among whom I will name:

Judge JOHN M. LEA, of Nashville.

Hon. JOHN OVERTON, JR., the grandson of Judge JOHN OVERTON, the founder and original proprietor of Memphis.

JOSEPH J. RAWLINGS, the oldest resident in the city.

Col. WM. T. AVERY, Clerk of the Criminal Court.

Judge T. S. AYRES, one of our oldest Attorneys.

Col. GEO. W. WINCHESTER, son of General JAMES WINCHESTER, a distinguished officer of the war of 1812, and one of the original proprietors of Memphis.

GEORGE GILLHAM, one of our most promising lawyers, who has aided me greatly in getting up the history of Fanny Wright.

JOHN BROWN, the Register of Shelby county.

WM. B. WALDRAN, one of our oldest and most enterprising citizens.

Squire R. L. RICHARDS, City Register for half a lifetime, and who first walked this bluff in 1818.

JAMES S. and M. J. ANDREWS, sons of Mr. Joseph I.

Andrews, one of our oldest and most substantial merchants.

GEO. W. GIFT, Secretary of the Memphis Gas Works, and son of one of our oldest citizens.

RICHARD C. HITE, the publisher, whom as boy and man I have known on this bluff for forty-five years, and son of my old friend, Capt. ZACHARIAH HITE.

The APPEAL, and most particularly to Col. L. J. DUPREE, to whom, if this work contains any merit, the reader is more indebted, than to any one else; in fact, had it not been for his advice and encouragement, I should never have undertaken it. I am also indebted to COLS. M. C. GALLOWAY and J. M. KEATING, of the APPEAL, for many favors and general kindness.

THE AUTHOR.

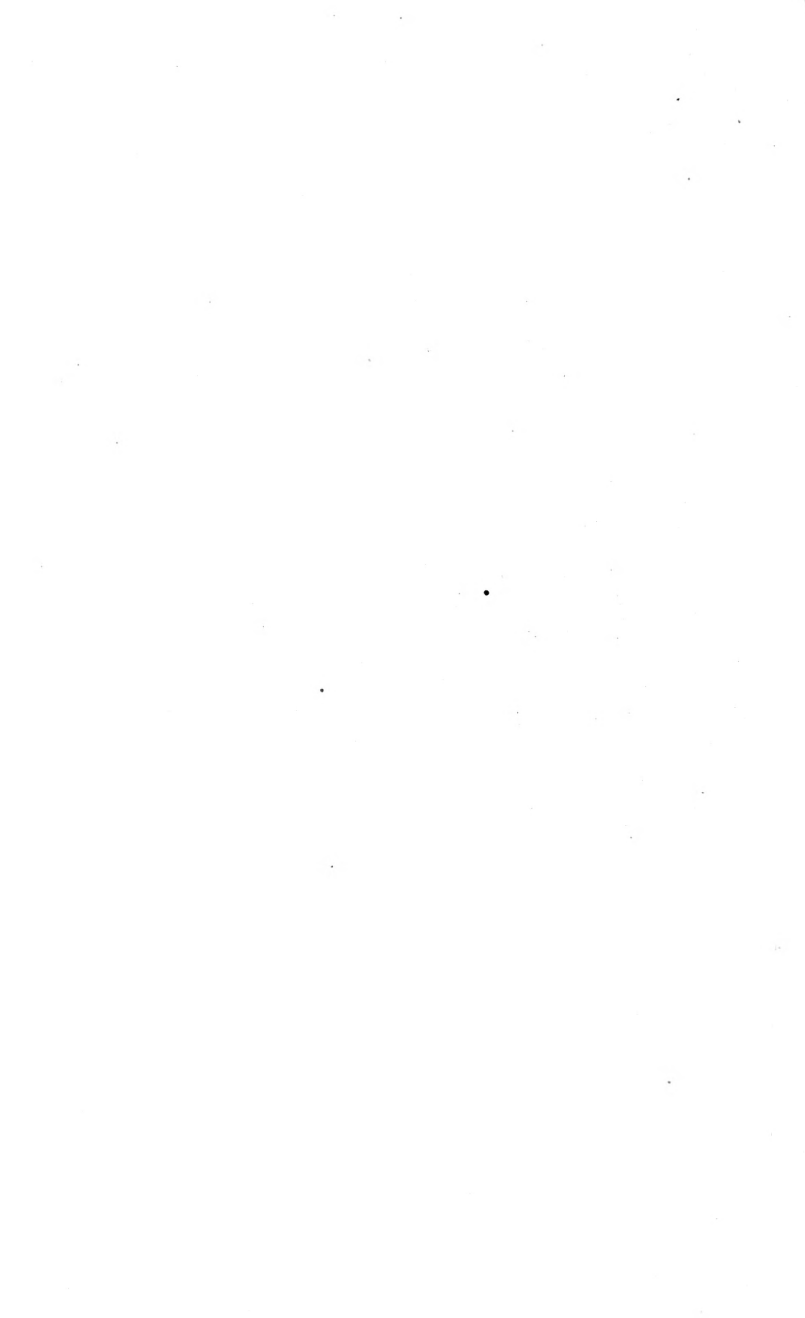


J. Winchester

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

We present our readers with the portraits of Judge JOHN OVERTON and General JAMES WINCHESTER, two of the three original proprietors of Memphis—the other being General ANDREW JACKSON.

We may safely say that no other city in the United States can boast of such distinguished and historic names as its original founders. Hon. John Overton is the grandson of Judge Overton, and Major George W. Winchester the son of General James Winchester—both being our fellow-citizens.



THE OLD TIMES PAPERS.

The series of stories of early days, on this bluff and vicinity, which appeared in the columns of the *APPEAL*, at intervals during the past four years, over the signature of "OLD TIMES," were brought out in the following manner. Col. L. J. DuPree, of the *APPEAL*, appeared to be about the only man in the city who evinced much desire for old reminiscences, and although naturally a very friendly man, I have attributed much of his apparent attachment for me to this cause. "Tell us about old times" was his common exclamation on meeting, and he finally applied that appellation to me. Through his importunities I commenced their publication, and soon awakened a lively interest in their perusal, and their reproduction in book form has been urgently demanded. Several other old citizens also contributed liberally, some of whose contributions, by permission, is herein republished. Others I would have treated in like manner, but was unable to procure them. Several stories, though written for the *APPEAL*, were, through neglect on my part, not published, and will now appear for the first time.

Some changes will also be observed, both in addition and omission, which were made with a view to correction and improvement. With the hope that they will meet the approbation of the reader,

I remain, as heretofore, the same

OLD TIMES.

RAWLINGS AND WINCHESTER.

Persons at the present day passing along Commerce street, in the northern part of the city, and witnessing its neglected and filthy condition, might be slow to believe that it was once the principal thoroughfare leading into what is now known as the City of Memphis. Such was, however, the case. A glance at the map will show that the streets on both sides of the bayou diverge from what was once known as Anderson's bridge, and if a map of the town had been drawn forty years ago, it would show a divergence of roads up, down and across the bluff to the river, at the foot of said street; and even as late as 1837, when a wharf or bridge was built across the bar in front of the town, one of its two branches terminated at the foot of Commerce street; but the great importance of this street resulted from natural causes. Any one who will examine the eastern bank of the bayou at Anderson's bridge will yet perceive that it was once the most accessible point, while on the west there were two deep ravines, one between Front and Main, and the other about Second street, running in a northeast direction and heading about Commerce street, making it the most northern route by which these ravines could be crossed by teams, which, after reaching Front street, would then pass up to Auction and thence down to the river.

Anderson's bridge, as it was afterwards called, was once one of the most important localities within what is now the city limits.

It was the general camping ground, especially for Indians, who in early times constituted the principal

traders. The bayou was then supplied by numerous springs, which furnished more than ten times the present current, and the bed being entirely free from any impurity, and running through a dense forest, the stream was as fresh and sparkling at the bridge as at any point above, and it was a most beautiful place.

OLD IKE RAWLINGS.

The principal merchant at the bridge, and the only one worthy the name, was "'Squire" Isaac Rawlings, or afterward more familiarly known as 'Old Ike Rawlings.' He came here originally as sutler with Jackson's army, about 1813. He also held the position of Indian agent up to the time I think of their removal. As late as 1825 he had a large supply of Indian and army stores in the block houses at Fort Pickering. This part of the State then being in the possession of the Indians, no civil offices existed, and he first held the office of Magistrate by a sort of popular appointment, without any election or commission, as was common throughout the "Western District."

It is questionable whether justice was not more equally administered then than it has ever been since, for when that functionary said, "Take him out and give him thirty-nine or some less number of lashes on the bare back," it was done. There was no appeal nor any costs or fees. In cases of debt there were no exemption or stay laws. Yet Ike gave such time or exempted such property as he thought proper, and rarely failed to give satisfaction. Marriage ceremonies were generally performed by Judge Foy, on the other side of the river. In reference to the Foy's, of whom there were three brothers, there is considerable history, which may be given hereafter. [Refer to the history of Foy's Point.]

After the extinction of the Indian titles, the Legislature appointed magistrates. Ike was made one of them, but he did not give the satisfaction when administering justice by a written system, as when governed by the dictates of his honest heart. He then devoted himself closely to the study of law, particularly to the decisions of the most distinguished judges, and loved to refer to them in any decision, however trivial. Nothing pleased him more than to correct a lawyer in his quotations, or to argue legal points with the ablest of them. Young lawyers feared him; some of the older ones, R. C. McAlpin, for instance, knew exactly how to take him, by paying the greatest deference to what he termed, "Your honor's superior knowledge." The Squire thus became most inordinately vain, and if he were not one of the most learned men of his day, he certainly was greatly mistaken in himself.

MAJOR MARCUS B. WINCHESTER.

I think it was about the year 1815 that Marcus B. Winchester established himself here. He was then quite a young man, of very pleasing address, and was the first formidable competitor in the mercantile line that Ike had ever encountered. Peddlers came along frequently and took off some of Ike's trade, and there were several little whisky-shop concerns, with a few remnants of "all sorts," but they were very little in his way, and generally played out in a short time; but Winchester's stock laid anything of the kind that Rawlings had ever produced perfectly in the shade.

Ike, however, was determined to pursue the even tenor of his way, not doubting but that the "young fop" would soon run his race and be anxious to sell out at any price. But in this he was mistaken, and no doubt deeply

chagrined, to think that anyone should prosper in defiance of his fixed rules and grave predictions. Ike was considered an oracle, and consulted on all subjects.

A year passed, and instead of proposing to sell, new supplies were being received every month or two, and everybody, except the squire, believed that Winchester was getting rich.

AN EPISODE.

The purchase of this territory from the Indians was from some cause delayed, and it might be doing injustice to the original proprietors of Memphis to give the current opinions and charges entertained and made against them, particularly Generals Jackson and Winchester, and especially against Jackson, by the settlers, many of whom had served under him during the war, and looked upon him as their particular friend. They expected that as soon as the purchase was made their rights as settlers, acquired by peaceable purchase from Indians, would be respected, or at least, that the "occupant laws" would be extended to them. It was also thought that the old North Carolina revolutionary land grants had all been located, and if not, this territory would not be subject to them. Whether these opinions were well founded or not, it is too late to inquire.

JOHN C. McLEMORE.

The town of Memphis was laid off on what was known as the "John Rice Grant." General Jackson being impressed with some high asperations about this time, and perhaps anxious to relieve himself of the ill-feeling engendered by this purchase, sold his interest to Colonel John C. McLemore, who thus became one of the proprietors, and proved the most active and liberal friend the town had. Through his exertions the largest number of

settlers were induced to make this bluff their home, and in less than a year the population had increased from about two hundred to six hundred inhabitants.

THE RIVALS.

Winchester had established himself on Front street, immediately south of Jackson, where he built a house far surpassing any other on the bluff at that day. In front of the spot on which the commandant's house now stands there was a handsome grove of locust and plum trees. From this grove he made a corduroy road, leading down the side of the bluff, from the foot of Commerce street, and terminating at the lower point of the batture, opposite the foot of Jackson street, making a shorter and better road to the landing than by way of Auction street. He also cut a road, or rather footpath, down the ravine at the foot of Market street to a large spring that bubbled up at that point. Many of the country people thought the river water unfit to drink. These improvements, with the view of the river and the occasional sight of a steamboat, made this grove the wagoners' most popular camping ground.

Rawlings, who still retained his position at the bridge, saw with sorrow his trade drooping daily. His old customers would drive by his door, and occasionally one, who had not been to town for a long time, would stop to inquire the way to Winchester's. Others still stuck to Ike and the old camping ground, particularly the Indians, who cared no more for the sight of a steamboat than the old dray horse does of the present day. The fact, however, that the trade was leaving the bridge and going to the bluff, was too glaring, and Ike determined to rally. He had wealth, and felt certain of his popularity. All he lacked, as he thought, was the position. This he determined to possess.

He selected a lot on the west side of second street, between Jackson and Winchester streets, which, through an agent, he purchased for some ten or fifteen dollars, and was perhaps the first property he ever owned on the bluff. Most persons prefer building on the corner of two streets, particularly a business house, but Ike preferred the rear on the corner of two alleys. This was not owing to any peculiar whim. He considered it a strategic point, as military men would say, being high and overlooking the camping ground at the bridge, and also that on the bluff, and being about an equal distance from each would enable him to retain the full trade of the former and at the same time secure part of the latter.

A great difficulty intervened. The surveyor had made this great thoroughfare an alley instead of a street. This he perceived could still be remedied, but not without some sacrifice. He would be obliged to go to Winchester, who represented the proprietors, and ask to have this alley widened. After some hesitation he put on a bold front and made the request. This was fortunate. Although it made no difference on the part of Winchester, it softened the haughty and defiant bearing of Rawlings. The readiness with which the request was granted, the importance and necessity of the change admitted, and the conduct of Winchester throughout, could not fail to have a beneficial effect on his competitor; and when the latter asked permission to suggest a name, "with pleasure" was the affable reply; so Ike pronounced it

"COMMERCE STREET."

Ike was an enemy to progress, and his predictions of evil was not so much through enmity to Winchester as his natural disposition to discourage public undertakings. He went ahead, however, and put up a good house, be-

cause he did not wish to be too far behind his rival. The old building is still there, but the hill has been graded down and a basement added, making the house a story higher than formerly. He brought on quite a large stock of goods, a portion of which remained on hand at the time of his death, some eighteen years later. The reason was that he marked his goods according to his former rates, and the fact that every body was underselling him was no reason in his mind that he should change his prices. Although he was so ready to advise economy, he did not like to have a customer tell him that he would go elsewhere unless he would sell as low as others. Occasionally a citizen, after canvassing the town and failing to find a certain article, would go to Rawlings' and find it there. The 'Squire would take it down and examine the mark and price, which neither time nor decay could alter.

The store finally became a mere magistrate's office. He had his regular daily programme, which nothing but legal business could induce him to deviate from.

He would sit for hours arguing legal questions without regard to other pressing matters. He loved to be called on for advice, whether on law, commerce or agriculture. It was his boast that he asked advice of no one. In the meantime the town had not been improved as had been expected. In fact, it is questionable whether Memphis did not retrograde, for which there were several reasons, to be enumerated hereafter. Ike, however, claimed it as an evidence of his foresight. Had he claimed the credit of contributing largely to this result he would have been nearer the truth.

MEMPHIS ASTONISHED.

In 1826 the citizens were taken by surprise, on reading the Nashville papers, to learn that Memphis was an

incorporated town. Some were very mad, others indifferent, and others again thought that it would be a good thing. They very generally abhorred the idea of taxes, and the fear was that we were to be terribly taxed. A public meeting was called, at which Ike presided. Speakers denounced the thing as a trick of the proprietors. Those living on the outskirts—some half a dozen poor devils who never were known to pay a cent of taxes in their lives, but who make the best evidences of the iniquitous system—looked as though they never could survive the shock. But Ike rushed to their rescue and surpassed himself in eloquence in their behalf, bringing forth a weight of authority sufficient to crush any one-horse corporation on earth, and smacking his lips at the conclusion of each sentence, as much as to say, “that’s unanswerable.” Winchester was not there, but others were, who showed clearly the great necessity for a corporation, and wound up by proposing to leave these unfortunates out, and as Ike had devoted himself exclusively to them he was obliged to look satisfied, though really he was not, for he designed killing the whole thing. A long, narrow area of land was therefore cut off the east side, and another off the southern. True, there was no one living at the south, but they did not know how soon some one might be. The change was agreed to unanimously, and the meeting adjourned with the best feeling; especially were they delighted who escaped the clutches of the new corporation. They crowded around their benefactor, and were eloquent of gratitude. The amendment was forwarded and readily passed, signed and approved, and when too late it was discovered that forty-nine fiftieths of the territory cut off belonged to the proprietors, and that they were the only real beneficiaries of the change. In

March following an election was held for Mayor and Aldermen. Seven persons were elected. Rawlings refused the use of his name, or he would have been the first, instead of the second Mayor. Major Winchester was chosen. At that time the Mayor was elected by the Board from their own number. Old Ike still wielded a powerful influence over the minds of the people. They looked up and almost revered him, while his stern and repulsive manners rather added than detracted from his influence. He was the general referee, and law-suits were thus avoided. The man who refused to submit to his decrees was voted a knave. Some said that if it was the Rawlings of fifteen or twenty years ago, who acted on his own brains, they would have no hesitation, but the present was a different man, who borrowed ideas of justice from law books. Much as some might dislike his peculiarities and self-important airs, none will ever say that Isaac Rawlings was any other than a man of the strictest integrity. I always looked upon him as vain, and ever seeking to be considered great by honorable means. There can be no doubt that a greater misfortune could never befall a new and rising town than the settlement of such a man in it; but the great wonder is, that he was not a more violent and out-spoken enemy to the town than he was; for he certainly had a great deal to contend with, in the way of wounded pride and humbled importance, to see a mere boy, with comparatively little means, settle under his nose, take away his trade, weaken his influence, excel him in foresight, shun his advice and counsel, trample all his unwavering theories under foot, give the lie to all his cherished principles, and still prosper; and this, too, in so gentlemanly and legitimate a manner as to leave him no pretext for an open rupture, if such had been desired.

FORTUNES OF THE CITY AND OF WINCHESTER.

After Memphis had passed two years of chartered life, during which time she had prospered considerable in population, trade, wealth and improvements, the legislature being again in session, our charter was amended, giving Memphis all the powers of Nashville, and likewise subjecting us to all the restrictions, one of which was, that the Mayor was debarred from holding a government office. This left Winchester out, unless he choose to resign the office of post-master, which it was well known he would not do, as the office of Mayor paid nothing, and was no little trouble. Rawlings could have beaten him easily, but he was not so certain about that, and he was too stiff to consult, much less to electioneer, with any one. His rival being out of the way, he was elected. Winchester, however, consented to serve on the Board. Ike made no objection, so far as I ever heard; and thus these two leading spirits and great lights of Memphis were at last brought together, and each no doubt sought to equal the other in politeness, if not in formal style.

A MODEL MAYOR.

To say that Isaac Rawlings made a good Mayor would be but an indifferent compliment. He superintended all the work, paid out the money as though it were coming from his own pocket. He improved the streets, particularly Commerce street; not from selfishness, for his commercial days had gone by. In fact he began to show quite an interest in the welfare and prosperity of Memphis, and could hear it favorably spoken of without shaking his head. He held the office some five or six years. Although beaten two or three times, he was always re-elected after being out one year. In the spring of 1834 he thought he would try his strength beyond the

town, and became a candidate to represent the county in the Constitutional Convention which met that year, but was beaten.

A WONDERFUL ELECTION AND RARE OLD MEN.

This was a very remarkable canvass, not only in the ability of the candidates, but from the fact that they were all abolitionists, or what would have been termed the worst of abolitionists, a few years after. One was Colonel Ward, who afterward was killed by his nephews; Adam R. Alexander, former member of Congress, Mr. Charles Stuart, and "The Squire." They made speeches in front of Johnson's Tavern, defining their positions. The two first declared themselves literally opposed to slavery, and they hoped the day would soon come when Tennessee would be rid of the curse, but were not prepared to advocate its abolition until a more speedy and efficient system of colonization was adopted. Rawlings hoped that some feasible plan would be brought before the Convention for removing the curse, for no one could look upon it with greater abhorrence than himself, while Stuart pledged himself to bring forward a plan, if none others did, and urged that emancipation should precede, and colonization would readily follow. He secured decidedly the advantage of his competitors by showing that they all acknowledged it a curse, prayed for its extinction, and yet lacked the moral courage to combat it.

THE FIRST MEMPHIS BANK.

Ike, from one of the most retired, became one of the most public men of the town, at least in a financial way. He took an active part in getting up the Farmers and Merchants Bank, and while under his direction, there was not a better managed or more solvent institution in the country, and the same may be said of it while under

Winchester's administration. I will here add an incident in connection with the organization of this bank, the establishment of which formed a new and important epoch in the history of our town. Everybody who could, took stock in it, and little else was talked of in commercial circles. An informal meeting of some of the stockholders was held, at which a list of suitable persons for Directors was prepared, in which, as a matter of course, the names of my heroes figured. This was carried to Rawlings, who read it over, frowned, and after smacking his lips, said: "Gentlemen, that, with one exception, will suit me." This was what the parties dreaded. It was their desire that the best of feeling should exist in the board; especially between its most prominent members.

Their fears, however, were soon relieved by Ike's dashing the pen across his own name, instead of that of Winchester's, as had been feared. "There," said he, with another smack of the lips, "with that omission the board will suit me." When the election came off the ticket, with Ike's name restored, went through with but little scattering opposition, though it appeared that Winchester was smartly ahead of Rawlings, and some of the less discreet undertook to jeer the old man about it. "Yes," said he, he has beaten me to the extent of my own vote. Had I voted for myself, as he did, I should not have been behind him." Which, on examination, was found to be the case. Rawlings was never elected president, but frequently acted as such, and I think the first bills issued bore his name as president pro tem. After Rawlings' death Winchester was elected president. Rawlings also started the first insurance office in Memphis. I have endeavored to be very brief, and therefore omitted many incidents in the narrative of this singular man that might have

proved interesting; also some amusing anecdotes, another of which I will venture to give.

A HARD STORY.

Passing Johnson's tavern once, in his very erect and rapid manner, he was stopped by Gus Young and Bob Lawrence, two pretty fast young men, but not more so than was common at that day, who asked him to settle a legal question between them. The "Squire" did not like to be stopped in the street, but legal questions had precedence over everything else, so he smacked his lips, indicating that he was ready. Gus explained that he had sold Bob a lot, with a stable on it, in the loft of which there was a quantity of corn, while outside, on the lot, there was a pile of manure. After the sale and transfer, he sent to haul away this corn and manure, but Lawrence forbade the removal, claiming them as his property, by virtue of the purchase of the lot. Ike smacked his lips again, and decided that the corn could be removed, as it was personal property, but the manure was a part of the realty, as much so as if it was spread over or plowed into the ground. He quoted several standard authorities in support of his decision, and again smacked his lips. "Well," said Gus, with an apparently perplexed air, "can you now tell us, 'Squire, how a mule can eat personal property and discharge real estate?" Ike saw the sell at once, and after bestowing a withering look on the offenders, turned on his heel and walked off, grasping his cane in a manner that clearly said that he would like to use it on somebody, while the crowd engaged in a general and boisterous laugh.

HOW SAD THE END OF SUCH A LIFE.

The Squire became afflicted with a cancer in his spine, which terminated his life. The last time he appeared

on the streets was at the Presidential election in 1840. He was carried to the polls in an easy chair, by two negro men, for he was a strong Whig, while Winchester was an equally strong Democrat. When he offered his vote with his trembling hand, he had the mortification to have it challenged, and that, too, on the ground that he was a dead man. He had been given up by his physician, and had made all his arrangements for death sometime before. Such was the bitterness of party feeling at that time. The judges, however, paid no attention to the challenge, but took the proffered vote, and he was carried home never to leave the house again. When the illumination for the election of Harrison and Tyler came off, a number of us went to greet him. We found him in his easy chair, and rolled him to the door, as we did not want the crowd to enter, when the old man raised his palsied hands and added his dying voice to the general cheering. He said—"Now my friends I can die happy," and in a short time thereafter Issac Rawlings was at rest forever.

WINCHESTER AGAIN.

Major Winchester made a good Mayor, but he had too much other business to attend to. If he became not popular he at least won much of public confidence. Rawlings still divided with him the labors of banker, and was the equal of any one in integrity, but he had not the Major's bland and pleasing manners, and was wholly deficient in financial skill. Winchester on the other hand, was a perfect expert. Our currency was mostly State, local and individual bank notes, which were invariably at a greater or less discount. Besides, we had some spurious banks, with no small amount of counterfeits, with all of which the Mayor seemed per-

fectly familiar; and in proportion to the population, I might say his store was crowded daily with gratuitous custom, mostly to test money, while many others came to deposit or draw out money. There were a number of old settlers in the neighborhood, wholly unlettered, yet men of considerable property. These could not be induced to touch anything in the way of paper money until Winchester had passed judgment on it, and strange to say, a large portion of the money here then belonged to negroes, generally in small savings, but almost all boasted of having money in "massa Winchester's hands," and not unfrequently enough to buy themselves. Slavery was then very different from what it was ten or twenty years afterward, when abolitionism rose up. Almost every master gave his slaves an opportunity to earn money for themselves.

WINCHESTER'S PECULIARITIES.

I have heard that Winchester opened a regular account with all his slaves, charging them with their purchase money, food, clothing, etc., and crediting them with all their services, with a view to their ultimate emancipation. Another class that had the greatest confidence in the Major, was the women, who never doubted his honor. I allude to widows and such as had estates to manage, and I will venture to say that not one of them had ever cause to regret it. Reference to these facts reminds me of one remarkable case.

FANNY WRIGHT—A FUNNY STORY.

I allude to Miss Fanny Wright, she was of large masculine figure, strong voice, and most remarkable oratorical powers. She had traveled over the United States during Mr. Adams' administration, lecturing against the conflicting forms of religion and the holy

marriage ties. The latter, she contended, was a mere civil contract, to be entered into or dissolved at the will of the parties to it. She then favored the abolition of slavery, and, it was said, amalgamation, which I am satisfied was not true. However obnoxious her doctrines may seem, they took for a time remarkably well. Her audiences were very large and orderly. Societies, embracing her creed, were formed in numerous cities, composed of the most wealthy and influential, if not moral, inhabitants. Whether Winchester had anything to do with her settlement in this neighborhood, or embraced her doctrines, I do not know, but she certainly had unbounded confidence in him as her agent and adviser. She purchased a large tract of land, known yet as the Nashobah lands, about twelve miles from the city, on which she designed establishing a colony, and expended considerable money on it; but she fell in love and violated her own principles by getting married, according to usual forms, to the disgust of her adherents.

There was also a Mrs. Trollope, who took a tour through this country about 1829, and on her return to England, published a book, abusing and ridiculing the Americans in every possible manner. She paid our infant town a visit, and one of the very few exceptions to her general abuse was Major Marcus B. Winchester, whom she pronounced a perfect man. We were also visited by a notorious old hag, who flourished about that time, and gloried in the name of Mrs. Ann Royal. She published a scurrilous paper in Washington City, called the PAUL PEE, and extorted a vast amount of money, in the shape of blackmail, from members of Congress and others, in order to escape her foul abuse; but never tired in her praise of Major Winchester and his

interesting family, which, instead of being a reproach, she held to be an evidence of his nobleness of soul, rising above cast and prejudice. These were all English women, and it is possible had some previous knowledge of Winchester.

It will be remembered that he served on the staff of his father, General James Winchester, with the rank of Major, and was captured at the disastrous defeat of the river Raisin and carried to Quebec, where he attracted a great deal of attention, for the remarkable beauty of his features and figure, his gentlemanly and soldierlike bearing, and, above all, his astonishing intelligence, though a beardless boy. He met with many English tourists there, who conceived for him a strong attachment, particularly the female portion of them; and in their letters home, some of which were published, ridiculing and scandalizing the American people generally, and her military men particularly, were lavish in their praise of the "little Yankee Major;" and it may be that the Trollopes, Royals and others might have been attracted here by having seen some of these letters.

But it was not by such as these that Winchester was most esteemed. It was said and believed that he could have obtained any position from President Jackson that he desired; and had he been placed in the cabinet, would certainly have proved a great credit to his administration, compared with some that were of that body.

DAVID CROCKETT.

The name of David Crockett might be brought in here, and greatly to Winchester's credit; but I am anxious to get through. It might seem that Winchester should have been a happy man, instead of which he was, perhaps, the most miserable; and this part of my story

I had intended to omit, but I have been compelled to make some allusions to it, which, unexplained, might make things look worse than they really were.

COLONEL THOMAS H. BENTON,

who afterward distinguished himself as the veteran United States Senator from Missouri, and who commanded a regiment under Jackson at New Orleans, brought with him on his return a beautiful French quadroon girl, with whom he lived some two or three years, when, in view, perhaps, of his future greatness, he concluded to turn her adrift and get married. He did so, but not without providing liberally for her, giving her property and money, which was placed in Winchester's hands for safe-keeping. This brought those attractive persons together, and the consequence was a great error; but Winchester could not think of remedying it in the way Benton had done. He concluded to pursue the opposite course, and therefore took "Mary" to Louisiana, where the laws permitted intermarriage of the races, and there formally married her. If Winchester thought that this act would modify the asperity of popular feeling against him he was greatly mistaken, for it increased in virulency ten-fold. White men living with colored women was, I am sorry to say, quite common at that day. My old friend, 'Squire Isaac Rawlings, was not faultless, and it never set him back in the least with the very set who were most bitter against Winchester; but there was a difference—Rawlings' housekeeper was slave-born, and remained so, while Winchester's was born free, well raised, and accomplished. Besides, Rawlings did not marry. Poor Mary tried, by acts of charity, liberal donations to religious purposes, exemplary and unobtrusive deportment, and all other conceivable means, to allay the

intense hatred, but it only had the effect to increase, if possible, its vindictiveness.

THE GAMBLERS.

The feeling against Winchester first originated with a set of vicious persons, or more directly speaking, thieves and gamblers, whose headquarters were at the Bell Tavern, and who virtually ruled the country up to July, 1835, when five of them were hung by the outraged citizens of Vicksburg. After this they were driven from every town in the Mississippi valley. But prior to that date they were permitted to obtrude themselves into some of the best families, simply because it was dangerous to slight them. By deep-laid and ingenious devices they managed to swindle the poor country people, who came to town, out of their money. The most efficient means that the country people had of guarding against those sharpers was to deposit their money with Winchester or Rawlings, both of whom took particular pains to defeat the gentry by frustrating their schemes for making a living. Rawlings, who prided himself on his fearlessness, did not hesitate to tell them that they ought to be tied up and flogged, and with all his love of law, no doubt often wished for the good old days when he ordered such to receive thirty-nine on their bare backs for offenses which, at that later day, they practiced with impunity. But Winchester was such a mild, pleasant man that he would not hurt the feelings even of a thief by a harsh word. They attributed his mildness to timidity, or, as they would express it, cowardice, which always invites attack. Winchester's family relations being his only assailable point, they readily availed themselves of it, and only with too much success.

MURRELL'S REIGN.

There was also a band of thieves and desperadoes ex-

tending over several of the Southern States, known afterwards as the "Murrell clan." Their general rendezvous was a short distance above here in Arkansas, but several prominent members lived here. One characteristic of this gang was their frequent absence from home without any one, even their families, being able to tell where they had gone, or how long they would be absent. The full history of this clan has been published by Virgil A. Stewart, and although, I might add a few incidents, I shall content myself with saying that I believe they would have made this point one of their bases of operation had it not been for Winchester, whose ready capacity for detecting counterfeit money, in which they dealt extensively, rendered it venturable for that purpose. They were too shrewd to attack him on that point, but their virtuous indignation knew no bounds at the outrage he was perpetrating on society, hoping no doubt to destroy his influence or cause him to leave Memphis.

GENERAL GAINES AND WINCHESTER.

From this source the slanders spread, until the whole community seemed, with a few exceptions, infected, and Winchester found himself shunned and avoided by men indebted to him for various favors. About this time Maj. Gen. E. P. Gaines established the headquarters of the Western Division of the United States Army at this place, and never was there a greater accession to any town, for had he been properly aided, he would have set Memphis full twenty years ahead, and given her a start over any other city of the Mississippi Valley. He secured the location of the military road across Arkansas, the establishment of the arsenal, and was the first to suggest this point for a naval depot and dock-yard; and also a system of railroads very similar to that now almost per-

fectcd. He was one of the few who disregarded the prejudice advanced against Winchester, which was very unfortunate for his plans. He visited him every day, carrying his maps and papers, remaining for hours, and giving color to the report that Winchester was the real planner, and Gaines the instrument to carry them out, which of course was not true; but had these men been let alone, everything asked for of the Government would have been granted. Winchester's influence with the administration was a power in itself, and when urged as a military necessity by Gen. Gaines, to say nothing of Jackson's individual interest and State pride, their success was beyond a doubt. But the rabble willed it otherwise, and Gaines, finding himself a butt for ridicule, even with those who should have had better sense, became disgusted and abandoned his schemes of public good.

STUPID PEOPLE.

The enemies of Winchester, having gained further triumphs, instead of abating in their enmity seemed to have become more bitter. It became dangerous for him to venture into public, which he rarely did without pressing occasion. He was several times wantonly insulted. Demagogues vied with each other in vindictive epithets, with the hope of extorting the louder shouts of the mob, and when a few years later the great difficulty arose which brought about the fatal duel between Gholson and Jackson, and a regulating company was organized, it was all a few of us could do to prevent them from notifying Winchester, among others, to leave. But his greatest source of trouble, no doubt, was the future of his children. I never knew any of them except Owen, his oldest son, who was certainly the sprightliest boy I ever saw. At the age of ten years, being very much

attached to me, he would frequently come, sit and read the newspaper and make his comments in a manner that would have been creditable to a man of mature years. At twelve he was acknowledged to be the most expert cotton weigher and marker on the bluff, and was withal very handsome and witty, and seemed to have fully inherited all the remarkable talents of his father. Incurable and irremediable prejudices against these children existed, north and south. There was a slight copper tinge that embrowned the brow of the fairest, and this was, socially fatal. Can it be wondered then, that the unhappy father rushed into intemperance to drown the horrid thought, or perhaps hope that by the association of the most degraded to familiarize himself and children with that condition in life to which they seemed inevitably destined. It had one good effect, however, which led to others. It proved the first popular step he had ever taken with the mob, who now became his greatest admirers. He next took a step which was thought by many to be a very great imprudence, but which proved, in the end, to his advantage. He became a candidate for the Legislature and was triumphantly elected, though his party was in the minority, and to the credit of his opponents, be it said, no allusion was ever made to his family or anything else personally offensive; but, on the contrary, they treated him with the greatest kindness, while quite a number voted for him. His opponents were old Whigs, and gentlemen.

Thus having brought my story within the recollection of many better acquainted with the subject, and far more able to complete it, if they think proper to do so,—in their hands I leave it, with the sincere hope that posterity will render to the memory of Major Macus B. Winches-

ter that justice which, during his life, he was so shamefully denied. The one great error of life, for which he suffered so intensely, it should be remembered, was committed at a time when there was virtually no society here, and should, therefore, be looked upon with all due allowance and charity.

The following flattering notices appeared in the columns of the *APPEAL*. The first during the progress of the preceding story, and the other at its conclusion:

“We publish this morning a series of sketches written by a gray-haired old man, whose form and face and voice have been familiar to the citizens of Memphis through forty years past. He appears as a chronicler of events forgotten by nearly all the living, and unrecorded by those who have died. Interesting beyond measure is the simple recital of facts, and let us say that even Sterne, the divinest master of pure English, never wrote a more admirable and touching recital in more faultless language than that employed in telling of the death of Isaac Rawlings. It is a masterpiece of simple elegance. Read and improve it who can. It is matchless because it rises superior to all art.”

“In another place we publish an inimitable story, written by one of the oldest citizens of Memphis. The narrative is distinguished by its naive simplicity and truthfulness. It tells of facts of which every old citizen

was cognizant, and of prejudices that lost their force long before Major Winchester died. He came here before a social system existed, and when people's prejudices against Creoles were incorrigible. It was in 1851 or '52 that Major Winchester, for the last time, appeared before the people. A staunch Democrat, he defeated for the Legislature in this county, in which the Whig party was dominant, a gentleman as courtly and polished, and as worthy a citizen as himself. This competitor of Major Winchester was Col. John Pope. There was never a member of any community more esteemed while he lived, or more honored at his death, than Major Marcus B. Winchester, the most graceful, courtly, elegant gentleman that ever appeared upon Main street, and the 'dress proclaimed the man.'"

AN ADDITIONAL STORY OF RAWLINGS AND WINCHESTER.

[The following contribution to the MEMPHIS APPEAL, written by my old friend Mr. Jos. J. Rawlings, a near relative of old Ike's, by special request I am permitted to insert in this work:]

"EDITORS APPEAL.—I have noticed in your valuable paper a contribution from a correspondent signing himself "OLD TIMES." I am gratified to know that there are still living some who have such a vivid recollection of times gone by. Some can recollect one thing and some another. Perhaps many incidents have come under my observation that have escaped that of "OLD TIMES." However, we agree in making Isaac Rawlings and Marcus B. Winchester the heroes of early days, very justly so, too. They were both talented business men, high minded in all their dealings, and it would not be amiss to say that, in all the combinations of a business character, they were not surpassed, if equaled, by any business men on the Bluff at the present day. They had their faults, as other men have, but when the condition of society here, in their time, is taken into consideration, they will be entitled to a good deal of charity from a generous public.

A UNIQUE ELECTION.

Your correspondent alluded to the election of delegates to the Convention for a change in the State Constitution in 1836. He omitted the name of one very important candidate, that of Major Hannum. The candidates were

Colonel Ward, Isaac Rawlings, Adam R. Alexander, Charles Stewart and Major Hannum. Charles Stewart was the Abolition candidate, and received but a few votes. Colonel Ward and Isaac Rawlings were both very able men, and made logical and instructive speeches. They attracted large audiences that followed them about from one appointment to another. I partook of the excitement and rode round with them to hear their magnificent arguments. Alexander was not much of a speaker, but an indefatigable electioneerer. While Col. Ward and Isaac Rawlings were entertaining large crowds with their matchless eloquence, Adam was slipping through the throng shaking hands with the men, saying a soft word to the women and tickling the children with candy. It had its effect, and Adam R. Alexander was elected by a small majority. It chagrined Colonel Ward very much, and he threatened to contest the election, but old Ike bitterly opposed it.

Major Hannum made speeches too. He canvassed the county with the other candidates whenever he could get a horse to ride. He always expressed great confidence in his own election. The encouragement he met with in every section was beyond doubt. The promises of influential men were secured, and he did not see how it was possible he could be beaten. But, alas, for human calculation, when the votes were counted out, to his great astonishment, he had not received a single vote. It was thought at that time to be an unprecedented thing in elections—an occurrence of the kind had never been known before—for a man to canvass the county over and not get a vote. The other candidates laughed mightily at the circumstance. By way of retort, Hannum told them that he had undoubted evidence that he did not vote for himself, which they had not.

HARD CASES.

Your correspondent alluded to certain wild young men that were here at an early day, who were given much to practicing jokes whenever an opportunity offered, and instances a joke played off on old man Ike. I was well acquainted with half a dozen such boys, (useless to mention names), who thought it a crying shame to miss a good joke when an opportunity offered, it mattered not to them at whose cost—whether General Jackson, Judge Overton or Isaac Rawlings. (The two former used to visit us occasionally.)

Old man Ike had, among his valuables, a large liquor case that he used to prize very highly. He kept it well stored with the best of brandy, gin, whisky, and all kinds of wine. On one occasion he had it replenished with the best of liquors from New Orleans. A few days after he left for Baltimore. The facts were soon noised about among the boys, who thought it a very imprudent act for him to fill up his liquor case and then leave, and that he ought to be taught better. The opportunity was too good to be lost. A delegation was sent to inspect the liquor case. The village was scraped for all sorts, sizes and descriptions of keys. None would unlock the magic case. Finally, says one mechanical genius: "I can draw that hasp." A chisel was soon brought into requisition; the hasp was drawn; the lid raised, and the voluptuous bottles, with their contents, perfectly developed. It was the means of several first-class frolics. The boys were all sworn to secrecy, and the joke was too good, of course, ever to be mentioned. When the bottles were emptied, they were all put back in their places, and the hasp carefully replaced by the same mechanical genius.

When old man Ike came back, he was several days inspecting his goods, books and accounts, cash, etc. He finally got round to the liquor case. He put his hand in his pocket, took out the key and unlocked it. With a mournful looking countenance, he exclaimed, "How egregiously a man can be mistaken in his own mind. I would have sworn that when I left every bottle was full; how mistaken I was, for there is not a drop in one of them." He was heard to ask several friends privately, on two or three occasions during the following week, whether they had observed any evidence in his conduct that his memory, or other faculties, were failing? It was only the bottles, and not his head, that were empty.

FANNY WRIGHT AND ROBERT DALE OWEN.

In 1826 or '27, Fannie Wright and Robert Dale Owen came down here to remodel society. They found a strong ally in Winchester, who was always ready to catch at passing "isms." From his popularity, they felt confident of success, but their ideas were novel, and did not take with the barbarians. They were both abolitionists, and thought freeing a few negroes would be a great accomplishment. Their plan was to buy a piece of land, then buy a few negroes, and, when the negroes paid for themselves by their labor, to set them free and buy more. They bought land on Wolf river, near Germantown, and called the place Nashobah, which in the Chickasaw language means wolf. The first purchase of negroes never paid for themselves, so that scheme fell to the ground.

Fannie had some peculiar notions. She was opposed to matrimony. She objected to people getting married; she thought, like the Woodhull-Chaffin sort, that men and women should be allowed to take up with each

other, live together as long as they pleased, and quit when they pleased.

Camille Wright, Fannie's sister, and a much prettier woman, was loth to believe in any such doctrine. She thought it best to marry, should an opportunity offer. She accepted the first chance, and married, in spite of Fannie's opposition. She reported favorably upon the situation; advised Fannie to go and do likewise; she knew she would like it. Fannie was finally over-persuaded, and she married too, much to her own gratification and Owen's disgust.

Fannie Wright was a tall, masculine-looking woman, with a coarse voice like a man. I once heard her lecture against the Bible, which no man would have undertaken in those days. She was quite fluent and eloquent. She selected (as she thought) very strong points, and enforced them with great zeal, as if it came from the bottom of her heart. She thought she had demolished the Book, and torn it all to pieces.

PEN PORTRAITS.

When I first became acquainted with Winchester, I thought him the handsomest man I ever saw. In addition to his fine appearance, his manners were those of a Chesterfield. He was prepossessing and popular. In politics he was a strong Democrat; in religion he was skeptical, and might be called a non-believer—he never attended church. Isaac Rawlings was low in stature—nothing prepossessing about him. He had an impediment in his speech, but a fine head and a very intellectual countenance. He was as strong an old line Whig as Winchester was a Democrat. They were good friends; had frequent political controversies, but it never interrupted their kind personal relations. Unlike

Winchester, the old man was very piously inclined—a thorough Episcopalian in sentiment. Old Parson Wright preached the first Episcopal sermon ever delivered in Memphis, and established the first Episcopalian church. Isaac Rawlings took a great interest in it, contributed liberally to its support, and attended divine service at his church whenever his rheumatics would admit. His funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Philip Alston, and this was the last of Isaac Rawlings.

UNCLE BILLY YATES.

HOW A VERY PERT YOUNG WOMAN GOT HER FIGUREHEAD
PAINTED — FEARFUL REVENGE — ADMINISTERING THE
CONDIGN — GETTING RELIGION AND ITS EFFECTS.

Among the early settlers of this bluff was a Mr. William Yates, a peculiar but much better man than he had general credit for being. He was very unpopular, especially with those most indebted to him for favors. Nobody cursed him louder than those who owed him borrowed money, though he was less exacting and his rates generally more liberal than others engaged in the same business. He never was known to get out of humor with any one, no matter how badly they treated him. He was large and portly, weighing upwards of two hundred and forty pounds, and of extraordinary strength. When the early sale of lots took place, all south of Winchester street was considered residence property. The bluff was then cut up with deep gullies and hollows. Lots lying on these were thought worthless, and Yates bought them at his own price, which you may guess was low enough. In after years, when the streets came to be graded, the elevated portions, which had commanded the highest prices, had to be cut down to the grade of the street on which they fronted, and their owners were glad to find convenient places to deposit surplus earth. Yates' gullies, therefore, were in great demand; and to his credit be it said, he never charged for the privilege of filling them, provided it was done in a proper manner. The difficulty was he did not have gullies enough to fill.

"Old Billy," as we always called him, like Mrs. Toodles, was a great hand at buying cheap things; and when he died, which was at the age of upward of eighty years, had several wagon loads of worthless rubbish, which he had purchased in that way, still on hand.

UNCLE BILLY'S WORST ENEMY.

Among those that cursed him long and loud were his tenantry. He built such miserable shanties that no person able to pay rent would occupy them. The consequence was he collected none. But this was not all; those who became his tenants were so wretchedly poor that he was obliged to feed them. This, however, was like filling his gullies—more a favor to the giver than the receiver—for he purchased large quantities of damaged provisions, and but for the aid of these creatures two-thirds of it might have spoiled on his hands. His impecunious tenants, however, always considered themselves outrageously treated because he did not build better houses and furnish better food.

SOMEWHAT PERSONAL.

Quite a number of amusing anecdotes might be told of Old Billy Yates, but one or two will suffice for the present. Among his tenantry was a worthless old fellow by the name of Brown, who had recently married a young wife, rather a fast woman, and not more prudent and circumspect than she should have been. Yates had also married a young wife, and a most estimable woman she was. Mrs. Yates, soon after she was brought home, was taken ill, or so reported. Mrs. Brown communicated the fact to several of the more respectable ladies of the neighborhood with whom she was desirous of ingratiating herself. They readily agreed to call on Mrs. Yates. On arriving they found that lady better than she had been

represented. They also found Old Billy in a fine humor. Mrs. Brown, considering herself the leader of the delegation, put on many pert airs, particularly with Billy, which she might have seen did not take well. He brought out a handful of flour, as a sample of a lot he had just bought, remarkably good, as he contended, for the price, and after exhibiting it to the ladies, was in the act of treating himself to a smell, when Mrs. B., striking up his hand, threw the flour full in his face, to which a large portion adhered. Yates immediately threw his left arm around her body, pinioning her arms fast to her sides. Holding her in this manner, he lifted her up to the dinner table, on which stood a dish of pure grease. Into this he ran his hand and thoroughly smeared it with the contents. From the table he "toted" her to the fire-place, where he thrust his hand, reeking with grease, up the chimney, and collected as much soot as he could scrape together or would adhere to his fingers. Thus prepared, he proceeded to blacken Mrs. B.'s face. She kicked and squealed powerfully, but was as helpless as an infant. The ladies interceded and begged hard for her, but old Billy was inexorable, and holding her in his vice-like grasp, he applied a coat of soot and grease, not only to her face, but to her neck and bosom, making quite a comely negress.

When turned loose, she cried, stamped and showed fight, but Yates caught her hands and held her.

"You would not have served these ladies so," she said.

"No, indeed," said he, "nor would they have acted as you have. I hope this will be a lesson to you, and teach you not to play such tricks on a man old enough to be your father."

Mrs. Yates ordered soap and water, but Yates countermanded it, saying he was not particular about wash-

ing his face, which was certainly true, and such a pair of spectacles was perhaps never before witnessed as the two who stood facing each other; he, with the flour a quarter of an inch thick on his face, in places, while she, having endeavored to scratch the black off hers, only made it look the worse. She poured forth streams of abuse, which it is not necessary to repeat. He proposed to make friends, but she only spat at him. He tried to reason the case, but she was lost to reason. He finally released her and she cut for home, a distance of two hundred and fifty yards, as fast as her legs could carry her—failing to make a single call on her way.

Then Yates, perhaps for the first time in his life, indulged in a hearty laugh, in which the ladies, despite their fright, found it impossible to avoid joining. He made a becoming apology, telling them that that woman was no fit associate for them, a fact that they were already aware of, and that his reason for not suffering her to wash was only to get rid of her. The ladies left, and no sooner were in one of their own rooms than they laughed until their sides ached.

TERRIBLE VENGEANCE.

Mrs. Brown, however, was determined on revenge. Next day she went to a man by the name of Guthridge, who lived hard by on Exchange street, and told him a lot of stuff that Yates said about him. Guthridge, a credulous fellow, who did not have more sense than the law allowed, believed it all, and hurrying home, armed himself with a heavy ax-helve and went down to the bayou, on Poplar street, where Yates was engaged with some twenty negroes, building his peculiar kind of houses. He was standidg close on the bank issuing his orders at the top of his voice, as usual. "Harry," he

shouted, "you are not setting that post straight," "Jane, you and Ellen go and help Sam pile up them boards." "John, you lazy rascal, if you don't go to work I'll take the cowhide." Here he was suddenly interrupted by a heavy blow from behind, across the side of his head, turning him heels uppermost into the bayou. It happened to be a deep hole, and Billy was completely submerged. Guthridge dropped his ax-helve and ran for life; but Yates got his head above water in time to see him and order his capture by the negroes. They seized and took him back, and there held him until the other negroes got their master out of the bayou, which proved no easy job. The old fellow then sat down and rested, while "Guth.," as he was called for short, having found escape hopeless, betook himself to hard begging, a kind of argument which Yates was strong proof against. When sufficiently rested, Yates seized Guth. by the nape of the neck and threw him across his knee, and taking his cowhide he everlastingly scored him; at least, Guth. thought he never was going to stop. He yelled murder loud enough for everybody in town to hear him, and many of them did, but they thought that Yates was only whipping one of his negroes, a very common thing, and paid no attention to it. Yates had Poplar street fenced in at that time, from hill to hill, so that there was no one passing, and no danger of being interrupted. But all things have to have an end, and so did poor Guth.'s flogging. At last it took a respite, for Yates was fortunately short winded, during which he questioned the culprit as to the reason of his rash act, and learned that Mrs. Brown had told him that he (Yates) had accused him (Guth.) as a liar, thief, rascal, etc., and had threatened to cowhide him.

"Why," said Yates, "it's strange she came so near

the truth in one particular, and I must make her words good in that at least;" so, chucking poor Guth's head down again, he reapplied the lash, and Guth. renewed the cry of murder, but with no better effect. When, however, his cries became faint, his kicks feeble, and Yates again fatigued, the whipping came finally to an end. Yates after another rest, during which Guth., according to promise, kept quiet, said—

"Come, sir, we will now pay our respects to our mutual friend, Mrs. Brown," so picking up the ax-helve, and still holding on to "Guths'. arm, walked him up to that lady's domicil, and on calling her she came to the door, and there beheld an awful sight—Yates covered with mud, blood and filth, no hat (that article being planted so fast at the bottom of the bayou that it has never been recovered to this day), and Guth-ridge quivering in every muscle and trembling in every limb, his countenance indicating the intense agony to which he had so lately been subjected.

"Well," said Yates, addressing Mrs B., "you have done it. A bad woman can always set men to fighting. You tried to make this poor fool kill me, did you? But I whipped him for it until he was satisfied, didn't I?" he shouted to Guth., giving him a shake at the same time.

"I was satisfied before you struck me at all, and I told you so," said Guth., giving his nose a wipe and drawing his sleeve across his upper lip.

"Yes, but I wasn't," said Yates; "and I always like to have both parties satisfied."

By this time Mrs. Brown, having recovered from her shock, for she had not supposed her dupe would have acted so hastily, let her tongue run upon Mr. Yates, who

feeling that he was already sufficiently besmeared, did not wait to hear it.

"Come," said he to his prisoner, "I'll take you to your wife now."

"I wish he had killed you, so I do!" screamed Mrs. Brown.

"No doubt of it," answered Yates.

By this time the whole neighborhood was aroused, and quite a crowd collected. On arriving at his house they found Mrs. G. at the door.

"Well, Mrs. Guthridge," said Yates, "don't you think that devilish woman," pointing with the ax-helve to Mrs. B., whose tongue was still running, "tried to make your husband kill me with this ax-helve? and he nearly did it, and I had to whip him for it good, did n't I?" addressing Guth., and giving him another shake.

"You whipped me mighty bad, so you did," whined Guth.; "you whipped me worse than a nigger, and you know it, curse you!" he added, giving his head a side nod and his nose another wipe, at the same time endeavoring to show something of courage and resentment before the crowd, knowing that Yates did not mind curses.

"Yes," shouted Yates, "and if you ever do the like again I'll whip you worse," flourishing the ax-helve to the horror of all.

The women screamed, while poor Guth., in terror, exclaimed:

"Oh, I'll never do it again! I'll never do it again!" (and he never did).

"Now, Mrs. Guthridge, take him," said Yates, releasing Guth.'s arm for the first time in about two hours—Yates never was in a hurry about anything, and always spoke very slowly, but terribly loud—"and take good

care of him; he is not much hurt. It will do him a sight of good, and teach him better sense next time. As for this ax-handle, I have won it in a fair fight, and I will take it home with me. It has done me right smart harm, and I'll see if I can't make it do me some good; though I don't think Guthridge would hurt anybody with it again soon."

Guth. slunk into the house as quickly as possible, while Yates strode off with his prize, to meet his young wife, in that terrible plight, leaving Mrs. Guthridge, who was a very nice woman, perfectly dumbfounded, having evinced only signs of fear and terror during the interview.

Mrs. Brown now found herself cut by all her neighbors; the most humble refused to receive, much less to return, her visits. This was a severe blow to her, as she was a great gad-about, and she immediately commenced looking around in hopes of discovering some means of recovering her lost position. She fancied she saw a chance in a great revival of religion, which was then at its height, and immediately became a convert—making more powerful demonstrations than all others, both in yelling and jumping. She proclaimed herself the chief of sinners. This she repeated so often that it seemed to be generally believed—at least, no one disputed it.

Between twelve o'clock and daylight she was carried home, still screaming and shouting to such an extent that she alarmed the whole country around. Even old Yates, whom thunderstorms and tornadoes seldom disturbed—from the fact that he outsnored third-rate thunder—was awakened from his slumbers, and, on going to the window, bellowed out to know what was the matter. When told that Mrs. Brown had got religion, he exclaimed:

"Let her die! let her die quick, or she will lose it all in a week's time, and the devil will get her yet."

This was thought very heartless, particularly as the poor woman screamed herself into a high fever and well nigh died.

Guth. got religion, also, but as he had not recovered his voice sufficiently to shout, and was too sore to jump, he therefore stood it first-rate. He declared that he not only forgave all his enemies, but actually loved them; and in proof of which he hugged Mrs. Brown. But it seemed that he made a reservation in regard to Yates, or at least, his money, as bright visions of wealth loomed up in his mind, in the shape of damages, which for a time, if not forever, eclipsed all his religion. He consulted a lawyer, who was as anxious as Guth. to handle some of Yates' surplus cash, (for report said he had it by bushels), who, upon examining his subject from neck to heels, pronounced it one of the most thoroughly MARKED cases of assault and battery, with cruel intent, he had ever taken hold of. On further investigation the idea occurred to him that Yates might possibly be mean enough to bring in a broken head, a bloody and murderous ax-helve, a mud ducking and a lost hat, as an offset, and spoil their amiable speculations,—which caused the lawyer first to ponder, next to think better of it, and finally to recommend its total abandonment, and poor Guth. was under the painful necessity of going to work as usual. What finally became of him the writer cannot say.

Old Billy Yates lived some twenty-two years after this, but he carried Guthridge's mark to his grave. I helped to lay him out, and observed the scar on the head of the corpse while doing so.

But this was not the only scar that disfigured the corpse of Uncle Billy Yates. He had an ugly one in the

left cheek, that he received in this way: Some two or three years after the Brown and Guthridge affair, he was met in the street by old Billy Persons, who lived down on Nonconnah creek, who informed him, in an angry manner, that his cattle were on his land, and that he was going to shoot them.

"Don't do that," said Yates, "and I will send down and have them driven home."

"No," said Persons, "if you send your d——d thieving niggers on my land I'll shoot them!" (Yates' negroes were under a bad character for honesty, but no worse than Persons') "and if you come yourself," continued Persons, "I'll shoot you!"

"What will that be for?" calmly asked Yates.

"Because you are a rascal!" said Persons, and at the same time plunged a large butcher's knife, which he had concealed in his sleeve, into Yates' cheek.

The knife passed between the jaws and almost cut the old fellow's tongue off. Yates threw his left arm back in an underhanded manner, caught Persons around the body, swung him off his feet, and threw him across his left knee, belly upward, dropping at the same time on his right, and there held him powerless while he carefully drew the knife from his cheek and raised it in the air. But his motions were too slow. Mr. Henry McAllen, one of our earliest merchants, rushed up behind and caught the uplifted arm, and with the aid of others, wrenched the knife from Yates' grip, and thereby rescued Persons from what otherwise would have been certain, and, perhaps, merited death.

THE FIRST SEA FIGHT AT MEMPHIS—THE FLATBOAT WAR.

TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION.

In early times most of the products of the Western and Southern States was brought down the river in flatboats, which frequently came in fleets, particularly from the smaller rivers, which were only navigable during a freshet. These boats were generally built, freighted and manned by the same persons who raised the crops with which they were loaded, and who, at home, were good, moral citizens, and not unfrequently strict church members, some of them deacons, class-leaders, exhorters, and even rough preachers, who, perhaps, thought religion too sacred a thing to take on board a flatboat, particularly as they were going among a set of barbarians, as they considered the settlers on the Mississippi to be; and it was by no means uncommon for those who displayed the most religion at home to be the greatest rowdies abroad. The trip was looked upon as a frolic, and that it was their privilege, and perhaps their duty, to clean out and regulate the little towns along the river, particularly those that had the audacity to charge wharfage, which they held to be not only a great outrage, but, as they expressed it, "unconstitutional," and therefore determined to resist it to the last extremity. The consequence was that all attempts to raise a revenue from that source at any point above New Orleans proved a failure, so far as flatboats were concerned. Memphis tried it for some eight or ten years, but the amount ob-

tained would not pay the trouble of its collection. One great difficulty seemed to be to get the right kind of a man to undertake it. I have seen the wharfmaster streaking it up the hill, with a dozen or more fellows after him, lashing the ground at his heels with long cane polls, and from the way he wriggled, occasionally, it was evident that some of the licks took effect. Similar scenes occurred frequently. Sometimes they would get him in the cabin, under pretense of paying him; then shove off and land him on President's Island. But it was not the wharfmaster alone who fared badly. Some of our best citizens were shamefully assaulted and abused by brutal boatmen. Finally, in 1841, a reform board of Mayor and Aldermen, as they were termed, were elected, with Wm. Spickernagle as Mayor. One of his first reforms was to get the right kind of men for officers, and when such did not present themselves they were hunted up, and large salaries offered them, with a view of making the offices respectable and securing their faithful administration. It was not the wharfmaster alone, however, who failed in his duties, for there was not an officer, from Mayor down, who had not become almost contemptible in the eyes of the people; and as for the laws, they received but little attention. "Old Speck," as he was commonly called, swore that such things had to stop or somebody would get hurt, and the determined manner in which he went about it, proved that he meant what he said. Two volunteer military companies, known as the Guards and the Blues, were encouraged to organize and equip, which was no sooner done than they tendered their services to the Mayor, to aid in the enforcement of the laws. They were composed of ardent young men—only a little too anxious to prove their courage.

THE THREE TOWNS.

It may be proper to give some history of this Bluff at that time. It was divided into three corporations, or rival towns, known as Memphis, South Memphis, and Fort Pickering. The two latter seemed to think that their only hope of success was in the overthrow of Memphis, or at least the northern part of it. Unfortunately for Memphis, she was divided against herself, from Poplar street down. The flatboat landing extended from the mouth of Wolf river to the foot of Adams street, and was the general market, not only for the bluff, but for all the surrounding country, and a great pity it had not so continued, for then provisions could be purchased at a fair price. Combinations succeeded in breaking up that market and rendering Memphis the dearest market place in the United States for a poor man to live and support a family. The removal of the flatboat landing below Union street became a great object with the two lower towns, believing that whenever that was effected all other kinds of business would center there. Emissaries went among the flatboat men daily, urging them to drop down to where they should have a free landing forever, and perhaps more bitter and vindictive feeling never existed between two sections than was witnessed on this bluff at that time.

A FATAL BLUNDER.

But the South committed one of her peculiar blunders, and set her pegs too far south, declaring that "Pinch" extended to Adams street, and refusing to affiliate with anything north of that line. The consequence was that "Pinch" triumphed; but, as I intend writing the history of that classic region, with all its varying fortunes, I must not encroach upon it here, particularly as I find

myself running into one of my peculiar errors, and making my story too long.

Such was the state of affairs, and such the relations of boatmen and citizens, when this "reform board" went into office—and I will venture to say that no board, before or since, has done as much for the welfare of Memphis—to say nothing of the trying circumstances under which they were placed. Any one familiar with the history of Memphis for the last thirty-five years must know that 1841 was the date at which her real prosperity commenced. In their selection of wharfmaster, they were impressed with the idea that hard fighting would be required, and having settled upon a man whom they thought possessed that qualification, they went to him and offered him twenty-five per cent. on all collections, promising to stand up to him. He went in and made a good thing of it, not only for himself but for the town; but not without some pretty severe blows. Since then, wharfage has constituted a big item in the city's revenue. The following year, Mayor Hickman having been elected, the other officers being generally retained, he encouraged them to continue, as under his predecessor, promising all necessary aid and protection. The previous year proved to have been one of the most productive ever known. In the month of May, 1842, all the rivers being up, upward of 500 flatboats were lying at the Memphis landing at one time, quite a number of which were out of the Wabash. Among others, there was a man by the name of Trester, a very desperate character. He had not been down the previous year, but had heard from others that they had a Wharfmaster at Memphis, whom there was no getting around or dodging. Trester swore that he would show them that he could do it, and provided himself with a big haw stick,

thickly set with limbs, which he cut off at a projection of about half an inch from the stem. This he proposed to comb the Memphis Wharfmaster's head with; and when that functionary called upon him, he exclaimed, "Who are you?" "The Wharfmaster," was the reply. Trester stepped back to the hatch, and called for his stick. "Do you see this?" he asked, addressing the officer and flourishing his cudjel; "I cut this on purpose for you, and I am going to use it on you if you ever show your face here while I remain, and if you don't leave quickly, I will give it to you now. I am the master of this landing." By this time a crowd had collected, who were cheering him on, and the Wharfmaster thought it prudent to withdraw.

AN IMMORTAL CONSTABLE.

He went to the Mayor and obtained a warrant and got the town Constable, Col. G. B. Locke, to serve it, which he attempted to do. But again the ugly club was waved. "I have a warrant for you," said the Constable. "And I have one for you," replied Trester, advancing with his stick. Locke stood his ground, however, but seeing the crowd of boatmen gathering, the two officials thought it best to obey orders and leave. In less than an hour they returned with Capt. E. F. Ruth, of the Guards, and ten or a dozen of his men armed and equipped. The sight of the glistening bayonets had the effect of dispersing the crowd, and Trester hastily shoved his boats back some twenty feet from shore. Feeling himself beyond their jurisdiction he let loose upon them with his tongue, denouncing them as cowards and daring them to fire. The ferry flat came rowing by. "There," said he, "take that flat and come out here if you want to fight," and, to his surprise, no doubt, they took him at

his word. He and his men immediately resorted to their oars, and succeeded in reaching the current before the flat with the soldiers overtook them. Seeing that there was no escape by flight, for there were two heavily loaded boats lashed together, with some eight or ten men in all on them, Trester prepared for fight. With an ax he cut poles in convenient lengths for clubs, with which all his men were immediately armed. Their first effort was to shove off the flat with poles, but failing in this, they seized their clubs and stood ready to strike any one who attempted to board them, and the barges being five feet higher than the flat placed the latter perfectly in their power. The Wharfmaster went forward to have a parley.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

No sooner did he come within reach than Trester, without waiting to hear a word, brought his club down on the officer's head, who threw up his arm to save his skull, but not soon enough to prevent being laid sprawling on the flat. Captain Ruth, Col. Locke, and another gentleman, whom I do not now remember, attempted, simultaneously, to board, but were each knocked down. Ruth, however, had succeeded in gaining the deck, when Trester having, as he supposed, dispatched the wharfmaster, was aiming a final blow at the head of the prostrate captain, when several citizens who had accompanied the squad, cried out—"Fire! Fire!" Four of the soldiers obeyed; yet, strange to say, but one ball took effect, and proved fatal. Trester leaped in the air, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell dead on the deck. The balance of the crew took refuge in their cabins, while Capt. Ruth took charge of the boat, manned the oars, and landed them at the foot of Beale street. The difficulty was not over. In fact it appeared to have barely com-

menced. Full two thousand excited boatmen were seen pressing hastily down to meet the captured boats. Quite a number of them were armed with guns. While on the bluff the citizens rushed en masse to the fray.

Our male adult population did not then exceed one-half that of the boatmen, yet a far larger number of them were armed. Ruth ordered his men to load and form in a line, notwithstanding which the boatmen made a belligerent demonstration. Just at that time several of the Blues went rushing down the bluff, to whom Captain Ruth cried—

“Arrest those men.”

Immediately the bayonets of the Blues were at the breasts of some half dozen of the most demonstrative, who were marched into the ferry-flat as prisoners. One of the citizens attempted to address the boatmen, but Ruth forbade it. Both companies were soon full and in line, as were also the armed citizens. For a few minutes breathless suspense reigned, and the slightest hostile demonstration on the part of the boatmen would have emptied one hundred fire locks into their midst. Gradually the boatmen gave way and returned to their boats, while the military quietly marched their prisoners, soon after released, up town. The Mayor forbade the slightest display of triumph. A strong guard was deemed necessary for two or three days. During the time most of the boats left. A Board of Magistrates from the country were requested to investigate the matter. The boatmen were invited to be present and bring forward such witnesses as they desired; but they declined to take any part in it. The court fully justified everything done on the part of the city and citizens in the matter. Among the boatmen was an uncle of Trester's, who stated that he had done everything in his power to persuade his

nephew to obey the law, but to no purpose. The wharf-master continued his duties without molestation, although threats were said to have been made against his life. But no more of whipping the town or resisting the payment of wharfage. The newspapers throughout the country, as has happened since, represented the affair in a manner terribly prejudicial to Memphis. They alleged that the man was pursued and shot down for simply refusing to pay one dollar unjustly demanded of him. The Legislature of Indiana passed some terribly warlike resolutions, and poor little Fort Pickering thought she saw the certain downfall of Memphis and herself going up. After keeping up a ferment for about a month, she commenced moving up, and never stopped until everything in the way of business, worth moving, had "gone up." Memphis rose with flying colors, and from that time until the commencement of the war her growth and prosperity were unequalled by any other city in the South.

ANECDOTE OF TOM. HARALDSON.

The following anecdote shows the folly of saving up property for our children, who often make it fly faster than their poor old ancestors, by hard work and privation, could possibly accumulate it. Thomas Haraldson, who once owned the beautiful plantation known afterward as Capt. Hulbert's, about twenty-five miles below Memphis, was noted for his penurious habits and close dealings. It is now near forty years since the transaction above

alluded to. I think Captain Hulbert paid some twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars for the place, including stock, farming implements, etc., which was one of the largest purchases of that day. When Hulbert arrived, as per agreement, he found every old scrap of iron, or other article of any conceivable value, carefully gathered up; and in this way Tom, no doubt, gouged him terribly. Still, it did not break the trade. All things were finally arranged, and the parties took the first steamer for this city to close the trade by payment of the money—one taking the deck, the other the cabin. The boat had well nigh made the trip, when Tom entered the cabin in haste, calling for Captain Hulbert. That individual responded with the exclamation—

“What’s the matter!”

“Why,” said Tom, “one of them cows has a bell on. I had liked to forgot it. It cost me a dollar, and is as good as new.”

Hulbert drew out the money, paid him, and all was again satisfactory.

Haraldson invested his money in vacant Memphis property. He happened to strike the market, and real estate increased so rapidly that when his estate came to be wound up it left his infant grand-son, Thomas H. Cocke, the only surviving heir, worth half a million of dollars.

Captain Hulbert was the father of Mr. Henry T. Hulbert.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

AN EXCITING ELECTION.—THE TWO TOPPS AND A MODEL VOTER.

Among the oldest residents of Memphis is Colonel Robertson Topp, who, in early days, figured extensively as a politician, and was the acknowledged leader of the Whig party in this end of the State, always taking an active part in elections. He and his brother, Colonel Dixon Topp, may be said to look as much alike as two black-eyed peas. It sometimes happens that two persons have faces such perfect blanks that it is difficult to distinguish them, particularly when met separately; but the two Topps were men of the most strongly marked and expressive features, and yet so strikingly alike in every particular that, when standing side by side, many of their most intimate friends were unable to tell one from the other.

A few days prior to the State election in 1841 Robertson Topp, in passing, overheard a boisterous Irishman, named Michael Brady, telling how he should vote, and, recognizing the fellow, stepped up to him and asked if he designed voting at the coming election, and was answered that he did.

“Now,” said Topp, “you are not entitled to vote; I know when you came here to a day, as you have been in my employment ever since, and I will see that you don’t vote.”

Mike slunk away, muttering, “Bedad, I’d like to see you kape me from voting.”

When the election day came, all the Whigs in the southern portion of the town gathered at the Gayoso House, some two hundred or upward in number, formed in a line, and, with Robertson Topp at their head, marched up to the City Hotel, on Winchester street, to vote. The Irishman above alluded to had secretly watched the movement, and as soon as the procession was fairly under way, started to Fort Pickering, which was the only other voting place then on the bluff. Now it happened that Dixon Topp was here on a visit at that time, and, at the solicitation of his brother, had gone down to Fort Pickering to watch the voting; so when our Irishman arrived and was hastening up to deposit his vote, he came to a sudden stop, seeing, as he thought, Robertson Topp standing near the polls.

"How the divil did he git here ahid of me?" he mentally asked, "but I'll bate him yit, and, while he is watching for me here, I'll be up to the City Hotel voting."

Knowing that Topp had not seen him, he sliely crept back, and soon found himself at the City Hotel, which place was very much crowded. Mike had nearly succeeded in making his way to the ballot-box, when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and he was hastily jerked back.

"Aha," said the real Robertson Topp, "I have caught you now." Jerking him out of the line, and shaking his finger in Brady's face, he added, "Don't attempt to vote again, or you will fare worse."

"Mickie," as he was familiarly called by his countrymen, walked off with a disgusted air, muttering aloud:

"Ah, to h—I with the voting; it's little I care who's elected," tearing up his ticket at the same time.

But this was all done for a blind. Sauntering around and watching Topp until he saw him otherwise deeply

engaged, he obtained a horse, which, under whip and spur, soon landed him in Fort Pickering. Again he made a rush for the polls, and again came to a sudden halt, for there again stood the tall form, as he thought, of Robertson Topp, looking as calm and composed as though he had undergone no rapid transition, or experienced or anticipated any excitement.

"Blazes to his soul," muttered Mike, between his teeth.

It now became evident to his mind that there was no possible chance of his voting on the Bluff—

"But," thought he, "there's another place of voting, and I'll defy him and the divvill together to bate me to that. He has not seen me yit, and I'll jist lave him watching for me."

So, leading his horse secretly into the thicket, and satisfying himself that Topp was not aware of his presence, he mounted, and, taking a circuitous route to avoid passing through Memphis, struck the Raleigh road about the old Fair Grounds, when, putting his horse to his utmost speed, he never broke the lope until he reached the courthouse in Raleigh. But it so happened that Robertson Topp and others had made up their minds to visit the county seat and see how the election was progressing there. So, immediately after his rudeness to Mr. Brady, he and two or three friends stepped into a hack, and were rapidly driven to that, then, important place. The party had barely alighted at Coleman's tavern, and before they had time to patronize the bar—which, of course, was the first thing in order—when their attention was attracted by the loud clattering of horse feet, and looking in the direction of Memphis, they beheld a horseman covered with dust, and his beast with foam, charging up the hill as though he thought the devil was behind instead of

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before him. Throwing his reigns over the rack, he rolled off, and with ticket in hand, struck a bee-line for the place of voting; but while doing so Topp recognized in the furious rider the man whom he had prevented from voting two hours before in Memphis—hastened after him, and just as Mickie was about offering his vote the heavy hand was again on his shoulder; his body suddenly whirled around, and his eyes met the stern features of Robertson Topp.

It is useless for me to attempt an adequate description of the wretched man at this trying moment. I will simply say that his hair stood on end, his eyes threatened to leap from their sockets, the color fled from his face, his under jaw fell on his breast, his chest swelled as though it would burst, and sank as though it would collapse, and a general tremor shook his entire person. Topp, in alarm, dropped his hold as soon as possible. The horrified creature staggered back a few paces, then, turning partly round, with one eye behind, he made his way back to his horse. Finding he was not pursued he threw his arm over the jaded beast's neck for support, and, while gasping for breath, took a long, steady look at the object of his terror, who had, no doubt, assumed colossal dimensions in his eyes. Topp returned the stare until satisfied that no fatal consequences were likely to result from his rashness, hurried off to fill his engagement at the bar; and poor Mickie, as soon as he could gather sufficient strength, clambered on his horse and started off, but not to hunt another voting place. He had already seen too many of them. On arriving at his home, with a palpitating heart, he recounted to his friends his adventures of the day in the pursuit of a vote, winding up with the declaration that "Robertson Topp was shurely the divvill."

HISTORY OF PINCH—ORIGIN OF THE WORD.

SECTIONAL FEUDS AND THEIR RESULTS.

Immediately north of the Memphis and Ohio railroad depot there is a bend in the bayou, which once constituted a considerable lake. Its original beauty has been destroyed, and the bed to some extent filled up by the building of the heavy embankment on Second street through it. This lake was once known by the name of Catfish Bay, and bade fair to become a place of no small importance. The landing was then quite contracted and not very safe for flatboats. Those, therefore, who wished to close out and break up—as, also, family boats—found it very convenient to haul up into Catfish Bay, which, as its name indicates, was noted for its abundance of fish. This fact and the cheapness of old rubbish lumber with which to build shanties, induced a number of poor families to settle upon its banks. One group of mean houses, noted for the apparent destitution of its occupants—and whose masters were in constant attendance at the Old Bell Tavern, rendering important service to that institution, by assisting to swell the bills when liquor for all hands was ordered—was dubbed, by old Craven Peyton, with the classic name of “Pinch Gut,” but whether this name was suggested by the hungry appearance of the wives and children, or by the dullness of the trade at the tavern, which sometimes subjected the husbands to the disagreeable necessity of going home sober, I am unable to say. As might be expected, the toppers did not like the name, and to re-

move it from the locality, they insisted that it belonged to the opposite side of the bay, whose residents in turn took umbrage, and a feud was the consequence, which was greatly enjoyed by those who fancied themselves beyond the bounds of either; but this proved a mistake. More distant neighbors settled the dispute by lumping the whole surroundings of Catfish Bay under the general appellation of "Pinch Gut," or "Pinch Bay." It did not stop here, but continued to expand until it not only took in Smoky Row, but threatened to invade the aristocratic circles of Auction Square. All efforts to stay its march had the contrary effect, and a wide district became known as Pinch. The name did good. It united the people of that end of town to an extent that it made them felt, and "Pinch" became a power in the land.

DAVID CROCKETT.

As I said before, Pinch was not without her triumphs at elections, of which candidates, at least, seemed well aware. When the famous David Crockett visited Memphis in 1829, he paid marked respect to Pinch and made a speech from the deck of a flatboat in Catfish Bay, which was better received, though not so lengthy or well attended as the one he made on the Bluff. The latter consisted mainly of anecdotes, in the recital of which he excelled all men. The coon in his stories cut a considerable figure; they were generally fresh and wholly original, and created a great deal of boisterous mirth. I have seen most of them published since. His closing action in Memphis may be worthy of mention.

CROCKETT AND EPPY WHITE.

He proposed to bet a gallon of whisky that he could jump further into the bay, make a bigger splash and wet himself less than any other man in the crowd. To his

surprise Col. Eppy White, who weighed about three hundred pounds, proposed to take the bet. Considerable merriment was created and a rich scene expected. But Crockett, after taking a survey of old Eppy's dimensions, spoiled it all by backing out, acknowledging the corn and proposing to pay the whisky, which he did a hundred times over. The "biggest drunk" ever known on this bluff was the result.

LOW DOWN SCULDUGGERY.

I am happy to say that national politics were not then brought into our local elections; but I am sorry to admit that other subjects, even less creditable, were—one of which, "The poor man," was carried to a most disgusting extent. The rivalry between opposite candidates developed itself in absurd promises to that interesting but desperately wronged class, the poor. To hear those philanthropists talk, one would have thought it the duty of the State to legislate every man into a competency without requiring the slightest effort on his part, and if you only elected them the thing would certainly be brought about. It is, perhaps, needless to say that Pinch was sound on the poor man question, and if any supposed the old boats of Catfish Bay wielded no influence, they were very much mistaken.

But it was not to Pinch, or even to the State of Tennessee, that this ridiculous conduct was confined. It pervaded several, if not all, of the surrounding States, and that, too, from the high position of Governor down. One man, at least, who has since filled the Presidential chair, was wholly indebted to the Poor Man twaddle for his start in political life.

IKE RAWLINGS.

But let us get back in Pinch, where a more direct local triumph was effected by the defeat of old Ike

Rawlings for Mayor in 1831. Ike was considered invincible, and was the special favorite of the upper end and "upper ten." It was charged that he had turned against Pinch.

His opposition to the Bell Tavern and other sinks of iniquity was well enough; but when he attempted to enforce some of his laws about nuisances in and about Catfish Bay, the thing was insufferable. It seemed that the old fellow did not like the smell of fish, especially after they had sweltered several days on the bank, or drifted around the bay, belly upward. This nuisance ordinance was denounced by the Pinch orators as cruel, tyrannical, an infraction of the poor man's rights, and a violation of the Constitution. This last charge, I think, was pretty well founded; for the law was certainly very partial in its operation.

A LIMB OF THE LAW.

Seth Wheatley, a young lawyer, thirsting for knowledge and honors, was selected for their champion. Being a full head and shoulders taller than Ike, he was thought to breathe a purer atmosphere and to be entirely above vulgar scents. But this triumph over Rawlings was the last of Pinch, at least for several years. In a few short months after, not a shanty adorned the banks of Catfish Bay, not a boat lay in her muddy bed or floated on her filthy waters. The place had become an intolerable nuisance to the neighborhood, but how to abate it was the question. True, it was private property, and none were more anxious to see it cleaned out than the owners, and although no forcible resistance was anticipated, yet the "poor man" cry carried a power that the most heroic and daring cared not to face. The

object, however, was effected in a sort of Ku-Klux manner.

DROWNING OUT THE PEOPLE.

The denizens of the bay, to free themselves from the charge of creating a nuisance, laid it to Car's tannery, a short distance above, which it was said emptied its vats sometimes into the bayou, rendering the water wholly unfit to drink and killing the fish. This was no doubt the truth. About two nights after Wheatley's election as Mayor, a perfect sluice of tan-ooze and filth was let down upon the people of Catfish Bay. Of course nobody knew who did it; it was evidently not done by any one connected with the tannery. Everybody disapproved of the act, or pretended to, and no doubt many of them were sincere. Providence, however, came to their relief. A large eddy had formed in front of the town, covering all that space since occupied by the bature, making it perfectly safe for family boats, as also a great resort for fish. Some of the boats were floated out, the others were sold and broken up, the shanties taken down and moved to other localities. Merchants and citizens generally were very liberal, and the whole was accomplished in a short time and with the best of feeling. The old toppers were kept full for several days; after which all quieted down, and the name of Catfish Bay, or Pinch Gut, was never mentioned and was almost forgotten. What a pity it had not remained so!

J. D. CURRIN.

It was in the spring of 1837, I think, that James D. Currin, of the firm of Currin & Strange, a young merchant of the free and easy order, was elected an Alderman from the First Ward. By that time the town had extended considerably south, generally in little groups of houses, to

which names were given, such as Lake Walker, Yatesville, Lewisburg, Andersonville, etc., and it became a habit in the Board to pleasantly apply the name of the locality, instead of ward, in speaking of a member. Currin being among the first to adopt this course, and rather unsparing in his witty sallies, his immediate locality having no distinct appellation, and although he lived far remote from any bound to which the original Pinch had ever extended, still it was a part of his ward, and therefore he was addressed as the gentleman from Pinch; and thus the name was again revived, and in a short time was used with the most vindictive bitterness. Were I to attempt anything like a full account of the sectional strife between North and South Memphis, or, as the districts were designated, Pinch and Sodom, I would be under the necessity of doubling the length of this story. Its most remarkable feature would be how such intense hatred could exist, and yet so little comparative bloodshed.

FAMOUS LEADERS.

The leaders on each side were desperate and determined men, of which Dr. Jephtha Fowlkes and General Levin H. Coe were the most prominent. But as no good could come of reviewing these feuds, and probably some harm, I shall make no further allusions to them, but confine myself to the causes and results.

The town was, prior to 1842, divided into three wards, the two first extending to Market street, and the Third Ward from that to Union, and although this ward was but thinly settled it was certainly entitled to rights of which it was deprived by the combination of the other two—one of which was to cut down a road to the landing more convenient, and not be obliged to go up to Market street and back, under the bluff as low as Madison,

although the citizens proposed to do it at their own expense. Yet no was the peremptory answer; and while she paid a large portion of the taxes, her appropriations were very limited. Of course these things were well calculated to produce bad feeling. Finding it very dangerous and almost impossible to keep up a road under the bluff, a large wooden wharf was, in 1837, built across the bar, opposite the foot of Winchester street, which at first promised to do well, but owing to a great extension of the bar the following year, it became too shoal at low water for steamboats to land at; in consequence of which Captain William W. Hart, the owner of the wharfboat Orleans, dropped her down temporarily some three or four hundred yards below the wharf, where the bar was more bluff, when the Board of Mayor and Aldermen, with more arrogance than decency, ordered him to bring her back.

SQUIRE RICHARDS

says that if he wished to turn a man of common sense into a jackass, the first thing he would do would be to have him elected an Alderman. I would like, for the credit of our city fathers, to differ with my old friend, but, unfortunately, I have seen incidents tending to establish its truth. They are liable to be taken with the big-head and think they know it all; that outsiders have no right or capacity to know anything about legislative matters, or the interests of the city, and treat advice with contempt.

OUTRAGE UPON STEAMBOATS.

Such was the case at least in this instance; and water or no water, steamboats must land right there. The consequence was Hart had to drop his boat below the corporation line. It happened that trade and travel had

increased so rapidly that steamboats were unable to accommodate all, and it was a matter of favor to be permitted to ship anything. The idea of coercing steamboats at such a time was the height of absurdity. Hart was the general mail agent, and a very popular and influential man, but the Board could not be made to see it. So, after fretting, foaming and passing blood and thunder resolutions, and even threatening to get up a mob and cut his boat loose, they finally subsided, but not until they had got up a very warlike feeling on the other side. Taking advantage of this, the denizens of South Memphis conceived the idea of laying off another town.

SODOM OVERREACHES THE MARK.

They had already got the steamboats, and with a little effort it was supposed they could draw off the merchants and better class of citizens. They were, however, going to be choice as to those they permitted to come among them, particularly from that detested region known as Pinch; and to aid them in the scheme they fanned the flames of sectional hate. It was thought that the lower half of Memphis would secede, unite with their friends and beget an embryo Southern Confederacy.

FORT PICKERING COMES TO THE SURFACE.

But a more hasty movement was commenced at a point lower down. A number of broken speculators, whose only remaining stock in trade was gas, bought the Fort Pickering tract on space, and proceeded to lay off a town, which, according to their prediction, was to be THE town. They immediately joined the crusade against poor Pinch. They uttered the word as though it carried with it a sickening stench, and repeated it so often that their noses and upper lips acquired a set sneer, which, added to their natural repulsive looks, rendered their presence

offensive even to each other. They, however, cut a small figure in this affair, and soon played out, leaving their unfortunate dupes to settle the question of title with the original proprietors as best they could, and opening a rich field for a host of hungry lawyers.

A NEW PHILOSOPHY.

In the meantime the Pinchites learned sense, pursued a more liberal course, divided the Third Ward into three, making five in all, and allowed their southern brethren to have everything their own way—who, in turn, seemed to have lost what sense they had. Concessions are generally looked upon as triumphs, and, so far from satisfying, only increased the demands of the adverse party. Sodom thought she had Pinch by the throat, and proceeded to the pious work of strangling her, but overreached the mark. Not content in crushing Pinch proper, to-wit: from Market street, north, and relying confidently on the potency of the name, while modestly claiming the right to alter and fix its bounds at pleasure, their first extension of it was to Poplar street; but wishing to include the whole business part of the town, they finally determined on Adams street—thus not only weakening themselves, but giving strength and respectability to Pinch, and at the same time disgusting those living below that line. These people, seeing the object, refused to act with them further, and when, too late, the Sodomites tried to retrace their steps. It was soon discovered that the steamboat landing was more of an ornamental than a profitable accession. The flatboats attracted all the country trade. They lay above Adams street, and the best stands were found to be in that vicinity. The consequence was that business, which had strung along Front Row, began to con-

centrate in that locality. About this time (1841) a number of capitalists came quietly among us, making large investments, and strange to say, many of them, regardless of the odious name, preferred Pinch property. From this time the prosperity of Memphis may properly date. One year later, and she assumed the title of

THE CITY OF MEMPHIS,

and eight years later the town of South Memphis was brought within her corporate limits. Sectional strife and feuds, however, continued to a degree by no means creditable to the parties engaged in them, long after the union of the two corporations, and I am sorry to say, have not entirely passed away yet; and, although poor Pinch seems to be wholly friendless, there still appears to besome who fear she may rise in her new strength and outshine her adversaries in splendor; and, in my opinion, they are doing far more than her property holders to bring that thing about. Another influx of capitalists will take place before Memphis will advance materially. When they come their investments will be made where the most liberal inducements are offered, and no empty, senseless epithets will have any weight in controlling their purchases.

The greatest difficulty I have encountered in writing the foregoing story, as also some that preceded it, was how to condense the incidents connected with it, within the scope of a newspaper article. Some that properly belonged to it were omitted entirely, while others were passed over with a degree of haste that failed to do the subject justice or myself credit.

“Old Times” has not only done himself credit, but has conferred a great favor upon the public. His stories, simply told, has been written with admirable good taste, and we hope the history will be continued.—ED. APPEAL.

EARLY REMINISCENCES.

[The following we cut from the *APPEAL*, of August 29, 1871, by permission of our friend, Doctor J. B. Mallory, the author. It speaks for itself:]

A CHAPTER FOR THE OLD FOLKS.

Some years subsequent—we will not say how many—to the memorable first sermon preached in Memphis by Elijah Coffee, we arrived in town, and considered our mortal tenement located. It was not much of a place at that time, limited, as well as we remember, to the physical boundaries of what is now known by the euphonious title of Pinch, where so many of the sons of Erin do love to congregate. If any corroborating evidence is wanting to confirm our antiquity, we can only say, that we remember distinctly when Johnson gave hospitable entertainments to the weary traveler; when Finnie and White smiled benignantly on the bibulous; when the Blue Ruin flourished like a green bay tree; when the Mississippi burst the base of Young's old storehouse; when our venerated friend, John Lawrence, mounted on a diminutive steed, aroused the citizens to arms, in the affair of the flatboatmen, on which occasion a belligerent owner of a boat received a mortal wound.

Yes, we remember when Fort Pickering threatened to extinguish Memphis, on account of the unaccommodating spirit of her merchants. To which end a railroad was resolved upon, and a costly tavern erected by the indefatigable Yates, of adipose notoriety. It was a solemn

time in the affairs of Memphis. Her destiny swung on an attenuated thread. The gods favored her, however, and she now proudly points to the innumerable trophies of her success.

In the comparatively brief period of time, since we landed on this bluff, almost an entire generation has disappeared, and, in the language of a former editor of the *APPEAL*, on a melancholy occasion, 'we feel almost alone.' A new generation has taken the places of those who have passed the Lethean stream. And thus it will be until the end of time. It may be interesting, at least to some who are left, if we make mention of a few of the prominent citizens who lived in Memphis during the early period of which we write. There are some, we doubt not, who will remember Silas Toncray—a man of universal genius and various callings. The last time we saw him he was alone in his little back room, giving the finishing touches to a mechanism of brass, by which (to use his own language) he was able to measure distances, irrespective of the inequalities of surface. He informed us he had applied for a patent, but as he died shortly after, and as our youthful comprehension failed to catch the idea he wished to convey, the world doubtless lost, in his death, a valuable invention. Near the northern extremity of Main street, he erected a brick church for the benefit of the colored population, which still remains as a monument of his benevolence and Christian charity.

About the same time lived Joseph Cooper, a thrifty merchant, who, by great patience, frugality and well directed energy amassed a considerable fortune. There was a method in all he did, which many of his cotemporaries might have profitably imitated. Deprived of sight in the latter part of life, the social enjoyment of pleasant

company afforded him a peculiar gratification. It was a bad omen for Pinch when he emigrated to the corner of Monroe and Front streets. He was fond of listening to the church bells. Their music reminded him, he said, of frail mortality, and in one of his prodigal moods he contributed fifty dollars to purchase the bell that every Sunday morning rings its solemn warning from the steeple of Wesley Chapel.

Prominent among the medical men of that day was Dr. Wyatt Christian, an excellent physician, a high-toned gentleman, sincere in his attachments, and ever usefully employed in relieving the ailments of suffering humanity. He was highly respected and esteemed by a large circle of friends, professionally and socially. Joseph Bohannon is still remembered by a few. To the skill of the druggist he combined the most desirable qualifications of the merchant. He was, perhaps, the best business man on the bluff. *Humanum est errare*. We should remember only his good qualities. His younger brother, familiarly called Dick—remarkable for occasional erratic manifestations—was a popular individual with all classes, and constituted an important integral constituent in the early society of Memphis. Like a true patriot, he fell at Cerro Gordo, fighting for his country's flag.

Among the early inhabitants of Memphis was Captain William H. Seawall. He still lives, and cultivates a small farm near Yorktown, Va. In the hard fought battles between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico, he was the only commissioned officer in the United States army who represented Memphis. He was a gallant and efficient officer. At Cherubusco his company was almost annihilated by a Mexican battery. After the termination of the war, he returned to Memphis, but remained

only a few months. He is favorably remembered by his few surviving friends.

There are a few still living who may have in their recollection an old druggist named Justus Smith, who lived on the corner of Winchester and Main streets. If Diogenes had passed that way with his lantern, he might have terminated his peregrinations with the old Doctor. In him he would have found that rare species of the genius "homo:" an honest man. Like a true philosopher, he bore the inflictions of outrageous fortune, and divided his affections between his Bible and the NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER. He was ever ruminant or fumant.

The memory of Jesse Williamson is pleasantly cherished by a few surviving friends. He was, with a little eccentricity of manner, a pleasing companion, and ready at all times, with an amusing anecdote, to regale a select crowd. It was a peculiarity with him to speak in broken French, or English, I forget which.

In this panoramic view many familiar names might be enumerated, which were associated with the early development of Memphis, if we were not restricted by the prescribed limits of this communication. It may be a senile imbecility, but it is pleasant to contemplate the past, notwithstanding many dark clouds overshadow the view, and the melancholy fact is remembered that so many of those who lived and moved among us at that early day, have acted their brief part in the drama of life, and disappeared forever. It is delightful to think of those good old times—"the best in the world"—when the bottom rail was content to lie on the ground; when but few signets could have been found with the inscription, "*Quærenda pecunia primum est, virtus post nummos;*" when a large amount of social feeling existed—the usual characteristic of small towns. With an amusing

illustration of the latter, we will terminate, for the present, our early reminiscences:

In the summer of 1838 the monotony of Memphis was relieved by the sudden appearance of Monsieur Dukay, an individual of foreign aspect, peculiarly French in his accent and the color of his cuticle. He came in pursuit of health, and to escape the heat and malaria of a more southern climate. Agreeable in conversation and prepossessing in manners, he was not long in making himself the center of a social circle. The ladies smiled delightfully in his presence, and through the long summer months no party or fashionable assemblage was complete without Monsieur Dukay. He sang charmingly in French. But his greatest attraction was the possession of two sugar plantations in Louisiana. On the upper plantation he claimed an annual production of four hundred hogsheads, and six hundred hogsheads on the lower plantation. This was enough to sweeten his society, and give a saccharine tinge to his general conversation. The merchants, too, were happy to make his acquaintance. He talked eloquently of finances. But all things have an end, and it became necessary, in the course of events, for Monsieur Dukay to depart, and on the event of this interesting occasion he deplored with tearful eyes the necessity that compelled him to return to his plantations. He was consoled, however, with the reflection that he would shortly return. From a friend in the grocery line he purchased a bill of supplies for the upper plantation, giving in payment a draft on his Orleans merchant. From a "dear old friend" he obtained, in a similar manner, a fine riding horse, saddle and bridle; and from a bosom friend and companion he reluctantly consented to receive a diamond ring for his "only sister."

Months passed away, and no tidings came of the elegant Frenchman. The drafts were duly returned for non-acceptance, and many a hearty laugh was enjoyed at the expense of those who were victimized, in consideration of four hundred hogsheads on the upper plantation and six hundred hogsheads on the lower plantation.

During the ensuing winter a gentleman, with whom he had been intimate, and who had suffered a little from his saccharine expedition, happened in a shop in New Orleans and found "mon cher Dukay" manipulating in the capacity of a quadroon barber. The tonsorial planter manifested surprise, and was quite overcome with grief. "It grieves me," he exclaimed, "to have imposed myself upon the kindness of my friends in Memphis," and tears of large dimensions confirmed the genuineness of his pretence.

If still living, it is more than probable his distinguished abilities have been rewarded by a lucrative office under the government.

CIVIS.

THE OLD BELL TAVERN.

GENERAL JACKSON AND PADDY MEAGHER.

Some hundred yards or more south of the jail, on the east side of Front or Chickashaw street, stands a low, broad building, with its gable to the street. There is nothing in its present appearance calculated to arrest the attention of the passer-by, more than the most cheaply constructed of the houses, the old cedar posts having been often re-planked. These old posts yet bear the marks, and no doubt contain the leaden balls fired to avenge the wrongs or prove the courage of early chivalry, and if they could tell tales, what vice, crime and debauchery they have witnessed, it would startle any but the most hardened of the present day. There are some errors about the antiquity of this house. I think it was built in 1822, though Dr. Frame—pretty good authority—thinks it of still more recent date. It was not the first tavern on the Bluff. Old Squire McMahon, father of Frank and the Doctor, built a much finer one on Auction street some two years earlier, and although the Squire was a man of considerable ability he could not “keep a tavern,” at least not to suit the habits of the guests of that day. Col. Sam. R. Brown was the first tavern-keeper. When Paddy Meagher bought out the house, afterwards known as the Bell Tavern, in 1823, it had been kept as a store, containing a little of all sorts, and nothing in particular, except whisky and tobacco. Paddy had previously established a similar house near the foot of Jefferson street, which being too far from business, he found it necessary to move further up; and as this man and his

family cut a considerable figure in the early history of Memphis, I deem it proper to give what I have learned of his antecedents. It will be remembered that General Jackson came within an ace of having been born an Irishman, which perhaps accounted for his attachment for the people of that country. He generally had several of them about him. Where he picked up Paddy Meagher, or when Paddy became a camp follower, I don't know; but when Fort Pickering was established, the General became anxious to have a quiet retreat, where he could be free from military cares and the annoyance of visitors. He purchased a small improvement on the head of Island 46, where he settled Paddy, his wife, and little daughter Sally.

PRESIDENT'S ISLAND.

With Paddy the General spent a goodly portion of his time. Some pretended to believe the General sincere in his anxiety for quietude; others that he was anxious to secure the squatter's right to the Island, and it was known for several years by the name of Jackson's Island. But after the whole territory became known as the Jackson Purchase, and his name spoken of in connection with the Presidency, the name was again changed to President's Island, and was perhaps the first compliment of the kind paid him. Whether he ever perfected a title to the island I do not know.

There were others, however, who attributed a very different motive to the General's frequent visits to the island, and some went so far as to hint that little Sally's paternity was a matter of considerable doubt. This was evidently very unjust, for if ever a child was the type of its father in feature, form, temperament, Sally was of Paddy Meagher. These charges coming to Jackson's ears were traced up by him, and the result was that one

poor fellow got a terrible caning. This had a tendency to stop all such talk, or at least for the time being. The account published of this caning by his enemies, some fifteen years later, was very prejudicial to Jackson. It was even stated that several of his friends stood by with cocked pistols, threatening to kill the fellow if he moved. The General gave some grounds for this charge by his excessive fondness for Sally, and the common opinion was that he would either adopt her or do something handsome for her. She never grew too large to sit on his knee or hang round his neck, but this was no sign, for Sally was in nowise particular whose knee she sat upon.

PADDY'S HEN AND CHICKENS.

After the removal of the army, Paddy moved, and, seeming to have an attachment for islands, settled on what is now known as Frame's Island. He also established a woodyard on what is known as the Old Hen, and made some slight improvements in others, evidently with the design of setting up the squatter's or occupant's right. Whether he ever succeeded I do not know. The Islands, however, acquired the name of Paddy's Hen and Chickens, by which they are still known. Two of these islands have since washed away. Paddy, by some unaccountable means, became possessed of considerable money. He had always been looked upon as a mere dependent of General Jackson. He purchased several negroes, among them old Uncle Lyman, who died only a few years since, and his wife, Aunt Cillar, to whom I am indebted for many reminiscences of early times. Paddy did not remain long on the island, but bought Henry Foy's place, the handsomest on the bluff, near the foot of Jefferson street. The principal part of Foy's farm was under the bluff, which, having washed

away, as the present batture is now doing, caused him to sell his right to Paddy, who, in a few years, found he had no title whatever. I think a couple of lots were given him by the original proprietors, after which he moved up to the Old Bell Tavern, the subject of our story.

THE OLD TAVERN.

As heretofore stated, it was not Paddy's design to start a tavern, but it was necessary to have accommodations for such as became too top-heavy on his bar-room to keep their feet under them. Beside, Paddy had a great many friends, who would insist on staying with him; so it was, he soon made additions to the house, and opened out with no other sign than a fifty pound bell swung to a post in front of the door. In this he beat McMahon, who, having nothing of the kind, and not being able to compete with the new establishment, discontinued the tavern business.

Paddy was a jolly old soul, full of fun, and generally pretty full of liquor. Everybody liked him, and he ought to have done well.

But the principal attraction of the house was Sally, who was now blooming into womanhood. I cannot make her the heroine of my story, in view of the wretched end to which she came at last. She was short, rather thick, well put up, of brown complexion, and would have been considered homely but for a head of hair and pair of eyes that would have made an ogress beautiful. Her chief quality was wit, in which she surpassed her father. She could say more funny things, play more tricks, laugh louder, and make everybody else laugh more, than any half dozen girls in the country. Of course she drew a great deal of custom, particularly to the bar, where a free and easy manner reigned.

And here I would like to give an account of the young ladies that flourished here at that time. It is due to them to say that they did not generally partake of the rude spirit of the men, though the few who did were not for that reason excluded from society. They could not be spared, as all of them made but a small sized party, and Sally Meagher's talents did not lay exclusively in her tongue, for she could take the socks off any of her fair competitors in the dance, so that Sally, instead of taking a back seat, was generally the star, if not the belle of each festive occasion. I might tell of the pretty Kate Fletcher, the late Mrs. Catherine Whittier, and others.

Sally married the handsome and dashing Tom Huling. Tom was a gambler, but that did not set him back. He wore fine clothes and was possessed of much money, though it was questionable whether it was all genuine; still he was then called a gentleman. It was supposed that Huling believed the current story that Sally would secure wealth from General Jackson.

JACKSON AND BENTON.

During old Paddy Meagher's time the tavern was far more decently conducted than ever afterward. True, there were almost daily fights and drunken rowdyism, but nothing worthy of particular note, except, perhaps, a fight between General Jackson and Jesse Benton. This grew out of an old feud, and the parties had had several brushes before in Nashville. Benton moved to Tipton county, and on a visit to Memphis, happening to meet the General at Paddy's, they renewed it. Two accounts of this fight were published during the Presidential canvass of 1828, differing in every respect, except that Benton got the worst of it. We heard old Jesse Benton tell the tale some ten years later. He was a

bitter, vindictive old man, and never tired of abusing Jackson; but he was worse, if possible, on his brother, Tom Benton, who was then making himself conspicuous with his Expunging Resolutions.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE OLD BELL TAVERN.

Old Paddy killed a vast quantity of whisky in his time, but, as is generally the case, whisky triumphed in the end, and after about two years' proprietorship of the Bell Tavern, he pegged out, and his son-in-law, Tom Huling, succeeded him. Tom immediately put the house in repair, for Paddy had but little taste. The bar was enlarged and handsomely fitted up, extensive additions were made to the house—one of which was for the especial benefit of the gamblers, having all necessary tables and other fixtures. Tom also had a sign put up, with the rude representation of a bell painted on it. The house had been generally known as "Paddy's," by which name it had acquired all its popularity. It was also known in the country as the Bell Tavern, owing to the bell in front of it, which Sam Stogdon, the bar-keeper, was as fond of ringing as ever a child was of shaking a rattle. For a time the house seemed to prosper; but Huling got other ideas in his head, took to speculating, and was absent frequently, without Sally or anyone else knowing where he had gone, or how long he would remain away; in fact, Sally knew less, and cared as little, about him as she well could. Although he often started in an opposite direction, he was known to visit at Shawnee Village, a short distance above here, in Arkansas, afterward known as the headquarters of the Murrel Clan.

Tom soon discovered that keeping tavern was a failure. Sally took to hard drink and hard swearing, particularly when referring to her husband. Her tongue became as

foul as it had previously been witty, and, instead of attracting, drove away custom. Huling felt compelled to sell out and abandon her.

THE OLD STORY.

The house then passed into the hands of Mike Davis, an Irishman. Davis had formerly lived in North Alabama, where he had married into a good family. He was thought to be doing well; but he took to drink, and would lay drunk for a week at a time, leaving his young wife exposed to the grandest set of villians on earth. The consequence was, she fell; her father came and took her home. Davis had now some excuse to drink, and in a short time filled a drunkard's grave. Previous to the death of Davis he had some dealings with a man by the name of John Hook, also from North Alabama, where he had maintained a good character, though it was generally thought that his claim against Davis was a dishonest transaction. He, however, administered upon the estate and took charge of the tavern. An appendage that this man affixed to his name gave him some notoriety. I was absent at New Orleans when the change of proprietors took place, and Hook, being in a great hurry to have his name on the sign, employed a blacksmith to paint it, who availed himself of an old custom of using an "I" for a "J." Before the sign was put up Hook determined to stop crediting, and advertised the fact on his sign, which, when finished, read—

I HOOK FOR CASH ONLY.

This, instead of relieving the old man, gave him more trouble, and it was amusing to see his bald head popping out of the bar-room window to correct some ignorant fellow who failed to separate the sentences, and how very mad he would get when some mischievous loafer would

explain that the house had become more circumspect, and would in future steal nothing but money.

Hook kept the house until 1830, when, getting into some trouble, he made a hasty sale to Sam Stogden and left.

A MODEL BARKEEPER.

Sam's heaven was behind a bar, dealing out whisky by the mouthful. He was about as cowardly a scoundrel as ever lived, and as is common with such knaves, he coveted the fame of a bully. To establish this he never let a soft fight pass him. He, however, once made a mistake and whipped a drunken fellow that happened to have some friends among the young bloods, who took Sam out on the bluff, and gave him a terrible cowhiding. After this he became very careful who he pitched into, and while some could curse him to their heart's content, others dared not cheap. He professed a very high sense of honor, but there was one species of crime he boasted of. He delighted in intrigues with women; but how could he help it. They all loved him, "not wisely, but too well." Such was his vain talk, and he prided himself upon being the hero of Mrs. D's ruin. The old bloats knew his weak points, and made frequent drinks by practicing on them. Sam had managed to hold his position as barkeeper through the various changes of the house, and had now risen to the highest position, in his eyes, in the country. How he contained himself is a matter of wonder. He, however, only held the house a few months, when an enterprising individual of his sort established the first house of ill-fame on the bluff, and took Samuel in as a partner. This was a kick above tavern-keeping, and Sam jumped at it, when Seaborn Bickerstaff succeeded him as proprietor of the Bell Tavern. Of this man I shall say but little, because of the respectability of his

family. His wife was considered a good and shamefully abused woman, and refused to leave him until long after he had shamefully abandoned or failed to provide for her. A few miserable loafers still hung about the house sometime after the more respectable swindlers and thieves had left. The winter of 1831-'32 was remarkable, not only for its long duration, but for its severity. The poor suffered, especially for fuel, and none were poorer than the hangers-on of the tavern. They burned first the fences, after which the different additions and out-houses, leaving the building as it now appears, except that the old boards, with which it was walled in, began to fall off, when the hogs made a raid upon it, and although they were often successfully repulsed, finally captured it and routed the last of their bipedal adversaries.

DECADENCE OF THE GLORY OF THE OLD BELL TAVERN.

From the time that Huling took charge of the old Bell Tavern, gamblers or swindlers—for very little legitimate gambling was relied upon—constituted the principal class. Confidence games were their chief dependence. These were conducted in a manner as far ahead of anything of the kind of the present day as it is possible to conceive. Now, seldom more than two rascals are engaged in them; then there were from ten to twenty. All had their separate and distinct parts to perform, which were brought in as so many casualties. Had I space I should like to give a few specimens of these in order to show their remarkable depth and ingenuity. Several instances of old men might be related who came here to recover money and property that their sons had been swindled out of, and went home more completely cleaned out, if possible, than their boys.

Another class of dead-beats was composed of six or eight old sots, some of whom lived on Catfish Bay. These had all been in Jackson's army, and some had held official positions. Notwithstanding they had wholly given themselves up to hard drink, they were still treated with a degree of respect, on account of their former positions. They had a clever and ingenious way of making and telling jokes which generally secured a treat for all hands. They were looked upon as a sort of whisky pensioners, and but few that patronized the bar failed to call the old fellows up to join them, and then the happy smile that played upon their bloated faces, while viewing the amber liquor, would amply repay the liberal donors. They had a happy knack of telling anecdotes and incidents of the war and of early times on this bluff. To these, among others, am I indebted for what I know of it prior to my location here. One who had ranked as major, and but for whisky might have occupied a much higher position, had been connected with the Burr and Blannerhasset expedition, and, in the capacity of a secret messenger, had visited this point several times as early as 1803, and this was designed, he said, as the place of rendezvous for Burr's forces.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

There were, perhaps, few taverns, in as small a place as Memphis was at the time of our story, that could boast of as many distinguished guests. Among them I might name General Andrew Jackson, Colonel Thomas H. Benton, Colonel David Crockett, General Sam Houston, Governor Poindexter, Honorable John Bell, Felix Grundy, and others of less note, and with the exception of the two first, I have myself met them all there. In my drinking days, and when I sometimes got on a

bender, it was afterward some consolation to think that I had been "elevated" in good company. So, in order to relieve my young friends, if not myself, I will say that I have met at the Bell Tavern such men as Major Edwin Hickman, Dr. Wyatt Christian, Robert Fearn, John K. Balch, Nathaniel Anderson, William D. Ferguson, Tilman Bettis, Robert Lawrence and others, whose names are above reproach. I also have an indistinct recollection of having met one Colonel C. D. McLain, and, notwithstanding the bitter opposition of Uncle Ike, I think I have met a Mr. J. J. R—— there. [By the way, I was much pleased with his communication in your issue of the 19th, and have filed it with my own, and hope he will come again.] If I am not very much mistaken, the sedate Samuel Mosby and Hezekiah Cobb dropped in sometimes, when passing, and took a place at the hospitable board of the Old Bell Tavern. It is proper to say that after Hook's time I never was in the house, nor do I believe that any person claiming respectability then visited it. I went there about as long as any of that sort.

As to the young, frolicsome class, of which I made a fair half-hand, I would name such as Gus Young, Tom Collins, Green Davis, John Grist, West Toncray, Frank McMahon, Tom Phœbus and others, and if they were a little too gay at times, I, as the last living representative, do conscientiously say that a more high-minded, generous and honorable set of young men will rarely be found at the present day.

REFRESHING.

I might further add, as an excuse for visiting this den, that long after the establishment of Wilson's, John Anderson's, Henry James' and Tom Johnson's taverns, although they did all the business, aside from that of the

gamblers, they were certainly the dullest places one ever saw, and in order to enjoy a little excitement, we were compelled to go to the Old Bell Tavern.

S H A K E R A G .

Some six miles southeast of Memphis, on the romantic banks of Nonconnah creek, lies the interesting suburban village of Shakerag, which lays claim to an antiquity equal, if not superior, to that of Memphis. Among its early settlers was one noted for his skill, industry, and moral worth generally, though not a Chesterfieldian in dress. He was a blacksmith and wagon-maker by trade, and many were the Memphians who went to him in order to get their work done faithfully and promptly. In honor to this individual, the town was named Mechanicsville, and I believe is yet known on the records by that name. Most likely it would never have been known by any other, but for the following incident:

A number of aristocratic ladies from Mississippi were visiting Memphis on a tour of pleasure, and in passing through Mechanicsville, found the honest smith, as did everybody else, hard at work. He was in the act of putting a hot tyre on a new wagon-wheel, and vigorously wielding a heavy hand-hammer. From a rent in his pants a portion of dilapidated dry goods projected a foot or more. The rapid action of his body, alternating between the perpendicular and horizontal, caused this piece of drapery to be terribly agitated. The ladies, perhaps unaware that the place already had a name, took it upon themselves to supply the deficiency, and it has gone by the one applied by them ever since. Our worthy friend, however, had the honor of suggesting both names.

TWO WONDERFUL MEN.—CHARLES LOFLAND AND DAVY CROCKETT.

EDITORS APPEAL.—The Historical Committee of the “Old Folks,” perchance, may find in the following incidents something worth putting along with their other memories of Memphis thirty-five years ago. I hope I will not be considered egotistical because I speak of myself sometimes; but I cannot well pen these notes without it.

The objects and purposes of the organization of “Old Folks” I am attached to, for I was one of the few who founded it—but one or two of whom now remain.

The period of which I speak was about the year 1835 or '36. Market street was then the southern boundary of the business of the town, the old and long established house of Nelson & Titus being on the corner of Market and Front Row. The postoffice was then on the corner of Jackson and Front Row, and was about the center of business. The first bank was then established, with Robert Lawrence, President, and Charles Lofland, Cashier. The old building still stands on the corner of Winchester and Main, with the large figures 303 painted prominently upon the wall. Let me say, too, that particularly do I desire the memory of Charles Lofland embalmed in the traditional history of the Old Folks at Home.

It was in the summer time of 1836. There were no coal merchants then, as now; but those who could do so, laid in their supply for winter, from flatboats, in the summer season. Mr. Lofland had bought one hundred barrels for the bank. The writer, a stripling of sixteen

being in the "hauling business," stepped into the bank to get the job of hauling; it was the first time he had ever seen that grand old man—grand in statue, intellect and in heart. In a few moments the contract for hauling was closed, not without some apparent misgiving on the part of Mr. Lofland of the ability of the youth to perform it. It was done, however, in due time. I went into the bank to get my pay; he handed me pen and paper across the counter, and asked me to make out my bill. I did so, and never will I forget the look of approbation that beamed from his noble face, and the words of encouragement that came warm from his great heart—the first that had ever greeted me in this the beginning of my rough journey of life.

Some five years thereafter, I had studied my profession, obtained a license to practice law, and, like all poor young lawyers, was struggling hard for a bare living. Mr. Lofland saw this, and one day said to me: "Billy" (he always called me Billy), "I know how it is with most young lawyers; sometimes they need money. Whenever you want a little just come to the bank and quietly see me, and you shall have it. Pay me when you get able." I availed myself of his kind offer (for it was a God-send,) and frequently received from him small sums of ten, fifteen, and twenty dollars, until the aggregated amount reached an hundred or two dollars; and, I think to-day, that the happiest moment of my life was when, with grateful heart, I was able to hand him, all at one time, the money he had voluntarily loaned me. He would have no interest, and barely seemed to want to take the principal. That man was then at the head of a great banking institution. He wielded the monied power of this end of the State. Men who led in commerce and in trade paid him court, because he was lib-

eral, in the extreme, of his financial favors. Many an one had he saved from ruin by propping up their tottering fortunes in the hour of peril. His heart was bigger than his bank, and it broke, and so did his heart; and Charles Lofland died. There are one or two now living who, together with your humble correspondent and a few devoted friends, followed him to his grave, whilst many whose fortunes he had founded were too busy to give a moment's thought to the man, now dead, who had made them. Had he died in the plenitude of his power the business houses of these men would have been draped in mourning. But, alas! he lost his power, and they forgot him. I never shall—God bless his memory.

In the days of which I speak there were no steam ferry-boats, there was simply a ferry-flat, propelled by "snatch oars," with a noted old negro, named Limus, as Captain. The ferry landing was then in the mouth of Wolf river. This landing, this flat, these boatmen, are all made the more vivid in my recollection by their association with the time when the immortal Crockett crossed the Mississippi, for the last time, on his way to Texas. My recollection of how he looked is as vivid as if it were yesterday. He had then closed his career in Tennessee. Mortified at the mark of disapprobation, manifested by his recent defeat for his old seat in Congress, he had bid a final farewell to that constituency, and to that State that he had served so faithfully, to drown his disappointment and defeat in the fierce war for independence waged by the infant Texas. The day I saw him he had been the guest of a few personal friends, Edwin Hickman, C. D. McLean, M. B. Winchester, Robert Lawrence, Gus Young, and others, at the City Hotel. He had left the hotel, accompanied by these

gentlemen on foot, for the ferry landing. I followed in silent admiration to the river. He wore that same veritable coon-skin cap and hunting shirt, bearing upon his shoulder his ever faithful rifle. No other equipments, save his shot-pouch and powder-horn, do I remember seeing. I witnessed the last parting salutations between him and those few devoted friends. He stepped into the boat. The chain untied from the stob, and thrown with a rattle by old Limus into the bow of the boat, it pushed away from the shore, and floating lazily down the little Wolf, out into the big river, and rowed across to the other side, bearing that remarkable man away from his State and his kindred forever. Of his sad fate let the story of the Alamo tell.

By permission of my young friend, Col. W. T. Avery—although he is now on the dark side of fifty, my mind naturally recurs to the days of his boyhood, which to me appears but a short time—I make some additions to his admirable story, in reference to Col. David Crockett's last visit to Memphis. It seems that he (the writer) was not a witness to the big bender that occurred the night before the Colonel left, which is easily accounted for by his morality; but more likely the rigid piety of his father, and probably if he had been there he would now be ashamed to acknowledge, much less voluntarily expose it. But I have none of these sensitive scruples, besides some of the fellows of that day occasionally made me mad, and I intend to tell all I know about their doings.

Crockett arrived here early in the day, knocked around the streets, sometimes alone, but most generally in company, seeming to attract but little attention, until after night. I was of the opinion that there was something in the wind, and hurried up town at an early hour. I found the Colonel with some dozen or less friends at a

house known as the UNION HOTEL; the name was perhaps suggested by its being built half brick and half frame. It was built by old Henry James, in 1830, away down town, Winchester street being then its southern business boundary; at the time of our story, it was kept by a man named Jeffries, who afterward flourished at Little Rock.

The question of liquor readily suggested itself, as it would yet, and Jeffries kept a bar of course, which was then considered as necessary an appendage to a tavern as a tender is now to a locomotive. But a tavern bar was then very different from what they are now, and as Jeffries' was a fair specimen, I will describe it: It was a kind of corner cupboard from the counter down; planked up tight, except a one-and-a-half by a three feet door, through which the barkeeper crept when entering; from the counter up it was latticed with an eight-by-ten inch aperture, through which a bottle and glass could be chucked. This kind of bar, however, would not do for a dozen gentlemen to stand up to and enjoy a social glass, so while the barkeeper was getting down, preparatory to crawling into his trap, it was proposed that we should go to Hart's Saloon, which was on Market street. I will state that the old Union Hotel, the brick part of which is still standing, or rather falling, is in a most dilapidated condition. It can now be seen a few doors above the Exchange Building, on Front street.

Hart's was a bakery and confectionery, and, also, a drinking establishment, and by far the finest fitted up concern of the kind in the town. Here decanters and glasses were soon out, with ample counter-room for all hands. Everybody drank and seemed in the finest humor, until Gus. Young, who had ordered the liquor, called out to Hart that he would pay him for that tomorrow, when Hart called his attention to a large card,

tacked on the wall at the farther end of the counter. Royal G. Hart, who generally represented his name with a figure of that vital organ, had some very foolish ways. He considered himself very talented, particularly in the way of making rhymes, (poetry, as he called it). His last, and, perhaps, master-piece, was represented on this card, which had very recently been printed and stuck up, and which read:

“Since man to man is so unjust,
’Tis hard to tell what man to trust.
I’ve trusted many—to my sorrow—
So pay to-day, and I’ll trust to-morrow.”

Gus, instead of being carried away, as was expected, with admiration at the grandeur of the sentiment, got mad, and was about to haul Hart over the counter and whip him, when Crockett and others interfered.

“There must be no fighting,” shouted Davy. “I’ll pay for this liquor.”

“No,” responded several others in chorus, “I’ll pay for it.”

“No,” cried Gus, “none of you shall pay for it. Toddy, lend me five dollars.”

This was addressed to Colonel Dixon, (nick-named Toddy) afterwards Mayor, who shelled out a “V.”

“Here,” said Gus, “take your pay out of that.”

While Hart was making the change, Toddy, who had become very liberal, called for another round.

“No,” shouted Gus, “let’s go to McCool’s.”

This met with general approbation. Hart, who loved money better, if possible, than his own poetical effusions, began to apologize:

“Mr. Young,” said he, “I assure you I meant no offense.”

“Well, what the devil did you call my attention to that d—d foolery for, then?” said Gus.

This was too crushing, and poor Royal let down, and the crowd commenced leaving. Hart appeared deeply chagrined to see gentlemen quitting his splendid saloon and going to a common grocery, and, doubtless, distressed to think that one of the leading men of Memphis should be entirely devoid of "music in his soul," when, turning to the offending card, he discovered that other lines had been added, with a pencil, on the lower margin, which read:

"Then, go to h—l, you d—d fool;
We'll go and drink with Neil McCool."

The barkeeper told me afterward that he had never seen Hart so mad before; that he snatched the card down and tore it into fifty pieces, and that he accused me, among others, of perpetrating the outrage; in fact, he charged me, to my face, with it. I replied that he had better be careful or he would give me credit for being a greater poet than himself.

On going to McCool's, which was only about twenty steps distant, (the old building stands there yet, on the southeast corner of Market street and First alley) several of the crowd, which had greatly increased, gathered old Davy up, and carried him, on their shoulders, into the house, stood him upon the counter and called for a speech. He made one, and I think I can give it verbatim:

"My friends," said he, "I suppose you are all aware that I was recently a candidate for Congress in an adjoining District. I told the voters that if they would elect me I would serve them to the best of my ability; but if they did not, they might go to h—l, and I would go to Texas. I am on my way now," he exclaimed, and jumped off the counter, and a general shout followed.

But the crowd was doomed to have more trouble. Neil

McCool was a fastidious bachelor, who had arrived at that time of life when the appellation of "old" becomes very offensive—at least such was his case. His was the largest and most general stock of groceries in town. Though his establishment was very plain, and not to compare, in style, with Hart's, it was still remarkable for neatness and order. He was scrupulously tidy in his dress, and his hair, of a dark sandy color, was always as smooth and glossy as brush and oil could make it. Neil had that day newly covered his counter with a fine oil cloth, which he would not have allowed anyone to set their hat upon for fear of soiling; and now to see a huge pair of stogy boots, with the extremities of a two hundred pounder in them, stamping over it, was too much for him to put up with quietly, and the more he thought of it, the more angry he became. He was in the act of crushing a very hard lump of sugar, in the bottom of a tumbler, with a stick made for the purpose. Swaying his body back and forth over the counter, as he bore his weight on the crusher, and at the same time venting his displeasure, without raising his eyes, he addressed Gus (who was standing opposite him, and whom he considered the leader of the crowd,) in the following words:

"I would have you know, Mr. Young, that such treatment is intolerable."

Gus, who had not recovered from his first affront, was in no condition to submit to further, made a snatch at Neil's head and jerked the whole scalp off, revealing a fact unknown, at least to any in that crowd, that the old fellow's head was perhaps the baldest part of his body. I have seen mad men before and since, but I think McCool surpassed them all. He first sent the crusher, and then the tumbler, at Gus' head, but he aimed high, and the latter went smashing through the transom; he then

leaped the counter, where he was caught by a half dozen stout fellows and held. The balance of us had enough to do to hold our sides, for I think the most laughable scene I ever witnessed was old Mack's naked head, red as scarlet with rage, bobbing and swaying in all directions, trying to get loose from his captors; and it was certain that he wanted to fight. He never was known to swear before, but he swore awfully that night, and wound up by ordering us all out of the house, and that, too, without getting paid for his liquor, and all, save a few who took sugar, had drank. Gus, after a short inspection of the wig, gave it a toss and threw it up on a high rack, among a lot of wood and willow ware. After which we all retired to the street, where the question of whether we should go further or break up and go home was debated.

Crockett advocated going home, on the ground that it was a bad night for a frolic, unless we wanted a fight, and although he was in hunt of a fight, he did not want it on this side of the Mississippi river; that we had been virtually ordered out of one, and actually out of the other, of the only two decent drinkeries of the place. But he was in a small minority. Others swore he should not leave Memphis under such unfavorable impressions. We, however, to get rid of the rabble portion of the crowd, which was now about an hundred strong, started off in small squads and different directions, but soon came together at old Jo. Cooper's, on Main, above Winchester street. Bob Lawrence went to the door, and after giving it several thumps, called out—"Freight! Freight!!" At that time we had no packets or agencies, and our merchants were under the necessity of going to the landing at any hour to receive their frequent shipments. Old Jo. soon got up and opened the door, when in rushed

about twenty-five, and the door was shut. Cooper looked surprised, but soon recognized all the crowd, even to Crockett. He was also an old bachelor, and many of the peculiarities of McCool would apply to him. He was by no means liberal, as a general thing; but on this occasion brought out liquors in quantities. He had the largest supply and the best quality on the bluff, but only sold by the barrel or cask. It is needless to say we all got tight—I might say, yes, very tight. Men who never were tight before, and never have been tight since, were certainly VERY TIGHT then. I can prove this by my old friend, Neil B. Holt, that is, if he did not fall too soon to observe how others came out, and I have an indistinct recollection that one Judge H. G. S——, was on a high horse that night. I might give the names of many others, but, with three or four exceptions, they are all dead. It was a gay crowd. Crockett made several of his peculiar speeches, as did several others, and the best of feeling prevailed to a late hour, when we broke up.

CROCKETT'S FIRST VISIT.

Having said this much in reference to the last visit of Colonel Crockett to the Bluff City, I now propose to go back and give a brief sketch of his first advent. It appears that in the fall and winter of 1823 he and some of his neighbors put their labor and capital together, cut and split staves sufficient to load an ordinary sized flat-boat, which they built, launched and loaded, in readiness for the spring rise. When that occurred, they kissed their wives and children, and, amid tears and prayers, took a farewell—which might reasonably be feared was their last—loosened their cable and suffered themselves borne down the then turbulent waters of the Obion. What adventures they met with, if any, prior to their entrance

into the Mississippi, I have never heard. I am inclined to the belief that all was favorable until they came within sight of Memphis.

Their boat was an open one, with the exception of a small cabin at the stern, which, although of a democratic appearance, was close and comfortable. To enter this cabin it was necessary to descend through a two-by-three-foot hatchway down a ladder. This apartment, as, perhaps, all are aware, was used for eating and sleeping. The head of the Old Hen has always been considered dangerous, and particularly at that time, as the river appeared undetermined on which side of it she should make her main channel, and a number of huge snags stood out as though contesting the right of way on either. It was certainly very imprudent in our adventurers to undertake to run that part of the river at night, and that the eyes of Captain Crockett should be closed in sleep at the very time that their vigilance was most required; but so it was. Although the Obion was putting on Mississippi airs, the Mississippi herself was at her calmest stage, midway between high and low water. In view of which he may not have acted so culpable, after all. Having stood the first watch, and the morn of a new day having set in, he resigned his place to the next in command, and, to use a sea phrase, went below, doused his duds and turned in, and was soon in the embrace of morpheus. I am inclined to believe that those on watch were, ere long, in the same fix. If so, they were brought to their waking senses very suddenly, yet too late to avert the catastrophe. Some two hundred yards above the head of the Old Hen island, hung one of those terrors to early navigation known as "sawyers," a kind of snag, being originally trees of the tallest and heaviest character, which having been uprooted by the under-

mining current, drift down in an upright position until their roots come in contact with a bar, where, after dragging for some distance, become secured by the sand and gravel settling around them;—the trunk, in a more or less inclined position, is soon stripped of its limbs, and, by the force of the current, acquires an evolution unsurpassed for regularity by any invention of man—its head at one minute settling beneath the surface, and at the next rising eight or ten feet above it, with a force that would crush through the strongest vessel or lift it bodily in the air—for a few seconds calming the waters by yileding to its current, again dashing them back into huge waves; and, in this particular case, forming diverging lines, visible for miles below, assigning each line, as also everything else, to that side of the island to which it was turned by this obstruction. It appeared like some raging monster endeavoring to break its fettering chains, or a subdued, wingless dragon, doing perpetual penance or paying devout homage to some overpowering but invisible deity, seated on the head of the island, and to appease whose wrath would occasionally sacrifice the lives or property of hapless mortals—among whom I am sorry to include that of my hero and friend, Colonel David Crockett and his unfortunate associates.

Notwithstanding the danger was loud, and no doubt visible, the Obion specimen of marine architecture was allowed to drift, broadside, upon the sawyer, which seemed to yield to the pressure until it was fairly over its vibrating points, when, rising in its might, it severed the boat in twain and divided the spoils between the contending currents. Fortunately the load was of sufficient buoyancy to keep its top above the surface, and thus the lives of the crew were saved, but not without extraordinary efforts on the part of at least one of them. Crockett

ett, whose snore had for a few minutes kept time to the varying sound of the disturbed waters, midway one of his highest notes, finding that water had taken the place of air in supplying his lungs, sprang from his bunk up to his middle in water, reached the ladder, and got his head above deck before the waves had closed the hatch upon him, and thus saved himself from a watery grave, though in rather an unsightly plight. It seems that the half of the boat on which he found himself took the nearest schute or strongest current, as it arrived in advance of her detached part in front of the bluff just as the first rays of the sun were cast on the tops of the lofty trees of the opposite shore. By loud cries and signals of distress their situation was observed, and skiffs were sent to their relief. Crockett proved to be the most pitiable object of the cast aways, as all the others had at least breeches on. There he sat, shivering with cold, under the eyes of all the citizens, who had assembled on the bluff on hearing of the disaster. Winchester being among the first to witness his condition, taking an ocular measurement of his person, procured the necessary raiment, hastened down and soon after returned, supporting the unfortunate adventurer, whom he conducted to his residence. An hour or two later, by the aid of the kind-hearted Mary, with a good fire, stimulants, etc., he appeared at the store door in the finest suit of clothes, it was supposed, he had then ever worn. [Some allusion is made to this event in my story of Rawlings and Winchester.] Other persons were also liberal to the unfortunates in this affair, for those were liberal days, and Crockett and his friends were toasted around to considerable extent; when, warmed up by a few imbibings, he became eloquent, told jokes and laughable stories, and it is said that Winchester became so pleased with him that

he not only suggested, but urged him to become a candidate for Congress and it may be that the misfortune at the head of the Old Hen was the starting point of his future importance and notoriety.

The following anecdotes, never before published, will serve to show that if our public men were then more conscientious after election, they were not more scrupulous in the means resorted to for securing office than the politicians of the present day. In one of his early canvassings Crockett had for a competitor a Colonel Cook, who concluded to take Crockett on what he supposed his most vulnerable point, to-wit, DECENCY, and endeavored to show to the voters the great necessity of elevating that district to something like an average degree of respectability in the councils of the nation. Crockett, seeing that his competitor was likely to get him in this way, manufactured a story to show that he was the last man that ought to assume such a position. Cook now thought he had him certain, and sent off in different directions for witnesses to prove that Crockett had lied on him. At the place selected for this grand expose Crockett had the opening speech; and although aware of what was coming, appeared to be entirely ignorant of it until he reached a point where, showing up his opponent on the decency question, he added, "and now, fellow-citizens, he has sent off and procured about a dozen witnesses to prove that I have told a lie on him." [Here followed a hearty laugh by the crowd.] "Why," he continued, "if he had asked me I would have acknowledged it and saved him all that trouble and expense. [Another burst of laughter and applause.] I have as good a right to lie on him as he has on me, and we have been lying on each other ever since we started out." Tremendous applause and laughter. Here, Colonel Cook, greatly excited, arose and ex-

claimed, "I withdraw from this canvass. I will never consent to represent a people who applaud a man that acknowledges himself a liar." Here the hurrahs for Crockett drowned his further efforts to make himself heard, when he left the stand in utter disgust.

THE WAY CROCKETT BEAT HUNTSMAN.

Adam Huntsman opposed Crockett in his two last canvasses for Congress. In the first he failed, but succeeded in the second, and it is thought would have triumphed in the former, but for the following trick of Crockett's: They stopped one night on their rounds at a well-to-do farmer's, who was a great Jackson man, and of course for Huntsman, though he did not admire his rakish propensities. Crockett and Peg-leg, as Huntsman was called, in consequence of having a wooden leg, were put in the same room to sleep. The house was of the ordinary country kind of that day—two log-cabins, with a passage between, and a porch extending the whole length in the rear, with shed-rooms at each end, in one of which the two candidates were placed, while the farmer's daughter occupied the other. After all had retired Huntsman went to sleep and Crockett to planning. An idea occurred to him which he carried out in this way. Getting up quietly, he opened the door, taking a chair, and walking stealthily across to the young lady's room, made an apparent effort to force her door, which awoke the girl, who uttered a scream, when Crockett, hastily catching the chair by the back, and placing his foot on the lower round, using it as a leg, hurried back to his room, dropped the chair, hopped into bed and went to hard snoring. The next moment the farmer rushed in, and was about to kill Huntsman, whose protestations of innocence he paid no attention to. "Oh you can't fool

me," he exclaimed, "I know you too well, and heard that darned old peg leg of yours too plain." The consequence was that the farmer, with numbers of others, changed their votes, and Crockett was triumphantly elected. Huntsman would never have ventured to stand another canvass had not Crockett considered the joke too good to keep.

This mode of conducting a political canvass, although inaugurated by Crockett, became pretty general, and was considered legitimate. I heard of two opposing candidates for Legislative honors, who tried it on in this wise: One of them a rough, free and easy sort of a fellow, had had the misfortune to lose a finger, which his opponent determined to take advantage of, and get a hitch on him, as such tricks were termed. So, after the canvas had progressed to near its termination, in a speech he brought ought the following story: "In a district," said he, "in which my competitor once lived, he had a neighbor who possessed a very fine crib of corn which he discovered was being depredated on by some unknown person, and concluded to set a trap for the thief. The next morning after doing so he went to the crib and found the trap closed, with considerable blood sprinkled over and around it. On closer examination he found a part of a man's finger, taken off at the middle joint. The owner of the corn, considering the offender sufficiently punished, made no effort to discover him, nor will I make any charges, but I would like to have my competitor come forward and show his right hand." He then stepped aside to allow his opponent to come forward, who advanced to the front, holding up his right hand, and turning it so that all the crowd might have an opportunity of seeing it, when lo and behold the forefinger was gone, from the middle joint. After all had had an opportunity of see-

ing, he calmly turned and, without a word, took his seat. Considerable sensation prevailed; the friends of the speaker were in high glee, nudging their adversaries and adding, amid great rejoicing, "The Major's got him, got him sure," while the others looked rather blank. The Major again advanced with a triumphant smile; yet the thing had not come up to his expectations. The cool indifference of his opponent disappointed him, yet the effect on the crowd augured well. "Fellow-citizens," he continued, "you must judge for yourselves; I make no charges, but," turning to his adversary, "I hope my friend may be able to explain the VERY singular coincidence." [Great and prolonged applause.] He soon after closed his speech, when the stump-fingered candidate took the stand with apparently more than usual vivacity, flourishing his defective hand as though he were proud of its omission. When he came to the proper place he remarked, as though it had nearly escaped his mind, "I must say a few words about my competitor's story of the CORN-CRIB, the STEEL-TRAP and the BLOODY FINGER. He hopes I will explain. I shall do no such thing; but I will tell you another story, which I think will lay his perfectly in the shade. My competitor once lived in another district, and had a near neighbor; whether this neighbor had or had not a fine crib of corn, I cannot say; but he certainly had a fine stock of hogs. Every few days, or rather nights, one of his hogs would be missing. He determined to watch for the nocturnal visitor and give him a warm reception. Loading his gun with fine bird-shot, he took his position. After waiting until a late hour, he observed a man coming along stealthily with an axe on his shoulder." [I must here explain that the Major had a limping gait, which the narrator imitated to perfection as he went dodging and squatting along the

stand, showing the advance of the party in quest of hog meat.] "Having come upon one that seemed to answer his demand he let fly the axe, then squatted, and awaited the result. Everything appeared favorable, when, stooping to pick up the hog, he presented a broad mark, which the owner of the hog taking advantage of, let fly the contents of his gun and everlastingly peppered the limping adventurer, who, with a sudden jerk, brought himself to an upright position. Slapping his hand on the damaged part, and uttering a half stifled yell, he bounded off with a halting bound and skip," [which was imitated to life by the narrator, causing peal after peal of laughter.] "Now, fellow-citizens, I do not charge that my competitor was connected with this affair, but I must insist that he come forward, take down his pants and show his—back." Stepping aside, he motioned the Major to advance, who, with a ghastly smile, shook his head. "Come, come," continued stumpy, "I showed my hand, now show your back." But the same ghastly smile and ominous shake was all the answer given. Again the nudge went through the crowd, but this time by the other party, who returned the annoying words, slightly changed—"He's got the Major, got him bad;" to which "d——d if he hasn't," was the common but sorrowful response.

It is needless to add that Stump-finger had business in Nashville the following fall—while the limping disciple, having become disgusted with Crockettism and hitches, retired to the shades.

I also indorse all my friend has said in reference to the noble qualities of my old friend Mr. Charles Lofland.

The following letter taken from a Nashville paper, written during the Colonel's last term in Congress, shows his opposition to President Jackson's administra-

tion, and expresses great anxiety to get away from the capital, yet he clearly evinced an equal desire during the next canvass to go back, but Jacksonism proved too strong.

WASHINGTON CITY, 15th June, 1834.

Dear Sir: Your favor of the 11th inst. came safe to hand by this morning's mail, and I hasten to answer it. I am well—and I hope these few lines may find you in the alike. I am beginning to think the time long that we are to remain in session, as I have not the least hope of doing any act to relieve the country. On the day before yesterday the house rejected Mr. Clay's resolutions by laying them on the table, and I consider the last hope gone of retaining the laws and Constitution.

I now look forward to our adjournment, with as much interest as ever did a poor convict in the penitentiary to see his last day come. We have done but one act, and that is that the will of Andrew, the first king, is to be the law of the land. He has tools and slaves enough in Congress to sustain him in anything that he may wish to effect.

I thank God I am not one of them. I do consider him a greater tyrant than Cromwell, Cæsar or Bonaparte. I hope his day of glory is near at an end! If it were not for the Senate God only knows what would become of the country. I still have hopes that all is not lost while we have such a guard as the Senate. The people will sustain the Senate, and if so, they will have the laws and Constitution. I must close. With great respect your friend and obedient servant,

WM. T. YEATMAN.

DAVID CROCKETT.

The letter is written on a regular size letter sheet, was folded and sealed with a wafer, after the style of that

day, bore the post-mark "City of Washington, June 17," and the following superscription:

Free, D. Crockett, Wm T. Yeatman, Fishkill Landing, N. York." The handwriting is easy and shows an unembarrassed use of the pen.

I am indebted to my friend DuPre for the appended story of David Crockett:

In his day no man was more famous in the annals of American politics than David Crockett, the eccentric representative from this District.

Early in the spring of 1836, there appeared at Nacogdoches, Texas, eleven stalwart men who proposed to enlist for six months in the army of the republic, and assist in driving the Mexicans out of the borders and gain the independence of Texas.

Col. John Forbes, formerly of Ohio, but now living at Nacogdoches, who was at the first "alcalde" of Texas, afterwards commissary-general of the army at the battle San Jacinto, and who has filled many important positions of honor and trust in the State of his adoption, swore in the eleven recruits referred to; but when he came to that portion of the oath which contained the promised allegiance "to the Republic of Texas, or any other government that might be established," one of them advanced a pace forward and declined to subscribe to it, for, said he, "I am a republican, and believe in a republican form of government, and if any other kind of government results from this revolution, I will never support nor defend it. Col. Forbes, seeing that the point was well taken, immediately erased the objectionable portion and substituted in its stead, "or any other republican government that might be established," which was satisfactory to all concerned, and they were forthwith mustered into service.

The spokesman, who would not swear allegiance to any government save that it was "republican," was David Crockett, who, together with Bowie and that brave and noble band, was so foully and brutally murdered by the Mexicans at the Alamo at San Antonio, Texas, in April, 1836, and the beautiful monument made of stones from the Alamo on the portico of the State-house at Austin, attests the love and affection in which Crockett and the ill-fated garrison at the Alamo are held by the people of Texas. The sentiment uttered by David Crockett on his entrance into the "Army of Texas" does honor to his patriotism and should be cherished and prized by every true American.

SINGULAR—A REMARKABLE MEETING.

Thirty-odd years ago, when Memphis contained less than two thousand inhabitants, two strange ladies, among others, met in a store in the city of Londonderry, Ireland, when one, overhearing the other remark that she was about to sail for America, advanced, and the following colloquy ensued:

First lady—Did I understand you to say, ma'm that you were going to America?

Second lady—Yes, ma'm.

First lady—I am also going to America.

Second lady—To what part of America?

First lady—To the States.

Second lady—I am also going to the States. To what State are you going, if you please, ma'm?

First lady—To the State of Tennessee.

Second lady—Ah! indeed: I am also going to the State of Tennessee. To what part of Tennessee, may I ask, are you going?

First lady—To the town of Memphis.

Second lady—Is it possible? Why, I, too, am going to the town of Memphis. Are you acquainted in Memphis, ma'm?

First lady—I have a friend there. Are you acquainted in Memphis?

Second lady—I have a friend there.

Of course the ladies traveled together and soon found their adventures to be of a similar character, viz: the closing of matrimonial engagements. They arrived safely, and soon after married to the gentlemen alluded to as friends.

Both of these ladies are still here. One, however, is a widow, while the other is the wife of one of our most prominent citizens.

FIRST COURTHOUSE IN SHELBY COUNTY.

It appears that many of our citizens, even of the Old Folks, were not aware that Memphis was the original county seat of Shelby county, until after hearing or reading the able address of Col. Winchester, at the Old Folks' Barbecue; and as the building in which the first judicial body convened is still standing, and as there are other historical events connected with it, I have thought it of sufficient importance to fill a place in the APPEAL.

Immediately in the rear of a large brick building on the northeast corner of Main and Winchester streets, on which, in large figures, 303 appears, and in connection with which there is also some history which might not prove uninteresting, there stands an old two story wooden house; it was originally but one-story and built of logs, but as the logs were handsomely hewed and put up in neat style, it presented a more tidy appearance than most of the neighboring structures; besides, being more than ordinarily large, it was used for public and religious meetings, balls, shows etc. It was the first building on the bluff that acquired the appellation of the Meeting House. The word church was not common at that time. I do not wish to be understood as saying that the first sermon was preached in this house. As to who preached the first sermon, that is a question I undertook to solve over forty years ago, not because I was particularly interested in it, but because there were three claimants for the honor, neither worthy of any praise for their morality, or public or private virtues. One of these I will venture to mention, as he no doubt will be remem-

bered by some of the Old Folks. His name was Spurlock, a blacksmith by trade, and everything that was bad by profession—at least such was his general character. He lived at Greenock, the original county-seat of Crittenden county, Arkansas. There were quite a number of itinerant preachers passing around, who generally made up in zeal what they lacked in knowledge, and occasionally a flatboatman would “play upon a harp of a thousand strings” to the amusement, if not to the edification, of a motly crowd at the landing. I believe that a Methodist circuit-rider took this point in his rounds at a very early day. To the colored population belongs the honor of having the first resident preacher, in the person of Uncle Harry Lawrence, whose location here preceded that of Reverend Elijah Coffey.

I have thus digressed because I have been repeatedly called upon for information in reference to the church here in early times, which, I am sorry to say, I know very little about. But to get back to court, which, with due deference to Colonel Winchester, I don't think knew itself, or it never would have perpetrated that outrage on my old friend, Paddy Meagher, and were it not too late I might take an appeal. I do not think that more than one session was ever held in the “meeting-house,” as an idea prevailed that a lawful court could not be held other than on Court-square, or at least, that the square would revert to the proprietors if not used for the purposes indicated by its name—and the Colonel ought to have known that the one hundred and seventy-five dollar appropriation was only for a temporary building, which was erected on the square, sufficiently remote from the center to admit of a proper and becoming edifice. If the men of Memphis were few in number they were not entirely without public spirit. This old

building remained until a comparatively recent date, and was used as a church and school-house.

But while our leading men were providing the means and discussing the plans for the erection of a permanent court house, a secret movement was at work in a neighboring and rival town to strip us of the ornament—and I would remind our Raleigh friends, who thought themselves so unjustly dealt with in the late Courthouse removal, that they were, at most, only repaid in their own coin, as the first notice that the people of Memphis had, forty-five years ago, that such an act was in contemplation, was that the bill had already passed, declaring Raleigh the County Seat of Shelby county.

But if Memphis had cause of sorrow for the loss of her court, she had, about the same time, cause of joy in the establishment of the first newspaper, the "Western Advocate," edited and pulished by Thos. Phœbus, and in the same room where convened the first court of justice, and in which sinners had alternately been called to the dance and to repentance, that resounded at one time to the eloquence of our early orators and statesmen, and again to the boisterous laugh of the rabble at the antics of a buffoon, was set up the first press that made its impression in the District. For this purpose the house was used for several years. It appears to have been for some time in litigation. After its discontinuance as a printing office it became the property of Seth Wheatly, who added another story to it, weatherboarded the whole and converted it into a dwelling. Wm. R. Smith, afterwards purchased it, since which time I have lost its run.

REMINISCENCES OF FOY'S POINT.

As the Point, on the Arkansas shore, opposite Memphis, has again become a place of importance, and is bound so to continue, I thought a sketch of its early history might be interesting to the readers of the *APPEAL*, and I regret that a more full and perfect account of the incidents connected with it, and names of its first settlers cannot possibly now be obtained.

At what time Judge Benjamin Foy settled on the Point I do not remember to have heard, but it certainly must have been about the commencement of the present century. Foy's Point, as it was called, held a high character, not only as a very important landing, but as the center of the most healthy, intelligent, and moral community between Cape Girardeau and Natchez, which was owing most likely to the example of the Judge, who, although he held his court at the Post of Arkansas, exerted his more direct influence at home, being one of that class of men whose very presence is a terror to evil-doers, so the Tennessee shore was then considered by far their safest refuge.

I think his was an old Spanish grant, but in this I may be mistaken. At all events it was considered safer than most others at that time, which, perhaps, induced the more prudent settlers to purchase of him. He also appears to have possessed a far more extensive and correct knowledge of the country than any other man in it, and his statements were held by the government as the most reliable, which caused the point to be visited, not only by many of our most able statesmen of that day,

but also by distinguished tourists from foreign countries. Among the latter I might name the great philosopher, historian, poet, deist, etc., Volney, who spent the winter of 1805 with the Judge, in quest of knowledge. It is said that his visit to this part of the country was to see and examine the mounds. It is believed by some that these mounds were built by an antediluvian race. It seems that the race inhabiting this country at the time of its discovery by Europeans had no traditional knowledge of them. There are now at the APPEAL office many most remarkable relics of vessels, vases and ornaments, taken from these mounds. Whether the great antiquarian found anything to further his purposes may be inferred from the fact that a large portion of his RUINS were written in the then splendid red mansion of Judge Benjamin Foy. The old ESCRITOIRE belonging to the Judge, on which Volney wrote, remained in the family until the old man's death. Judge Overton, M. B. Winchester, John M. Lea and others, made efforts to obtain it, but it seemed neither of those succeeded.

The notorious Aaron Burr also made frequent visits to the Point about the same time, though I have not heard that the Judge, or any of the settlers, were suspected of being connected with his supposed schemes or expeditions.

Judge Foy had two brothers, Isaac and Henry, who, although good, industrious men, fell behind old Ben in talent and weight of character. Isaac's farm centered about opposite Adams street, and contained some thirty or forty acres in cultivation. I was well acquainted with the old man, and particularly so with his son Spillman, a young man about my own age, born and buried on the place. We spent many happy days together, hunting and fishing. I have listened for hours to his tales of

early days. The Judge's farm lay up at the point, which has fallen in considerably since. It was much more extensive, and better improved than Isaac's. Henry first settled above the Judge, in the bend, and his heart was set on the Chickasaw Bluff, and he seemed to have anticipated its future greatness. He first purchased an Indian hut, about the foot of Court street, which was one way of acquiring a color of title, and which some thought would be treated as a pre-emption right, though no such law existed at the time. His farm was, I think, unusually large for that day, extending from Jefferson, if not Adams, below Union, to a skirt of woods, and back to or beyond Third, besides an extensive field on the batture, which he had also in cultivation. There were, however, some spots of woodland left standing, one of which was at Court Square. He built a house on the bluff, below the foot of Jefferson street, which took the shine off brother Ben's big red house at the Point; paled in a handsome graveyard, in which some of our prominent citizens were buried. He also made a handsome little lake, known long after as Lake Walker, and planted a fine orchard, from which I and others still living gathered fruit as late as 1834. I would like to continue this subject further, but my story is on the other side of the river.

THE FOYS.

The Foy's, I think, were of German descent, so were several other families at or near the Point. There were also some old Spanish families still remaining, one of which was named Grandy, who married a Miss Spillman, sister-in-law of Isaac Foy, but most of this nationality seemed to prefer marrying among the Indians and have now wholly disappeared. From one of these I received an

old Spanish tradition of this bluff, which, in the hands of a Marryatt, might furnish material for a first-class novel, and although out of place, yet as I may never have another opportunity, and as you, Mr. Editor, have assumed the responsibility of saying in reference to this story, that I would go back to the days of Governor Gayoso, I will try to make your words good, at least to a slight extent, though under no obligation to do so.

THE FIRST MEMPHIS LOVE STORY.

The original Spanish fort, which stood where the county jail now stands, was first commanded by Don Gallosso, who had a beautiful daughter named Mareha, beloved by all, and especially by a young Don, who sought her hand in marriage, and being in every way worthy, was accepted. Although a great favorite, the young man had an implacable enemy, who was no less a personage than the priest and father confessor of the young lady, who after having failed to predjudice her against her lover, finally refused most positively to solemnize the nuptials. This preyed so heavily on the mind of the young girl, that she sickened and died, and was buried under an elm tree which stood on the slope of the bluff, below the foot of Jackson street. The old Don took the death of his daughter greatly to heart, and requested to be relieved. During the pendency of which, he built a vessel at the mouth of wolf river, in which it was said he and his family, with others, made the voyage to Europe. This vessel he named "Mareha Gallosso." That a craft bearing that name was built, as indicated, there is no doubt in my mind, but as to her rig and capacity, which was represented as quite large, there is doubt, and particularly her trip to Europe, though I believe such was the original intention. I

have heard that she was sold at New Orleans, and went into the coasting trade, which I think more likely. The original map of Memphis, published in 1820, has a cut representing the *Mareha Gallosso* as a light "fore-and-aft schooner."

THE BURIAL PLACE.

The place represented as the burial spot of Donna Mareha showed no symptoms of a grave on the surface, but when the bluff was graded to fill the navy-yard, two graves were found near the place. The old fort, whose name was too hard for me to call, much less remember, stood, as I have before stated, on the ground now occupied by the county jail. When Knickerbocker and Wright built their storehouse, the first brick-building ever erected on this bluff, and which occupied the same place, remains of the old fort were found in digging the foundation; among others, a vault built of brick was found, broken up and used in building the warehouse, and now in all probability, occupy a place in the walls of the prison. It was thought by some, at the time, that these might be the ruins of Fort L'Assomcion, built by the French, under the celebrated Bienville, who, for a short time, held possession of the country; but that could not have been the case, I think, as it was too far from the river, being full double what it is now, for which this latter fort was designed, in part, as a protection; nor could it have been the remains of Fort Pike, which, though near, were definitely known.

EARTHQUAKES.

Of other families who lived at or near the point, I might name the Fletchers. Old Peter came down the river in 1811, and encountered the earthquakes near New Madrid during their heaviest shocks. His account

of it was, I think, the fullest and most reliable I ever heard, if I except that of his daughter, the late Mrs. Catharine Whittier, who was about sixteen years old at the time, and who could paint the thing up in livelier colors, and throw more feeling into it than her father. She was very fond of relating incidents and anecdotes of early times, most of which would be well worthy of publication. Peter settled in the bend near the foot of President's Island. His two brothers, Joshua and Tom, preceded him several years, but I think Joshua settled on this side of the river; he married a half-breed, of whom his son Thomas, well known to many of the old citizens, was born on this bluff in 1806. Of Old Tom I know but little, or where he settled. There were, also, the Moores, Graces, Matthews, Beans, Allens, Atwoods, and others, who lived near the Point. The Fields who lived at Mound City; Fogleman a short distance above; W. D. Furgason at Wopanocha, or Bradley's Landing, as since called; Spaw's at Greenoch; and others, that I could name, but shall not; also, some that I cannot now locate

During the lifetime of Judge Foy, and particularly before the purchase, when no civil government existed on this shore, and none, save self-ordained ministers of questionable character, visited it, it was common for wedding parties to cross to the Point in order that His Honor could perform the ceremony; which custom was continued long after we were blessed with what was called civil government. There was something romantic in crossing the river for this purpose, and we were, generally speaking, a very romantic people. Long since my early days, and since the death of the Judge, I have seen the ferry flat, with all the skiffs and dugouts that could be procured, with music, of which we had an ample

supply, illuminated with torches, going to and from the Arkansas shore, at night, on such an occasion. We also had an old, long nine-pounder, which some of us had feloniously carried off from Fort Pickering, and planted on the bluff, about where the Commandant's house now stands. With this we would generally give the party a leaving salute and a return greeting. Bob Gift and others, including myself, finally overloaded the thing and burst it all to smash, and the wonder is that it had not smashed some of us. General Gaines was very angry about it, talked of prosecuting, and had us considerably scared, but our friends persuaded him out of it.

THE DEATH OF THE JUDGE

left a vacancy that was felt on both sides of the river, and the Point became the resort of the most vicious and despicable class; though it is but justice to say that the citizens were in no way responsible for their conduct, except in a lack of proper effort to suppress it. This deficiency Jack James, a young man of considerable enterprise, but wanting in moral courage, undertook to supply. He procured a territorial appointment as magistrate, purchased or leased land, and put up a pretty good house; married Becky Ann Berry, the belle of the Point, and seemed to have started in earnest, but he let down at the first test of his authority, and never regained it. The Point, however, soon after loomed up into a great city in prospective. A number of enterprising men of Memphis, though apparently inimical to her interest, conceived the grand scheme of building a rival town on the opposite side of the river, which, according to their prediction, was to lay the one-horse concern on the bluff perfectly in the shade. Glowing notices of it were published in numerous papers. A splendid map was drawn, surrounded by cuts of nu-

merous churches, hotels, and other public buildings, soon to be erected, with the Goddess of Plenty shaking all manner of good things out of a "cornu-copie," and other representations, designed to attract such as had more money than brains, and dignified it with the name of PEDRAZA. Gus Young and Major E. Hickman were the leading spirits, though I think that one Robertson Topp, and, perhaps, others still living, took their first lessons in town-building in this affair. There was nothing, however, discreditable about it, excepting that the story of the laboring mountain might seem too strikingly similar. The sale of the lots was put off from time to time on account of the shyness of the crowd, which grew beautifully less until it fell through entirely. They did, however, sell some lots to a fellow, a saddler by trade, whose name I have forgotten, and would not remember it if I could, for to him, perhaps justly, was attributed the failure of the town. He bought a number of old flatboats, ran them across, broke them up, and from the debris erected an executive shanty, which he named the

"PEDRAZA HOTEL."

But he undertook to shove too much of the "queer," and, some stolen horses having been found in his possession, he felt it advisable to emigrate, leaving his wife in charge of the concern, in whose name everything was purchased. She proved herself equal to the occasion, and the house was soon filled with lewd women and black-legs, and for some three years they had everything their own way. 'Squire James kept a grocery, and his general patronage was from that class. The ferry was reaping a rich harvest, as were some others, who were not very particular about disturbances while their pockets were benefited. The revelers were therefore at liberty to fight, shoot and

yell as much as they pleased, without the fear of being interfered with, until the hanging of the gamblers at Vicksburg, in July, 1835, took place; after which that class found themselves driven from almost all the towns on the river. Memphis being rather slow, as usual, soon found herself overrun with them, when a meeting of the citizens was called, and all gamblers were notified to leave, or fare as their fellowcrafts had done in Vicksburg. This produced quite a flutter. Some pretended to approve of the proceedings, became suddenly reformed, and were going to work; others kept very scarce and quiet for some days, after which their mutterings began to be heard, which, gradually growing louder, became soon defiant, when the reformed threw off the mask, and the absentees, with new recruits, came pouring in.

THE GAMBLERS.

Their triumph for a time appeared complete, but another meeting, larger than the first, was held, and more determined resolutions were passed. A list of all the known gamblers was made out, who were warned, on their peril, to leave, and they did leave; but they only went over the river, where, feeling that they were on their own territory, pretended to organize, made out a list of the most active participants of the meeting, and notified them of the consequences of their being met with in Arkansas. They even threatened to come over and burn the town. This was looked upon as mere bombast, and perhaps was; still it was very imprudent to leave the place so completely exposed to their attacks, which soon after occurred, in this wise:

THE CAMP-MEETING AND GAMBLERS.

A big camp-meeting was being held about midway between Memphis and Raleigh, and as there may be some

who do not fully understand these meetings, I will state that they constituted the largest gatherings that met in early days. Races, fairs and monkey-shows were comparatively small concerns, as these only drew the wicked, and were suspended on Sundays, while camp-meetings drew all sorts, particularly the women, who, of course, drew the men, especially when they found themselves in a triumphant minority, as was the case in this country at that time. Why, sir, the very homeliest woman in the country could get as many beaux as she wanted, while the beauties wielded a sway that was truly distressing. Your humble servant can speak on that point experimentally. The meetings always held a week, commencing on Thursday and ending the following Wednesday. Sunday was the big day of the occasion, when all the great guns were brought out, and the grand rally for mourners came off. On the present occasion, the whole country for twenty miles around was in a manner depopulated, and Memphis, on Sunday, virtually deserted. The preaching at the campground had been gotten through with and the cry for mourners raised, which was responded to by about one hundred, followed by the faithful, when a scene ensued that will certainly never be forgotten by any who witnessed it. There were two spaces in front of the stage, each about twenty-five feet square, inclosed by side-railings, and filled to the depth of a foot or more with straw. What the proper names of those inclosures were I do not know, but sinners called them "bull-pens," and I was told that the straw was put there to prevent the ground-and-lofty tumblers from hurting themselves, for it appears that religion is unlike some other stimulants, and does not suspend the nervous system. These pens were soon filled with the seekers. The faithful, who seemed over-anxious to participate in

the great work of saving souls, with the exception of a favored and probably trained band, were driven back with the cry of "don't crowd the mourners," which appeared to cast a momentary damper on the rising flame, from which it, however, soon recovered and broke forth with renewed fury. The thing seemed well gotten up. Each of the workers appeared to know and have studied his or her part. They distributed themselves through the wailing crowd in about equal numbers, and immediately engaged in exhorting, praying, singing, clapping of hands, and other demonstrations, no two of which were in harmony, but an evidently-designed discord pervaded the whole, except that a rivalry seemed to exist as to who could make the most noise, or create the greatest confusion, while the excluded laborers had to content themselves with exclaiming, "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" "God grant it!" and other like expressions, which, mingled with lunatic screams, piteous groans and dismal howls, to say nothing of the violent gesticulations of the converts, was certainly calculated to upset any ordinary brain.

OPPOSITION.

The negroes, who were there in large numbers, being excluded from participation with their white brethren, set up an independent, or, I might say, opposition meeting of their own, and, while they drew off none of the white bosses, journeymen or apprentices, they certainly did draw heavily on the rabble. The whites could not be surpassed in antics, but the darkies could beat them in strength of lungs, agility, and originality of exclamation. To be outshouted by negroes was something the more favored class would not submit to; so a delegation waited on the coloreds, informing them that they must

either dry up or move farther off, and I believe they chose the latter.

Another feature of this assembly was that there were some dozen or more booths, in different directions, a quarter of a mile or less from the main shed, composed of bushes, cut and piled up, beneath which was concealed a barrel of whisky. The proprietors were supplied with an ample number of junk bottles and runners to attend customers at the shed, where the bottles would be passed around, sometimes within a few yards of the speakers' stand, until their contents were exhausted, when they would be despatched back, with the necessary fee, for re-filling; and its effects may be readily conceived.

There may be some who think that a camp-meeting is no place for love-making; if so, they are very much mistaken. When the mind becomes bewildered and confused, the moral restraints give way, and the passions are quickened and less controllable. For a mile or more around a camp-ground the woods seem alive with people; every tree or bush has its group or couple, while hundreds of others in pairs are seen prowling around in search of some cozy spot. These gatherings have ceased in all intelligent communities, and in a short time will only be remembered as one of the errors of the past. It is also to be hoped that religious Fairs will soon cease, in which the laws of God and man are openly ignored, the sworn duties of grand juries set at defiance, and the most pernicious species of gambling engaged in, while young ladies of the best families are put forward and induced to go among the men canvassing for chances in some article to be raffled for—requiring a degree of boldness and indelicacy that is morally shocking. It is useless to say that other societies engage in the same practices. If religious societies will stop it the others will readily be-

put down. But I must get back to the camp-ground, where the excitement still reigned, though soon doomed to undergo a sudden and violent change.

When the thing had reached its zenith and was working most admirably to the minds of its planners, a horseman dashed up and at the top of his voice cried out: "The gamblers have come over, and are about to burn Memphis!" Then a change took place, and such a change! The yell was immediately raised by the outsiders, and as readily suspended by the ins; the latter not knowing what was the matter, supposed that some terrible danger threatened them and fled in all direction. In less than a minute the mammoth shed was cleared of its vast assemblage, including the pens. It is strange how quick some people, under peculiar circumstances, can recover their senses. The general impression seemed to be that safety in this world was of more importance than that in the world to come, and although the Lord of Hosts might be present, as had been declared, this particular host had better be anywhere else.

As soon as the cause of alarm was understood, those who had not previously taken to the woods took the road to Memphis. The pedestrians got the start, but the equestrians soon went dashing through them with terrific fury, followed first by the light and then by the heavier vehicles. It was then that the vastness of the multitude was most apparent; and although Shelby county contains at present ten times the population she then did, if such a body of people were now to congregate, the general question would be, "Oh, where did they come from?"

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

On arriving in Memphis, it was found that the torch had not been applied, but that the gamblers had been

over in large force, and had paraded the streets in a swaggering and threatening manner, which was too aggravating to be passed over quietly; so a body of well-armed and determined men pressed all the water-crafts that could be propelled by hand into service, and went across, but could find nothing over a ten-year-old in breeches. Even the quiet, inoffensive citizens thought it best to be out of the way. Within a few hundred yards of the shore there was then a dense and almost impenetrable cane-brake, in which it was thought the gamblers had taken refuge, and from which it was deemed foolish to attempt to rout them. The women, however, were more heroic. They not only stood their ground, but opened their batteries on the common enemy, and such a thorough tongue-lashing no poor fellows, perhaps, ever received. Some of the more indiscreet of the invaders attempted to bandy epithets, but their calibre proved wholly deficient. Chapfallen and mortified at their supposed failure, the expedition returned, but it had in reality proved a great success, for the gamblers found that even Arkansas, or at least that portion of it, was to them not only an unprofitable field for operation, but a very unhealthy locality.

About a week after the last named occurrence, the citizens of Memphis were aroused from their slumbers at the dead of night by the ringing of the alarm bells. Upon reaching their doors they found the heavens lit up with a dazzling glare. Their first impression was that the threat of the gamblers was being accomplished, but they were soon relieved by discovering that the light came from the opposite shore, and, on closer view, that the Pedraza Hotel was in flames. The whole population was soon assembled on the bluff, and never was a fire looked upon with more general pleasure. Many jokes

were told and heartily enjoyed. In fact some men were present, but partially dressed, with their guns in their hands. Thus ended the gamblers' embroilment, and, at the same time, the embryo city of Pedraza.

WAPPANOCHA.

It is due to the importance of Foy's Point and the truth of history, to say that, like this bluff, there were three rival or opposition towns in contemplation at the same time, adjoining each other, on her shores. Charles B. Murry, one of our oldest citizens, of whom much might be told, purchased the tract below and laid off a town, to which he gave the more modest name of Hopeville. The Pedraza company showed a very bad feeling to their neighbor, closed up their streets on that side, and even fell out with old John D. Graham, the surveyor, for having made them to conform to their own, discharged him from their service, and employed Wappanocha Furgason in his stead. To their chagrin they soon after learned that Furgason and others had actually succeeded in persuading old Mrs. Foy, (relict of the Judge,) to lay off her farm into a town, which they wisely determined should retain the name of Foy's Point; she was, however, persuaded, not out of it, but to wait until the success of the others should be known, which amounted to the same. The feuds growing out of these were very discreditable, and I think considerable injustice was done both to Graham and Furgason, particularly the latter, who was a much better man than some people gave him credit for. He has told me many incidents and anecdotes of early times, but failed to write them out, and as I never dreamed of turning historian, I have now but an imperfect recollection of them, one of which I will, however, relate:

A CURIOUS STORY.

It was in the summer of 1831 that a steamer, on her

upward-bound trip, stopped at Wappanocha to wood, when a young man went ashore and solicited employment from Furgason, telling him that he had been to New Orleans on a flatboat, and while returning on the deck of the steamboat, had the misfortune to be robbed of all his money. Furgason gave him a job of cutting cord-wood, at which he worked until he had earned a sufficient sum to carry him to his home in Illinois. During this time he was an inmate of the Colonel's house. This young man's name was Abraham Lincoln, since President of the United States.

THE PROPHETS.

I neglected to insert in its proper place quite an important event in the history of Foy's Point, which inspired the idea of town-building, and which was the building of the great National or Military road from the Mississippi river to Little Rock, and ultimately to the frontier, which at that time was looked upon as a greater undertaking than half a dozen railroads would be at present, and in fact, what Gaines was urging, and probably would have succeeded in turning into a railroad. But government undertakings move slowly, and particularly was it the case in that instance. It dragged heavily along for some six or eight years; detached portions of it were finished while the intervening parts were wholly impassable. It was however, progressing, and in a short time would have been finished. If the government was slow Arkansas was fast, or at least some of her citizens who wished seats in Congress were, and she was fastened to the Union about thirty years before her time. The prevailing theory then was that the Government could make no internal improvements within the States, and thus this important undertaking,

and other interest of the people fell a sacrifice to the selfish ambition of a few heartless politicians.

THE DUELS.

You are anxious to know something about the duels which have at different times been fought on the Arkansas shore, opposite Memphis. This I find the most difficult part of my task, never having witnessed any of them, and although I am familiar with the causes that led to the most of them, yet they are generally of such a nature that their reviewal might be very improper. Still, I will endeavor to gratify you as far as may seem consistent with propriety:

PHILIP S. WHITE AND GUS YOUNG.

The first that I remember, though I have an indistinct recollection of a previous one, was between Gus Young and Philip S. White. They took two pops at each other. The first proved a clear miss; at the second each received clothes wounds, when their seconds and other friends, fearing the theory that "practice makes perfect" might prove true in their case, and that the next shot might spoil the hide, interposed and settled the matter. Francis Augustus Young was the eldest of four brothers, sons of Captain Emanuel Young, one of the first, oldest and most enterprising merchants of the Bluff City. He commanded the old steamer "United States" that flourished just fifty years ago, the Leviathan of her day, being more than double the tonnage of any other boat on the river. After his death his sons continued the business under the firm style of F. A. & T. Young & Co. Gus was a handsome, noble, whole-souled fellow, and the leading spirit of the fast young men of his day. He had his weakness, though, which brought him to an early grave. Philip S. White was a tall, portly and

remarkably fine-looking man; a Kentuckian by birth, a lawyer by profession, and a great wit and brilliant orator. Although quite dissipated at the time of the duel, he reformed and distinguished himself as a temperance lecturer and Most Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance of the United States. But he ultimately fell, and finally died a drunkard.

Dr. D. J. Auld, White's second, who, unlike his principal, was a very small man, feeling aggrieved at something that transpired, challenged, successively, some half-dozen, all of whom declined. It was thought that the size of the target, and the fact of the Doctor being considered a dead shot, had something to do with their objections. Finding that he could kill no one else, he concluded to kill himself. Abandoning his practice, he devoted himself wholly to hard drink and low company; and thus was lost to the world one of the most gifted and accomplished young men I have ever known.

[I am glad to learn, through the Appeal, of March 16, 1873, that I was mistaken in reference to Dr. Auld's loss to the world; that he not only reformed, but became a distinguished minister of the Gospel in South Carolina, where he lived many years, highly esteemed, though his biographer represents his depravity while in Memphis in a much worse light than I had done.]

ANOTHER AFFAIR OF HONOR.

Fielding Lucas and Joseph Henderson, having ran athwart each other in a love matter, devoted a whole day in Arkansas trying to get up a fight, while their friends were even more earnestly engaged in trying to prevent it, which they finally did. Mr. Lucas is still living, and one of the most prominent and wealthy citizens of Mississippi.

There were some other duels of small importance, which I have in a measure forgotten, and which it is perhaps better that all others should forget. Besides, I have determined to relate no circumstance that has occurred within the past quarter century, however important. I shall, therefore, after giving a short sketch of the fatal duel between Gholston and Jackson, which happened several years prior to the one last mentioned, proceed to close my story. This is one that I should be the most anxious to avoid, as it was the consequence of one of the most disgraceful feuds that ever scandalized any community: A most notoriously abandoned woman having heard that a highly respectable widowed lady had expressed the opinion that her negro girl was being harbored by her, she armed herself with a cowhide and commenced a brutal assault on the lady, in the most public part of the town, and in the presence of numerous persons. That such an outrage should be palliated, much less justified, by any having the slightest claim to common sense and decency, may seem wholly incredible, yet, nevertheless, it is true, and for which more than one man paid the direful penalty of his life. But I shall not go into details further than I can well avoid. At a public table Gholston, in speaking of the affair, expressed his opinion that there was little or no difference in point of character between the two women, which Jackson resented there, and an altercation was with some difficulty prevented. Jackson immediately challenged Gholston. The latter first threw himself on his dignity, claiming to be of better family. These grounds being generally considered untenable, even by some of Gholston's own friends, and urged on by others, the challenge was finally accepted.

The parties met on the opposite shore, and the fight

was witnessed by a large concourse. At the first fire, which was simultaneous, Gholston leaped in the air, uttered a piercing shriek and fell lifeless on the spot, having been shot through the heart. Jackson was also severely, though not dangerously, wounded. Colonel Wm. T. Gholston was a Virginian, I believe; had been bred a lawyer, though I don't think he ever practiced. He was engaged in mercantile pursuits, being one of the firm of Bayless, Gholston & Co. He was a man of respectable talents, but inordinate vanity. His over anxiety to fill a seat in the American Congress led him to seek political strength in a very improper direction.

TERRIBLE INCIDENT.

On the morning of the duel he sent word to his mother-in-law that he would have friends home with him to dinner. A sumptuous repast was prepared, and several lady friends were present when the corpse was brought in, and one of the most heartrending scenes ensued ever witnessed. Captain Jackson was a Tennessean, born, I believe, in Murray county, a lawyer by profession, and of more than ordinary talents. He was, I think, in some way related to the lady whose wrongs he so dreadfully avenged. He is now living in Missouri, where he is said to be much esteemed, and enjoying a good practice, and recently promoted to the bench.

I might tell of the cruel lynchings and desperate acts performed, mostly by parties from this shore; I might also tell of the gangs of horse-thieves and counterfeiters that infested that region from the days of John A. Murrel to the expulsion of Joe Able; also the doings of the regulators; but I shall not do so at present.

I have no apology, Mr. Editor, to make for this story, except the zigzag manner in which it is gotten up; and

had I a character as a writer to lose, I should certainly re-arrange and re-write the whole; as it is I shall let it pass for what it is worth. I have, however, one request to make of my friends on the opposite shore, in which I hope the Old Folks and yourself will join, which is, that they will revive and continue that once so deservedly popular name of Foy's Point.

THE RECEPTION OF COLONEL RICHARD M. JOHNSON IN MEMPHIS, IN 1844.

Some of my readers are aware that in early times Memphis contained a wild, frolicsome set of young men, and I am strongly inclined to believe she has some specimens of that kind on hand yet. She certainly had as late as twenty-nine years ago, which an incident I propose to relate, will, I think, clearly establish.

The Presidential canvass of 1844 commenced, I may say, with that year, if not before. The Whigs had settled on Henry Clay as their candidate, without any division; while the Democrats were very much divided, and some six or more prominent men of that party were struggling for the honor, as it was thought by their opponents, of being slaughtered by Clay—among the number was Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, who had filled the office of Vice-President, under Van Buren, and who now was determined on forcing himself on the party, though, to their credit be it said, the intelligent portion were heartily ashamed of him, and well they might be, for, considering his opportunities, he certainly was the poorest apology for a statesman that has ever yet been brought forward by any party, and I think that both the leading parties might blush for some they have not only brought forward, but actually elected. Dick, as he was commonly called, determined, if possible, to secure the nomination, and for that purpose planned an electioneering tour through the southern and western States in the spring of that year. Memphis, of course, was one of the points selected for a display of his talents, and due notice of

the time of his proposed visit was published. The Whigs, knowing the estimate their leading opponents held poor Dick in was highly elated, and promised themselves some rich fun, but came nigh being disappointed, for up to the very day before his arrival not one thing had been done by his party friends to give him a reception, when a meeting was held by the Whigs and resolutions passed that the gallant Colonel should be properly honored. All necessary steps were taken—committees appointed, speakers selected and funds provided. When the steamer hove in view, with her colors flying and cannon booming, all was in readiness. The “Blues,” to a limited number, turned out, escorted by a brass band, and followed by a dilapidated carriage, stood in readiness to receive the immortal slayer of Tecumseh. As soon as the planks were launched the band struck up “Hail to the Chief,” the military filed right and left, the proper parties boarded the boat and soon returned with an addition to their number, in the person of a short, portly and quite good looking man, whose most noted feature was a flaming red vest, said to be the same worn when the big Indian fell. The crowd greeted him with a shout, in response to which he made a very low bow. I might here add that it was no trouble at that season of the year to get up a crowd, owing to the large number of flatboats lying at the landing. The Colonel, in great style, soon landed at the Exchange Hotel, then kept by Major E. Hickman and Benjamin Sappington. The committee hastened their distinguished charge upon the upper gallery—a large, old-fashioned country porch, furnished with seats, the front ones reserved for the ladies—but nary a lady. The orator selected for the occasion was a tall, young lawyer by the name of Henry G. Smith. I reckon the Judge will hardly thank me for mixing his

name in this mess, but I have pretty much quit working for thanks, beside they put me in a rather ridiculous position, which I suppose I shall be obliged to acknowledge; if so, I shall tell on everybody else. Among the committees was one, perhaps not generally known, called the Enthuse Committee, whose duty it was to keep up a systematic excitement, on which they appointed me chairman, or as some styled me, "Hallowmaster-General," which was certainly due me, on account of my remarkable ability in that way. My men were well drilled, and at a certain signal were to display themselves according to programme.

Smith's speech was a rare specimen, and to serve him right I would give it in full. He soft-soaped the Colonel from head to foot, and rubbed it in; called him the hero of the Thames, and spoke glowingly of his famous charge at that battle; as the confidential friend and adviser of old Hickory Jackson; of the services he had rendered the nation as one of its ablest counsellors; of the dignified manner in which he had presided over that most august body the Senate of the United States, and particularly that master piece of statesmanship, his Sundry Mail Report. How he came to omit the killing of Tecumseh I never could see. He need not have been ashamed of it, for the Colonel had certainly as much to do with that as he had with the Sunday Mail Report; but perhaps the Judge did not think so; yet, how he could look old Dick in the face and say what he did was a mystery to me.

My committee had been sparing during Smith's speech, reserving their heavy metal for the Colonel. When that individual's turn came a grand shout rent the air, and the red vest was gracefully bowed across the rail. "Fellow-citizens," said he, throwing himself into a military

attitude and substituting his cane for a sword, "when the battle of the Thames hung in the scales of uncertainty I determined on a decisive movement. I called to my brother James, Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson! who responded, presenting his sword. After acknowledging the salutation—Go, said I, and turn the left wing of the enemy; I give you thirty minutes to do it in. He bowed and put spurs to his horse. I drew my watch from my pocket, [suiting the action to the word] and ere the minute hand had passed half way round the dial my brother James returned, and, giving me the salutation, exclaimed: 'Colonel Johnson, your order has been obeyed!' and in less than thirty minutes more the fate of the day was decided. Fellow-citizens, you know the result. Since that time, fellow-citizens, thirty minutes has been a fixed time with me, and if you will now give me your attention I propose to make you a thirty minute speech." Here my committee came in beautifully, but it was about their last display, for the Colonel failed in almost every effort he made afterward. He would frequently strike an eloquent strain and run it for a few moments, giving hope of a well finished sentiment—while I held myself in readiness to give the signal—when he would come to a sudden pause, and after a confused look, would add, in a silly tone, "for my further views on this subject, fellow-citizens, I will refer you to my Sunday Mail Report;" and thus he got out of a half dozen or more bogs during his harangue, and at each time spoiled a display of enthuse. Members of the committee would nudge me. "Colonel," they would say—they had dubbed me Colonel for the occasion—"why don't you give the signal." "There is no place for it," I would answer. "Oh, let us have it anyhow, we are ready to burst," they would reply. Finally the thirty minutes were drawing to

a close, and it would not do to give it up so. Taking a portion of the committee, I descended, and we took our places in the crowd of boatmen, where a number of my committee had already been stationed, and kept up a sort of indiscriminate cheer. There were, however, an irresponsible set who annoyed the old man with cries of "louder," and his efforts to accommodate them brought on fits of coughing, which threatened to spoil the sport. When he showed signs of closing we would call out, "Tell us about killing Tecumseh," and immediately Tecumseh would ring through the crowd, for the rabble thought it sincere. This was too fat a subject to be passed over, so he had to give us the opinion of brother James and numerous others to sustain his claim to that important act. Then the cry "Tell us about General Jackson," was rung. This was another of his strong points, and he went on to show wherein Old Hickory had shown unbounded confidence in him, &c. After which, "Tell us about your Sunday Mail Report." Some would have thought we had had enough of that, but the Colonel did not think so, and so he went on to prove his authorship of that document, which had been attributed to Amos Kendall and others.

Thus poor Dick was worried, and his Democratic friends, who had joined in the movement for appearance sake, were, with a few exceptions, very angry—prominent among whom was Major Hickman, the Mayor, who had been to the old hero several times, telling him that dinner was ready, that he was injuring himself, &c., but to no purpose, when, calling to Lem. Austin, and pointing to me, said, "Go and tell that d—d fool that I say stop it." The Major always thought that he had the right to say what he pleased to anybody, and particularly to me. Lem, however, did not think it prudent to carry

such a message, but passed along by me looking angry, and, without turning his head, he said, "I would be ashamed of myself." Casting an eye on the crowd around me, I found he had hit me on the softest point. I hurriedly slouched my hat over my eyes and made for the tavern, and my subordinates immediately followed, when the old soldier, being taken with another fit of coughing, suffered himself to be led away without a parting cheer. He was then brought down to the bar-room to be introduced to the crowd, but the crowd had disappeared, Austin and others having told them that it was a Whig trick, induced them to disperse. This rather got us for a little while, but we soon commenced repeating. I received three introductions, under as many different names and titles, while some others doubled me, and thus made a pretty fair show of numbers. We then, tired and hungry, made our way to the dining-room, and here poor Dick had to undergo another pressure, by introduction to the distinguished persons present.

Seth Wheatley now took charge of the Colonel, and made him a lengthy speech. While this was going on many of us were plying our knives and forks. Wheatley made ample amends for the omission of Smith on the Tecumseh point, and welcomed the distinguished visitor to our Bluff city. Of course there was a reply and many thanks tendered for the honors conferred. Hardly had the hungry Colonel taken his seat and turned his attention to the inner man than the toasts commenced—all voluntary, and, as a general thing, remarkable only for their surpassing flatness—most of which were pretended compliments to Mr. Johnson, which never failed to call forth an acknowledgment and response.

The Colonel was a remarkably hearty eater, and frequently, while thus engaged, found too large a grist in his

mill to be disposed of in the usual way, at short notice, and if the agony produced by such efforts were fairly portrayed by the accompanying grimaces and popping of eyes, it certainly must have been intense.

There were also some side-shows connected with this menagerie worthy of notice. Dr. Jno. S. Williams would call out to Holy Parker, who sat some distance from him, particularly when anything ridiculous was said, "Rich," to which Parker, in a grave tone, would respond—"Very." John Park said, in a low voice to those near him, "I am going to get the old fellow for thirty minutes," and, of course, was soon called out, when he gave—"Colonel Richard M. Johnson, 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of the American people.'" The Colonel arose, but his hopper being unusually full, he was under the necessity of throwing his head well back to prevent the contents escaping in the wrong way, blubbered out, "Thank you, my dear friend," settled down and went on with his mastication, when several sang out "watered," and John wilted. Next, Colonel Eppy White was called on for a sentiment, when that individual, who could outgirt a sugar hogshead, arose and said, in his deep, bass tone, "I'm for Henry Clay for President, that's my sentiment." This was a damper, it being understood that we were all Johnson men for the time being. Dr. Geo. A. Smith arose and nominated Colonel Eppy White for Vice-President on the same ticket. Robertson Topp arose, seconded the nomination, declaring that no man could be found who would better FILL the chair. This was considered so good that all joined in a hearty laugh. Old Dick, whose mouth happened to be nearly empty at the time, laughed immoderately. After which the toasts and witticisms were confined to the antic portion of the collection, and the

lion was permitted to lay in stores for some ten minutes undisturbed, and to witness his industry, one would have supposed that he was providihg against a famine; but a cruel interruption awaited him. Colonel C. D. McLain, being called upon, arose and gave "Kentucky, like the mother of the Gracci, when called upon to produce here rarest jewel, points to her son," and, giving his hand a grand flourish, brought the index finger, with the concluding words, to bear in line with the red vest. This was the master toast of the occasion.

The idea of placing such a specimen in advance of the Clays, Crittendens, Marshals, Wickliffs, &c., may look ridiculous to some; the Colonel, however, did not see it in that light. Springing to his feet he made a powerful effort to send an overcharge of half-masticated food below, but the mass gorged at the narrows, and for a few moments seemed to baffle all efforts to displace it. Some of the material worked itself under the glottis, when the windpipe came in play, and, with a terrible snort, sent the obstructing matter in all directions, and such a shower of provisions had, perhaps, never before occurred since the days of Moses as was then witnessed. The snort seemed contagious, for one after another was taken, until the whole crowd were engaged, and coughing, sneezing and laughing became universal, and actually broke up the meeting, though all, with perhaps one exception, had ate, if not drank, as much as they desired.

The music, Blues and dilapidated carriage were again brought into requisition, and the Colonel, seated beside the Mayor, with the two orators of the day on the front seat, were hauled through some of the principal streets, and, finally, down to the river and placed on board the boat, which immediately shoved out. The Colonel was soon on the upper deck, where his red bandana and vest

glittered in the setting sun until they rounded the point below, and their owner was, no doubt, fully satisfied that the men of Memphis were almost a unit for Colonel Dick Johnson for President of the United States.

I might also give some sketches of the visit of Hon. Henry Clay the year before. He was received with great enthusiasm, and Memphis never has had another such favorite for the Presidency.

I might tell of Colonel Eppy White's bringing his wife to town and making Clay kiss her, ("there," said old Eppy to his wife, after the performance, "now go home, and don't wash your face for a week"); the frolic they had on the boat when they went down to meet him; also, a pretty good story on Doctor Wyatt Christian, in the same connection; but I'll pass them all, at least for the present.

Ex-President Van Buren also visited us the same year, 1843, on his way to the Hermitage, to once more shake the hand of his old friend and patron, General Andrew Jackson.

There is one thing I might say to the credit of old Dick Johnson, he did not disguise the object of his tour, while the others, I think, rather played off, and, like Andy's visit to the grave of Douglass, were swinging around the Presidential circle.

I failed to see Mr. Van Buren, as he landed in the night and remained on the boat, though many friends and idlers did. Although I was not present myself, yet I am strongly inclined to publish what Tom Green saw, or, at least, claimed to have seen, and Tom could tell the truth when—I was going to say, sober, but upon reflection I believe it was when drunk that he more frequently stumbled in that direction. But some one may wish to know who Tom Green was. All I know about him is

that he lived some where in Mississippi; came here in company with Bill Yerger, Kemp Hurst, and others of the sort, on a spree; that he could talk more incessantly, say more smart things without a moment's reflection, sing more songs, tell more jokes and drink more whisky, without getting drunk, than any man I ever knew. He was a fine-looking man, had plenty of money, and spent it as though it were valueless. He was here on a sight-seeing expedition, and, being up at the time, could not let the Fox of Kinderhook, as he called Van, pass without seeing him, and I shall let him tell his own story:

"The first I saw of Van Buren, an Irishman had hold of his hand, exclaiming:

'Arrah, Mr. Van Buren, it's glad I am to see ye! I'm a Jackson man, no matther who the divvil else is running. Have you a we bit o' the 'removed deposits' about ye, jist?"

'Oh, no,' said Mr. Van Buren, pretending not to understand him, 'that law has been repealed,'

'Repealed!' exclaimed Mick, 'and are ye's repailing in this counthry, too? I thought it was that broth of a boy, Dan O'Conner, in the auld counthry, that was doing all the repailing.'

"At this juncture a little crappo Frenchman, who looked like he was on the dark side of eighty, seizing his left hand, for Pat still held on to the other, commenced:

'Ah, Monsieur Van Buren, me so very mooch glad to see you; me glad to shake your hand; me no been so mooch glad since me shake de hand of de Grand Napoleon.'

"Just then a huge giant appeared in front, who measured four feet between the shoulders, and six inches between the eyes. He looked as though he could, at an hour's notice, subdue a forest, tunnel the Alleghanies,

or bridge the Mississippi. In his bosom was a partly concealed broad-axe, while on his shoulders sat two full grown, well fed coons. Speaking very slow and loud, and principally through his nose, he addressed Mr. Van Buren as follows:

‘Mr. Van Buren, my name is Alf. Bowen; I’m from Kentucky, and a Jackson man, by —; and I want to shake your hand.’

‘Well,’ said Van, ‘if I had another hand, you should have it; and if you can induce either of my friends here to relinquish their hold on one of them, you are at liberty to shake it; but I pass them coons and that broad-axe.’

The Kentuckian took a hurried glance at each of the hand-holders. The Frenchman appeared the softest case, but his was the left hand, and Bowen was no left-handed man; so, taking Mick gently by the arm, which caused an exclamation of pain, that individual relinquished the hand of Van Buren immediately, and was sent off about six feet.”

Tom says he left at this time, but, on looking back, judged, by the wriggings of the ex-President, that he had made a very bad exchange.

LOCAL HISTORY—THE BATTURE.

In a communication some years ago, published in the *APPEAL*, I gave a condensed history of the batture in front of the city, but as that notice was mostly devoted to another subject, which had ceased to have any importance, perhaps few if any copies of it could now be had. At all events, I consider it worthy of a more extended notice, and shall proceed to give it.

The first settlers found a much more extensive batture in front of the bluff than the present one ever was, on which there was an Indian village; and for years afterward the only semblance of a town, a few cabins, or shanties, were erected at the mouth of Wolf river, which was then about opposite the foot of Jefferson street. There were also some three or four corn-fields, worked by the Indians, and a quarter race-track on which the speed of their ponies was daily tried. Henry Foy purchased the right of the Indians, and cultivated the fields more extensively. At what time this batture washed away I do not remember to have heard, but think it shortly after the earthquakes at New Madrid, which caused numerous changes in the river. At this time, however, and for more than thirty years after, the river was thickly studded with snags, which would collect large quantities of driftwood, causing the current to set with powerful force against the shore in many places, and I have seen whole acres

CAVE IN IN A BODY,

carrying with it the tallest and heaviest trees, maintaining their upright position until they would disap-

pear, leaving a whirlpool into which the water would rush for near a minute after, showing clearly that the body of earth was still sinking. In a few minutes more the tops of the trees would reappear above water, but the weights of the roots would still continue them in their upright position and thus drift down until coming to the shallow water, the roots resting on the bottom, the quicksands depositing around them, and in a short time the tree would be found more firmly planted in the bed of the river than ever it had been on its native soil, the drift would soon strip it of its limbs leaving its sturdy trunk to deal destruction to every hapless craft that came in contact with it.

Congress passed a bill for the removal of obstructions from the Mississippi river, and snag boats were built with sufficient power to have lifted any tree in this county out by the roots, yet they wholly failed to raise many of the snags alluded to, and it was found necessary to invent machinery to cut them off at the depth of thirty or forty feet under water. Congress, I will venture to say, never passed a more beneficial measure, or one that met with a more bitter and determined opposition.

One of the glories of the Mississippi at or prior to that time was its dangers, and that to remove these obstructions was, in the opinion of all those engaged in its navigation, to open the river to the prudent, timid, and unskilled, thereby reducing the monopoly, if not destroying the trade. To show the means the reckless men of that day resorted to would require too much space, but I feel warranted in saying that many boats were wantonly wrecked for the purpose of proving that the danger, instead of being lessened, was increased by the removal of the snags, while all the clap-trap pol-

iticians contended that the Constitution was violated every time a snag was disturbed. They finally succeeded in stopping the "outrage" but not until nearly all their pets were ousted.

There are now fewer accidents on the river, from all sources combined, than formerly from snags alone, while the instability of the shores proved a loss, perhaps but little short of that to navigation, and in this way the batture of which I speak may have washed away in a single season.

THE NEXT BIG DODGE.

After the washing away of this batture, the Mississippi crossed the mouth of Wolf just above Cochran's saw-mill, (its course can still be clearly seen,) and struck the bluff at the foot of Jackson street, and washed its base from that to Fort Pickering. For twenty years this little skirt of the original batture above Jackson street constituted the only landing at this point. The high water of 1828 is still spoken of by old boatmen, not only as being higher than since known, but for its long duration and the many changes wrought in the course of the river. It opened the Tennessee chute, washed away two small islands, and threatened for a time to make it the main channel of the river, and converting the space since occupied by the batture into a tremendous eddy. This was some advantage to Memphis, or rather to the trading boats, on which her people were, in a great measure, dependent; but to steamboats it proved rather an annoyance, while flatboats that intended giving Memphis the go-by not unfrequently found themselves forcibly drawn into the eddy, and made to rotate for hours, to the great delight of the boys on the bluff, who loved to hear boatmen swear, and many an awful cursing did our town receive in this way. The date of this eddy may be set

down as the day on which this important and historical batture commenced its rise, though it did not show its head above water until four years afterward.

THE FEARFUL WINTER.

The winter of 1831-2 was remarkable for its severity and duration. The eddy was covered with a solid body of ice, a foot in thickness, for near three months together. The upper rivers were virtually frozen dry. The Mississippi fell full four feet lower than was ever before or since known, and in many places the body of running water was not one hundred yards wide. Wolf river cut a channel below its ordinary bed four or more feet, and so narrow that an active man might leap it in many places. I observed, during this extreme low water, that there were large quantities of stone along the base of the bluff. Below Fort Pickering three rocks, larger than coach-bodies, made their appearance above water. On Wolf river, near the old cotton factory, there is a ledge of rock extending across the river, over which there was then a foot or more fall of water, and across which I have passed without wetting my feet. About the same time I one day took a walk across the ice about opposite Market street, and when out perhaps a hundred yards farther than the present shore I was surprised to see the ice bulged up and cracked, and that mud was being forced up through the crack. I took a stick and pushed it down in several places along the crack, and satisfied myself that the ice was resting on a bank of mud. I returned and went to old Henry James's grocery, where I found Gus Young, Frank McMahon and several others, to whom I related the circumstance. Not one of them would believe it, maintaining as they did that there was from fifty to one hundred feet of water at the place in-

licated, and my proposition to bet a treat for all hands on the truth of my assertion was readily accepted. It is needless to say that I won. The news soon spread that a bar was forming in front of the town, and crowds visited the place to witness the unpleasant phenomenon. Knowing ones declared that the bar was produced by extreme low water, which forced the mud out of the channel, and that the first flood would readily wash it away. Those more familiar with the freaks of the Mississippi doubted it. The next year, although there had been very high water, the bar, so far from being washed away, proved to have increased some six feet in height, and before the river had reached ordinary low water was lying bare. A number of flatboats caught upon it, and a still larger number found themselves pocketed, for, as is usual with that character of bars, it rose most rapidly on its outer line, while steamboat pilots seemed slow to learn its whereabouts, and at certain stages of the water, for several years, nothing was more common than to see a steamer belching away, struggling to escape from the clutches of the hideous hidden bar.

DAVID CROCKETT, SOCRATES AND THE REST.

Scientific gentlemen advanced learned and elaborate opinions as to how it might be successfully removed, which contained about as much sense as is generally found from that source on similar matters. Old Davy Crockett's plan I think about as sensible as any, and as philosophical. He proposed to send up to New Madrid and procure a boatload of earthquake and sink the d—d thing. But while the citizens were grievously distressed at the prospect of its ruining the town, enterprising individuals were planning how they could turn it to their advantage. A company with R. C. McAlpin at its head,

laid a United States warrant upon it; the original proprietors of Memphis rushed to the rescue, claiming it as their individual property, while the corporation told them to "hands off," that the thing belonged wholly to the town. My title, by right of discovery, being at least equal to the two first named, might have been set up. A triangular lawsuit was commenced and continued for upward of ten years, and was only compromised to secure the location of the navy-yard. A very important suit had previously been pending between the original proprietors and the corporation. It seemed that the former had deeply regretted their liberality in donating the promenade, and determined to repossess it by indirect means.

In a former communication I did the ancient Board of Mayor and Aldermen some injustice by stating that they had refused to allow the cutting of roads to the river below Market street. The fact that they had been notified by the proprietors that such acts would be a diversion of the property from the purposes for which it was donated, and annul the same, had escaped my memory at the time. They even forbade the Board or citizens to run a road under the bluff. Their plan was to shut the town off from the river by a far greater than mud-bar obstruction, and compel the restoration of the promenade for the mere privilege of extending the streets across it. The report of this interesting and important suit can be found in Sixth Yerger, a singular feature of which was that the decision seems to have turned on a single clause in the original charter of Memphis, which, strange to say, has been omitted in every succeeding one. I might also add that the proprietors claimed all the ferriage, wharfage and raparian rights. The first of these they obtained, and, perhaps,

would have succeeded in the others but for the decision in the Wright case alluded to. McAlpin, who was attorney for the corporation, contended, and perhaps truly, that the John Rice grant extended no further than the bluff, and hence the laying of the warrant.

One R. K. Turnage, some fifteen years later, found he had made a far greater discovery, which was, that there was still a space between the McAlpin line and the western line of the Rice grant which did not call for the river, as will be seen. Some copying clerk seemed to think the bank of a river not sufficiently definite, but that it was necessary to show the river, and supplied the supposed defect by a wriggling line of the pen, making some twenty curves in two miles, as represented by the plat. He also fell into a common error, and one which, perhaps, I ought to say nothing about, as I labored under the same, namely, that the Rice grant was never laid until 1820. The difference between Turnage and myself is, that he was a lawyer, with several millions pending, and I with nothing. Some, however, think there was more rogue than fool in Turnage, for he made considerable money out of the operation. He contended that the southern line of the Rice grant was about Third street, and laid a U. S. warrant on all twixt that and the bluff; notified every tenant on it not to pay rent, and bobbed round like a flea in a mitten. Wherever he found a tender-footed case, he would relinquish his property for just what he could get, and in that way got a considerable amount. He was, however, very liberal, and relinquished all Church property. He even sent the Board of Mayor and Aldermen a relinquishment to the streets and alleys, but omitted the promenade and public squares. The Board informed him that, as they were short of stationery, they would have much preferred the blank on which

it was written. His claim, of course, amounted to nothing, except so far as his impudent or villianous peculations were concerned. There was, however, a rather singular and, to him, damaging circumstance connected with this trial. Turnage's principal witness swore that Judge Overton was present when the processional survey was made, and directed the Surveyor-General to commence well back from the river; that he wanted a large space in front, as some of the bluff might fall off. Now it so happened that on the day said survey was made, as the records show, Judge Overton was married, in Knoxville, to Mrs. Mary May, widow of the distinguished Colonel James May, and sister of the illustrious Hugh L. White, and the grand-mother of our fellow-citizen John Overton, Jr. It was further clearly shown that Judge Overton had not been to Memphis for several months prior to, or after, said processioning. But the most remarkable feature in this proceeding was that the citizens of Memphis were victimized to the amount of many thousands of dollars by the senseless, unauthorized and irresponsible act of a mere wriggle of the pen, which evidently was the origin of the error.

The triangular fight over the mud bar was held in check by another triangular fight of greater extent, if not importance, between the States of Mississippi, Tennessee and the Chickasaw nation, as to which owned this bluff.

THE INDIANS

maintained that they had conveyed by geographical lines which, if properly run, would have left this bluff in their reserve. Mississippi's claim was also based on false showings, while Tennessee, or rather Nashville, who considered herself the State at that time, and even

then seemed to fear that the star of empire might seek a location farther West, was perfectly willing that Memphis should be hid behind a mud bar, fall into the river or the hands of the Indians, but not into the State of Mississippi, which instead of checking, would do everything to advance her growth and importance. The people of Memphis were perfectly calm so far as the Indian claim was concerned, knowing that however just it might be there was no danger of it passing back into their hands. They were, however, not only willing but anxious to change their allegiance to Mississippi. Among other reasons the cotton of that State rated higher than that from States further north. But this has but very little to do with my story, except, as I before said, it delayed the question as to the ownership of the bar. It had the good effect of drawing the minds of the people from the ugly object on their river front, but, on the other hand, it worried the poor politicians mightily. I will simply add that when the line was finally re-run, instead of putting us in the State of Mississippi, it put us three miles farther off.

NEW STATE.

There was another question that I might allude to here, which was the formation of a new State out of that portion of Kentucky bounded by the Ohio, Tennessee and Mississippi rivers, all of West Tennessee, and that part of Mississippi known as the "Indian Reserve." Had this scheme been pressed at the time there would have been but little doubt of its success. It was said that President Jackson favored it, which was all it needed. The people of West Tennessee were then not only shamefully neglected by the other divisions, but a degree of illiberality was extended to us that was any-

thing but just, even as late as Andy Johnson's Governorship, when he urged his "white basis theory, which, had it succeeded, would have transferred one member of Congress from this to another part of the State, and had a similar effect on the Legislature. But the feeling was even worse at the time the new State scheme was first agitated. Since the war, however, East Tennessee, finding she could not rule the State, has clamored for a separate existence, and would, perhaps, be the more willing to let us slide. But had the thing taken place when first suggested, Memphis would have secured a start which, I believe, would have placed her beyond the reach of successful competition; in fact, Memphis was one of the names suggested for the State, and if not the most popular, was the least objectionable. Jackson was another name suggested, but Jackson's popularity was somewhat on the wane, and he had many bitter enemies, while Chickasaw, which was the only other name I remember to have heard of in this connection, had but few advocates. The fact that neither of the two last mentioned would have given her any commercial character, and that Memphis would be a city long after Jackson and the Indians were no more, and, like New York, the State would derive more importance from the city than she would confer, were considerations of weight with many. The scheming politicians, however, did not see any personal benefits, or were jealous of each other, and the scheme died for want of moderate nourishment. The subject is again broached, but I fear that little good would result from its accomplishment.

While these questions were agitating the people the bar was growing in height and firmness; large quantities of drift, old flat boats and other unsightly objects were

being lodged upon it, and finally a most luxuriant growth of young cottonwood sprang up, threatening to shut Pinch out from a view of the river.

THE FIRST ELEVATOR.

In 1837, a company was formed, who built a wooden wharf, extending from the foot of Winchester street, across the bar to the river, a distance of some three hundred yards. This bade fair to be a perfect success; but, owing to a change in the river the next year it failed to be a safe landing and proved a failure. The Memphis and Lagrange railroad then proposed to build an embankment from the foot of Washington street to the river, on condition that the right of way through the town was given. The work was commenced, but the company failed, and so did the embankment. The next undertaking was to build a road from the foot of Market street, running diagonally down, so as to have struck the river about opposite the foot of Poplar street,—the work of which had been progressing several days, when some of the proprietors, finding it out, ordered it stopped, very properly, though it would undoubtedly have proved a success, if finished. They then ran it directly out. Their great error was in not going two or three streets lower down. But

PINCH HELD THE SWAY

at the time, and determined that Market should be the southern point leading to the landing. What a pity that all her energy should have oozed out! This proved a failure from the same causes that the wooden wharf had. It was, however, a success in other respects. It established the feasibility of building a permanent road across the bar by merely throwing up the ground, a fact that was doubted by many, and by none more than your correspondent, who, being Wharfmaster at the time, and

the highest functionary known to the BAR, had, of course, considerable to say about what should be done for its benefit. It proved to be the best material of which a dirt road was ever made, it neither washes nor wears, cuts up, becomes muddy or even dusty; there it stands after a lapse of thirty years, with little or no repairs.

The firmness of this embankment, went perhaps, further than any thing else to recommend the bar to the commissioners of the government sent on to examine the place in reference to a navy yard, but so far as its objects were concerned, as I said before, it proved a failure, and failure seemed to be the order of the day, for not only had the wharf and railroad companies failed, as already stated, but the government works, such as the arsenal and armory. The military road in Arkansas and other grand schemes set on foot by Gen. Gaines were hopelessly abandoned. Never before, since Memphis had a corporate existence, had she been entirely without some scheme of national advancement. The bank suspended. The corporation credit became so low that she could not have built another road if she had been ever so much disposed. Several of our merchants failed,

COTTON REACHED ITS LOWEST KNOWN POINT,

and a general despondency was the result. But the darkest hour is said to be just before day, and such was the case with Memphis. Three years from that time she had doubled herself in wealth, population and importance; but I must stick to my subject. A crowd one day gathered at "Rounders Retreat," which was an every-day occurrence, but at this time they had a new subject, being neither politics nor scandal. The oracle hastily entered with the news that a letter was published in the

NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER over the name of "Union Jack," written by one of the highest officers of the United States Navy, and addressed to Henry Clay, recommending and urging the establishment of a Navy Yard at Memphis. The subject was treated as a mere joke, but the narrator assured the crowd that it was an absolute fact, that the paper containing it, he said, was at the ENQUIRER office, and would appear in its next issue. "What!" says one, "a navy-yard at Memphis, a thousand miles from sea. Fudge." The expression appeared to be generally concurred in. There was one, at least, who thought so then, and has never been able to think otherwise. "Why, where will they put it?" asked another. "Down on Jim's mud Bank," replied a third. This brought me and my dominion into notice, only to be laughed at. A fourth suggestion that some place up the bayou might be found to answer the purpose, while one Pinchite, with astonishing liberality proposed to give twenty feet square in the rear of his lot for its location. But the part in which I figured seemed to be looked upon as the most ridiculous.

The next issue of the ENQUIRER brought out the letter, which proved to be a most remarkable piece of composition of the highfalutin order; full of sea phrases and scientific technicalities; long lines of figures, and a heavy sprinkling of foreign languages. No effort was made at the plausible, but if the writer designed to show how handsome nonsense can be made to appear when dressed in fancy language, his was certainly a splendid effort. It, however attracted but little attention, as did the succeeding ones over

"THE NAME OF HARRY BLUFF,"

until we learned that they were being favorably consid-

ered at Washington and in Eastern cities. Perhaps the novelty of the idea had considerable to do with it, or perhaps, as was afterward charged, it was only a tub thrown out to the whale. The southern members of Congress had raised considerable outcry about the heavy appropriations made to the North, while so little was done for their section, that the former was willing to give them the shadow, but not the substance of a beneficial institution. My opinion is that the ignorance of the Northern members in reference to the general depth of the Mississippi led them to do what, if better informed, they would not have done. So it was that our first encouragement came from Northern politicians, who proved very clever and posted us as to how to proceed. First, said they, get the Legislature of Tennessee to petition Congress in your behalf. This was thought a very easy matter, but proved to be a rather difficult one, at least so far as Memphis was concerned; and no less than six other points were urged as substitutes, all in the interior. One was on Duck river, another at the Smoky Fork of Piney, if anybody knows where that is. Some may suppose that this was mere pleasantry, but not a bit of it, and gave offense when so charged. It was finally compromised by putting in all seven, and leaving it to Congress to select the one she thought most suitable, and Memphis went through like a knife, subject, however, to favorable inspection.

In the spring of 1843 our city was honored by the presence of three handsome young men—at least, our ladies said they were handsome—whose insignia indicated that one was a First, and the other two Second-Lieutenants of the United States Navy. Their papers from the Department charged them to make a thorough examination of this point, in reference to its suitability

for a naval depot and dock-yard. They were immediately taken in charge by our dignitaries, toasted, feasted and lionized for three days and nights, when it was thought they were in a proper condition for business. I was then summoned before the Mayor, who issued his orders with all the pomp of a British Admiral, which was to have the finest pleasure-boat at the landing for an excursion at a certain hour. The idea of the highest civil officer of the most interesting spot of ground on earth coming down to the position of a boatswain did not agree with my notions of propriety. But as I did not intend to obey—for the reason that I thought the less anybody saw of that bar the better they would like it—I bowed submissively, with an “Aye, aye, sir,” that would have done credit to the oldest tar in the service. At the appointed time I returned in haste with a disappointed air, assuring his honor that there was nothing over the size of a frail skiff at the landing, wholly unfit for the purpose—giving him a wink at the same time; but, I added, I think a walk out to the new road or the old wharf will furnish a better view than passing around it in a boat at this stage of water. After a moment’s hesitation, the Mayor turned to the senior officer and asked if he thought that would answer? He replied that he thought it would; to which the two juniors nodded assent. The party then repaired to the river, which happened to be at a very high stage, and the road, never quite high enough, was nearly submerged. We were enabled, however, to pass out dry-footed, the trees having been cut away to the distance of some thirty feet on each side to procure dirt for the embankment. I call them trees for they were in light, being an average of thirty feet, though not larger than corn-stalks—owing to their standing so thick—being equal to one to every square foot of ground. This road

presented decidedly the most favorable view of the bar, and I should have been glad to have terminated the inspection there, but the proposition was made, and accepted, to take a walk out to the old wharf or bridge as it was commonly called. This was found to be in a miserably dilapidated condition, while the surroundings were not only unsightly, but in many instances sickening. The Mayor, aside, whispered: "It would have been much better to have gotten a boat and not brought them through this assassin-looking place," which on account of the trees could hardly be seen from the bluff. At the outer end of the bridge there was a shed which had become the headquarters for a set of vagabonds and boatmen, who happened to be there in large force. Here the senior, thinking it a good place to display his oratory, in a voice indicating one of double his years—he appeared to be about twenty-five—addressed the Mayor, as near as I remember, in the following words:

Mayor Hickman, sir, I am delighted at the prospect before me. When the duties of this mission was imposed upon me by my government I had no idea that so favorable a location, sir, could have been found on the Mississippiah rivah, sir, for a Naval Depot and Dockyard as I here find in front of your beautiful city, sir; and I shall consider it my duty, and also my pleasure, sir, not only to report favorably, but to urge its establishment as a matter of the greatest national importance." Here the loafers gave a yell, and I am told that the Mayor and the two subs. nodded, but I did not see them. I did not see anybody during the delivery of that speech. Next day some person, finding the naval gentlemen so easily pleased, got them in a skiff and rowed them round, when they went through the form of taking soundings, observations, etc. They also visited South Memphis and

Fort pickering, but as neither of these places had mud bars, they were pronounced unsuitable.

PINCH TRIUMPHED

over all her competitors, for the thing was now looked upon, as it afterward proved to be, fixed. It was surprising to see how suddenly the mud-bar rose in public estimation. Those who but a short time before looked upon it with a loathing and distress were now seen viewing it with smiles of delight. The old bridge, despite of dead dogs and ragged vagrants, became a fashionable resort. The ignorant asked questions which were readily answered, and the whole thing was explained by the still more ignorant. Many were found to tell of the persecutions they endured in the form of gibes and gears for its early advocacy. Prominent among these was the oracle of the Rounders Retreat, who never tired telling of the cruel rebuffs he had met with in its defense.

But the trouble was not yet over. The proprietors and warrant holders, whose claims were considered worthless, though still pending, were determined to force the corporation to a recognition of them or defeat the location of the Navy Yard, and to buy them off, she was obliged to give them two-thirds or one-third each of the residue of the batture, being from Market to Adams street. Nor was this all. A portion of the people denied the right of the corporation to donate the public property; that the government was able to purchase; and that if we had anything to give away we had poor people enough among us that needed all our charities. But the "poor-man" cry had pretty well played out and the philanthropists failed in making the capital they anticipated. A public meeting was called, which almost

unanimously authorized the donation. Our old friend Wardlow Howard insisted upon recording his name against it. The passage of the bill through Congress was an easy matter. John B. Ashe was the member from this district at the time. I mention this because it is thought by many to have been the work of

F. P. STANTON,

who, however, was its great advocate, and labored assiduously for it for ten years. As to the erection of the buildings, and the other work within the yard, I shall have but little to say, for one reason, that I know perhaps less about it than almost any other citizen. There were too many fool regulations, as I considered them, and it was a lucky man that went in and out without receiving some specimen of satrap insolence; besides I have plenty of outside incidents to make this story indecently long, and my principal object is to revive such matters as might be overlooked or forgotten.

For several years the appropriations were moderately liberal; after which they became grudgingly and gradually less; and what may seem strange, the great trouble was from the Southern members, who began to look upon the Memphis Navy Yard as a great humbug; and well they might, for no sooner would one of them speak of the neglect of the South than they were reminded of the greatest novelty of earth, a Navy-Yard a thousand miles from sea. Stanton says that for several terms his hands were completely tied. It required all the log-rolling and wire-pulling that he was master of, to keep it up as long as he did. It was with difficulty he could command even the aid of the members from adjoining districts, or those of Arkansas and Mississippi, who were almost as much interested as himself. It

was known in Congress as Stanton's pet, and threatened to be killed daily if he did not act as they desired. There was also another cause for its abandonment, and perhaps the most effectual—the opposition of the naval officers placed in charge of it. It is a well-known peculiarity of seafaring persons, from a Rear Admiral down, that they are greatly attached to the sea, and a month on shore, even in a seaport city, is almost unendurable—how much more so to be compelled to remain for twelve months in a small interior town, where the sight of a ship, or the association of comrades never greeted them. Beside, our citizens stopped lionizing them, and they became soured; and, in some instances, uncivil—they cursed the place, reflected on the government for burying them in such a hole, and very soon discovered that this was the last place on earth for the establishment of a Navy Yard. The absurdity of having a board of naval officers—some of them mere boys, so ignorant that they did not know oak from poplar, or lime from cement—to superintend the erection of buildings and the construction of machinery, and lord it over qualified architects and master mechanics, can only be explained by saying “England does it.” As

A SPECIMEN

of their capacity for such positions, I will cite an instance related to me by the master painter. He was one day summoned before a young lieutenant, who addressed him: “Sir, I know what a painter can do! A painter can paint three of those windows in a day, sir; and if you have any men who fail to paint three windows in a day, send them to me, sir, and I will discharge them. Do you hear, sir.” “Yes, sir.” “Then, see that you do it.” After which he was dismissed

with an authoritative wave of the hand. Now, the painting of such a window was hardly a good hour's work, and to be compelled to put ten mortal hours on three such windows was perhaps as difficult a task as could have been imposed upon them, but such were the imperative orders. All the windows in the yard were of uniform size, and more than a thousand of them. I could, and might give numerous other instances, but this will suffice. I do hope that the day will soon come when the working men will compel the government to put proper persons in their proper places, even though it be an innovation on the established rules of the mother country. I might also tell how the most costly liquors, cigars, etc., were purchased and charged to the government under false names; fine horses were entered as draught horses, and servants as teamsters, But I suppose such things are common even at the White House, and shall, therefore, say nothing further on that point.

HOW THE NAVY YARD WAS KNOCKED INTO "PL."

The disaffected naval officers wrote numerous letters to the Department, deprecating the continuance of the Navy Yard at this place, and the consequence was the sending of a Commission, of which Congress had no knowledge, to examine and report. This Commission was composed of some of the ablest officers of the navy, who came and returned without the knowledge of our citizens until their report was published, which was, in substance, that so far as a rope-walk and some other matters were concerned, it would do very well, but in everything else it would not do at all. From that time appropriations were limited or confined to the objects mentioned in the report of the last Commission. Ex-Governor James C. Jones was then in the Senate, and labored to

secure the completion of the Navy Yard according to the original design, in a much bolder and dignified spirit than Stanton. When the appropriations for 1853 were reported to the Senate, with only thirteen thousand to the Memphis Navy Yard, Jones was grievously incensed, and demanded that the property should be returned to the city. The Senate jumped at the proposition, and Memphis owes the property to Governor Jones' earnest action.

But I did not intend to bring my story down to so recent a point. Were I to recount the agitation engaged in by the people of Memphis on the question of receiving the Navy Yard, with all its appurtenances, or compelling the Government to continue it, there is no knowing where it would end.

A DOUBLE-BARRELED EDITOR.

But I must tell, just here, a story upon an editor, who still flourishes in this city. There was never greater local excitement than that which grew out of this infernal Navy Yard business. Half the people were in favor of accepting the property, while the other half were opposed to it; the latter thinking the Government might be induced, even yet, to make liberal appropriations, and perfect the Navy Yard, and build ships and steamers here. There were two newspapers published here at the time—one a morning publication, edited by a gentleman of no ordinary ability, named Bankhead, who was tragically and mysteriously assassinated some years since. There was another, an afternoon paper, called the *News*, (I believe that was its name), edited by a gentleman named Yancey. These editors opposed one another on the Navy Yard question, and their discussions had begotten a good deal of excitement, when both went away for the

summer, and each, without the other's knowledge, employed the same man (this young lawyer) to conduct his paper in his absence. The young limb of the law naturally enough took to both sides of the question. He made the controversy between the two papers hotter and hotter on each successive day. Crowds gathered each afternoon about the News office, and everybody expected that the two furious editors would shed blood. The coming duel in Arkansas was confidently anticipated, and the ferocity of the two papers was marvelous. Popular excitement was intense when Bankhead came hurrying home from Virginia, and Yancey from Alabama, each thinking that the other was about to murder his own substitute. Such was the fervor of popular feeling and exasperation, that the story was necessarily kept quiet. If the mischievous fraud upon public passion had been exposed at the time, the con amore editor would have fared badly, to say the least. The vote, at an informal election, was slightly against receiving the Navy Yard, but as the Board of Mayor and Aldermen had never authorized or recognized the election, they accepted the donation despite of the vote.

I am constrained just here to give a short account of

THE GREAT IRON STEAMSHIP

of war, Alleghany, which, with the exception of her hull, was built and equipped at this bar, as there may be some not aware that an enterprise of that magnitude formed a part of her history—and would that I could say that she proved a success; but unfortunately the contrary was the case. She was built of iron, and mounted three pivot guns of greater caliber than any of her day. Her propelling power was submarine, which, with her machinery generally, was of an entire new

invention, and it was confidently expected that her speed would surpass anything propelled by steam on water. So fearful was her builder that emissaries from foreign governments would steal her secret powers before she was able to play smash among their navies, that she was anchored out in the stream, where she gave evidence of her destructive capacity by sinking some half dozen flatboats, which, with their cargoes, the government had to pay for. When completed, a trial trip was made, and the bon ton of the city and country were invited to partake of her feast, and enjoy her flight. So far as the feast was concerned, the thing was complete, particularly in the liquor line, but when it came to flight, it proved a mistake; scarcely was she able to stem the current of the Mississippi, which was then at an ordinary stage. She went up to the foot of

THE OLD HEN,

then down to near the head of President's Island, and then back to her mooring at the bar, firing heavy guns every five minutes. On her way up she was greatly annoyed by a set of boys, in skiffs and dug-outs, paddling around and around her, while the black smoke was rolling out of her in dense and heavy bodies. But if she did look to persons on shore as hardly moving, those on board evidently thought that she was making a perfect blue streak, and from the quantity of empty baskets they left, it is likely that everything flew around in their eyes. After getting thoroughly stuffed and soaked, they organized into a meeting, with the Mayor in the chair, and Fred. Stanton orator in chief, who presented a set of resolutions extolling the Alleghany, Captain Hunter and the gallant crew to the skies. One of the resolutions declared that the speed of the Alleghany was equal to

the first-class steamers of the Mississippi. An impromptu meeting of the boatmen voted that she could hardly run at all. Some, who had pretended to time her, reported that her speed was four miles to the hour down stream, and four hours to the mile up stream. These were, however, an ignorant set of fellows, who had no right to know anything about war ships. A great many, however, were strongly inclined to agree with them, myself among the number, until we read Stanton's resolutions. But Stanton's part of the job did not end with the resolutions. The Alleghany was bound to live in song, so Fred. summoned the Muses and set to work—and such a song!

JOLLY.

The Alleghany was represented as walking as a thing of life; plowing the briny main; bidding defiance to wind and tide; striking terror to the enemies of her country, and frightening poor old Neptune out of his wits. The thing was said to have been set to music, but no one was ever found to make music out of it. So, after banging half the pianos in town out of tune, and ruining some of our finest voices, it was discarded as a nuisance.

The Alleghany, in a few days after her trial trip, put quietly out and took her course down the river. Her design was to go to New York, but after a tedious trip, she put into Norfolk, when an inspection resulted in the removal of the submarine propellers and the substitution of side wheels, after which she put to sea again, but was soon after towed back, in consequence of some breakage in her machinery, when another inspection took place, which resulted in her total condemnation, after having cost the Government near half a million of dollars,

which was small, perhaps, compared with the crushed hopes of her projectors.

The history of this mud bar I have merely touched, and it is questionable whether another spot of ground on earth, for the same length of time, has been the subject of so much controversy, and, alternately, inspired the fears and hopes, the brilliant expectations and the crushing disappointments, that have attended its varying career. Whether the location of a Navy Yard upon it was the result of wisdom or folly is perhaps a debatable question; but it is certain that it gave Memphis an impetus to which she is wholly indebted for her present prosperous condition, the force of which the most trying ordeal has failed to break, and, with prudent management, will not cease until—but I am no prophet.

THE CHURCHES OF MEMPHIS IN EARLY DAYS

EDITORS APPEAL—It seems that when a man turns historian he is supposed to know everything that occurred in the time and place of which he writes, and as religion is the subject most interesting to the largest portion of all communities, it is not strange that some should look upon it as very unnatural that a person could be observant of minor matters and overlook the more important. In pleading ignorance, as I have done heretofore, I would not have it understood that I have been indifferent, but have simply failed to give the Church, in early days, that attention which would enable me to do the subject justice; beside, there are older citizens here than myself, and some of them not only church members, but ministers. It is, therefore, a delicate undertaking. But I shall be very careful not to touch on sectarian or doctrinal points. As to who preached the first sermon on this bluff, or, perhaps, many succeeding ones, is a question which I do not think could now be answered, with any degree of certainty. My observation was that preachers were far more numerous, in proportion to the population, in early times than at present. No community, of a dozen or less families, was without one, such as they were, who thought, or tried to make others believe, they were called to the ministry; and, strange to say, the call generally fell on the most ignorant in matters pertaining to this world, but most astonishingly knowing in reference to the “world to come.”

THEIR MARVELLOUS WISDOM.

They could describe the Kingdom of Heaven more

minutely than most men of the present day could describe their wives' bedroom; they could give a full bill of fare of all the pleasures indulged in there; also, a programme, necessary to be followed, to the letter, in order to obtain admittance; but when they reached Pluto's regions they became omniscient—could dwell for hours on that horrible lake of fire and brimstone in which all sinners, particularly those who lived within five miles of their ministrations and failed to attend, were doomed to wriggle through all eternity. It is more than likely that this bluff was blessed with one or more preachers of this kind even before the Jackson Purchase, in 1818, as specimens continued to appear for many years, and in some of the rural districts they flourish even yet.

I do not think that the Methodist Conference extended their circuits over the Indian Territory before the Purchase, but did so immediately after. I do not remember who rode this circuit before Rev. Thomas Davidson. He is still living. He rode in 1826-7, if I am not mistaken. I think, however, that Rev. Mr. Glenn, father of the late General P. B. Glenn, was one of his predecessors. He was a good and pious man, but had his weaknesses, one of which would probably come under the head of nepotism, at least so far as his children were concerned, particularly Phil, whom he looked upon as the greatest specimen of human wisdom that had ever come forth, and when he saw him elected to the Legislature he seemed to think the next step would be the Presidency.

PAY AND PERQUISITES.

The circuit-rider received the enormous salary of one hundred dollars a year, out of which to pay all his expenses, beside furnishing a horse. But his expenses were comparatively small; the meanest man in the coun-

try would not think of charging a preacher for staying all night. They also received many presents in clothing. I knew a circuit-rider to receive a present of a pair of boots on one occasion, said to be the first he had ever worn. The sisters were generally very liberal, and half the women in the country taxed themselves one pair of socks a year, which, above his necessities, no doubt, brought him in a handsome little sum annually. He also had perquisites, such as marrying people, funeral sermons, and christening babies—the latter two did not pay much, being looked upon generally as gratuitous, but the first paid from one to five dollars per match. Rev. Samuel Cowan, a pious and truly good man, was once sent for to marry a couple. It proved to be a dark, cold, sleety night, and he had to ford a rapid and dangerous stream, while the distance was about ten miles. Arriving at the house he saw that the prospects of a liberal fee were slim; the people appeared quite poor and the entertainment uninviting. The morning after the ceremony had been performed, and Sam ready to leave, the old lady took him to one side and said: "Brother Cowan, I know you have come a long way on a bad road, through a miserable night, and you ought to be well paid, but we are very poor and have no money, but here," she added, with a tremulous voice and hand, as she drew from beneath her apron two large balls of shoe-thread, "is something which may be of some use to you, and which I hope you will accept until we are more able to pay you." The old man says he was never more profoundly affected. That old woman in addition to her ordinary work, had not only raised and picked the cotton, but had seeded it with her own fingers, as was commonly done at that time. Her labor, properly estimated, was certainly the equivalent of a large fee for a similar service at this time.

THE JOCKEYS.

There were other means resorted to by some ministers for raising money, which were not only discreditable, but criminal. Perhaps the most general, innocent and legitimate one practised was horse-trading. Preachers, and particularly circuit-riders, were good judges of horses and very hard to suit. Their objections to those they wished to dispose of were such as were most likely to recommend them to others. They were very frequently in need of small sums of money for some charitable or other commendable purpose, varying from ten to twenty-five, according to the amount they thought they could choose from the man they proposed to swap with as boot, and at the same time, perhaps, get a better horse. These things were easily practised in those days. There was a very general reverence for preachers, and most people were willing to give them advantages in horse and other trades, which, I am sorry to say, few of them were too pious to take advantage of. Most persons looked upon a preacher as a sort of superior being, and appellations of "chicken-devourer," or "journeyman soul-saver," were not known to the most wicked.

WOMAN'S ESTATE.

The old women of the country claimed the butter, chickens and eggs as their private property, not liable for the husband's debts, or subject to his necessities. These women were stingy, even to meanness, and would give you nothing but hog and hominy from one week's end to another, except on special occasions, one of which was the visit of the preacher, and then a half a dozen or more chicken's heads would come off at a time. Butter was set out by pounds, and eggs by the dozens, cooked and done up in all manner of ways, together with

"flour-doings," sweetmeats and extra fixings in profusion. No matter at what time the preacher arrived, or how much the "crap" was in the grass, all hands including the negroes, knocked off and had holiday until after prayers next morning. During the evening they would hold a family prayer-meeting, in which the negroes would participate, for the theory of Ariel, that negroes had no souls, and were more nearly allied to the brute than the human species, did not prevail at that time. They were, however, placed under restrictions, and their demonstrations confined to grunts and groans, with such expressions as "Glory, bless de Lord," and a moderate clapping of hands. Possessed as they are with strong lungs and a peculiar impressiveness, calculated to produce alternately a titter and a blush, this precaution was necessary. When, however, they got in the woods, under the preaching of one of their own color, they went in with a perfect looseness. Everybody was glad to see the preacher come, even the mistress, who had to shell out her marketable goods, but more particularly those who were fond of the good things of this life.

A LOVE STORY.

I am here tempted to relate a love story. Your readers are, however, advised not to be too inquisitive as to dates, localities, etc., or even whether the names are, or are not genuine. There was a circuit-rider who answered to the rather unpoetic name of Hodge, whose build, intellect and education seemed to have designed him originally for a rail splitter, but to do him justice, a very fair specimen of manly beauty. I think, however, that he mistook his calling, though what Hodge lacked in talents he made up in zeal, and he dealt out fire and brimstone with a lavish hand. It is questionable whether that

class of preachers were not calculated to do more good in the backwoods than those of better education. I have even heard it argued that talents and devotion did not go well together; that like a pair of scales, as the former rises the latter naturally descends. But, however numerous the instances adduced in support of this theory, I am not prepared to admit it. Whatever may have been thought of Hodge's intellectual abilities, all acknowledged his piety. In the neighborhood where he most officiated, there dwelt a maiden lady in reference to whose age she and the public differed—a Miss Jane Strickland, more generally known among the young folks as “Jinny Strichnine.” Jenny was moderately good-looking, and more intelligent than most women in these parts. She sang like a nightingale, leaped like an antelope, bleated like a fawn, and talked like a book; in fact, she talked too much, and said things that injured herself more than those of whom she spoke. Jenny had other peculiarities, among which were fear of the Lord, love of cats, and hatred of children, which latter, most likely, had something to do with the slight perversion of the name above mentioned. She was particularly anxious to get to heaven after quitting this “vale of tears,” as she called this much abused world of ours. Why she was so desirous of getting to where there were no cats, and lots of children, I am unable to explain, as, also, why she was so over-anxious to marry, a thing that generally brings children after it—but there is no use to inquire into an old maid's inconsistencies. Jenny, as you are by this time aware, was an active member of the church, and played a star engagement at prayer and camp meetings. She seemed, in fact, to be a sort of circuit-rider herself. For although Hodge and Jenny met frequently, they rarely ever met at the

same appointed and loved spot. Unintentionally of course, on Jenny's part, though on the occasion of which I am about to speak, it would seem, she had anticipated meeting him. It was at a well-to-do farmers, where Hodge had often stopped before, and was always greeted with hearty welcome and treated to sumptuous repasts. He was not only met with all former warmth, but had the agreeable surprise of meeting with his favorite supporter. The devotions were marked with the usual fervor, while everything else with more good taste and vivacity, for Jenny could make herself useful from the parlor to the kitchen, and, when out of the dumps was the best of company.

THE DENOUEMENT.

It was at a late hour when the party broke up for the night, Hodge occupying the bed in the parlor, which, of course, was the best in the house, while Jenny was doomed to put up, not only with the same room, but actually with the bed of the children. She was, however, prepared for all this, as she had a momentous object to accomplish, and was willing to meet even greater trials than the one we mention. Hodge, on retiring, was requested not to secure the door, as the servants would require to enter, in order to make a morning fire. Although it was the month of May, the mornings were yet unpleasantly cool. Whether either my hero or heroine slept well, I am not prepared to say, but certainly the former slept late, or rather would have slept late, as is too common with great men, had it not been for the clear, shrill voice of Jenny, as she sang his favorite hymn, with a force and fascination calculated to charm the birds to silence, and cause the rats to leave their holes. Hodge not only awoke, but found himself, involuntarily, joining

in the song. Jenny finding herself supplied with an excuse for a becoming apology, at the proper time, hastily fled, while he arose, and met a surprise; an object lay before him on a chair, which he picked up and examined all over.

THE SHIRT !

Would you believe me? It was one of the finest shirts that Hodge had ever seen; the nicest standing collar, plaited bosom—no frill, of course; that would not have become a preacher, though then the style of the “worldlings;” beautiful pearl buttons, a profusion of the finest stitching, and, to cap the whole, it was starched from collar to tail, and ironed until it was stiff as vellum, smooth as polished steel, and white as alabaster. After examining and admiring it for some time, he proceeded to get into it, which, owing to its stiffness, was no easy job; but he made the trip. Hodge was not a vain man, yet it was thought that he consulted the glass more closely that morning than a proper degree of meekness would seem to have justified. When fully dressed, face washed, hair combed, clothes brushed, and a final look in the glass, he sallied forth to the passage, where another surprise awaited him. Jenny met him with a most winning smile, advancing with hands extended, across which laid a beautiful white cravat, starched and ironed, then folded and re-ironed, which she proceeded to place around his neck with her own delicate hands, and tied it in one of the neatest and most becoming double bow-knots ever seen. It was not, however, accomplished until after several unsatisfactory attempts, during which she would catch Hodge by the chin and throw his head back, re-arrange and jerk it forward, with a degree of force seemingly unnecessary, but purely sisterly. “To the pure all things are pure,” though poor Hodge’s heart thumped during the operation

loud enough to have been heard a hundred yards. When she finally succeeded, and the smile of triumph displaced the pout of vexation on her lip, and she, unintentionally, brought it too close to some others, he yielded to temptation. Now, I ought not to tell this on Hodge, but I suppose I must—he actually snatched a kiss. Jenny did not do as many cruel girls would have done under similar circumstances. She did not slap Hodge in the face. She simply uttered a half-suppressed scream, leaped from the passage, flew to the arbor, and hid her blushes among the roses. I never blamed Hodge for that. Why, sir, if it had been me—but never mind about me. Poor Hodge thought he had committed a most terrible sin, and to the thumping of his heart was added the shaking of his whole body. What to do he did not know. After some hesitation he wisely determined to make a confidant of the head of the family, who, very generously, undertook the noble task of mediator, and most admirably did he succeed. Jenny was induced to return, when Hodge made every apology. He should, I think, have been made to return that kiss, but Jenny was too modest to demand, and Hodge too bashful to propose it; so, to use duelists' language, the "explanation was satisfactory, the apology sufficient, and the difficulty adjusted in a manner alike honorable to both parties." Hodge went through his devotional duties with a palpitating heart and tremulous accents; in fact, he was hardly audible; but due allowance, and no remarks, were made. At breakfast, however, a degree of hilarity was indulged in, rather unusual among sedate people, and many playful remarks about stiff shirts and stolen kisses were so pointedly applied, that Jenny tried to blush, but it was said to be the only thing she ever was known to fail in. Hodge, however, blushed enough for

both, and although he was highly complimented on his gallantry and usual fine looks, he was miserably at ease, the starched shirt was so stiff that it kept him constantly annoyed; for every time he moved it rattled, and every time it rattled everybody laughed, except Jenny, who, to do her justice, did not intend it should act in that way. Hodge could not eat, and had to plead sickness; in fact, he was sick.

JENNY'S LOVE.

Jenny was very attentive to him; gave him hot tea, and hot water to bathe his feet; advised a walk in the cool air, as he had a slight fever; and for fear he might grow worse, she felt it her duty to accompany him. Now, if anybody expects me to tell what passed between the lovers during this walk, they will be disappointed. I am not the man to divulge private and confidential interviews. It is enough for others to know that when they did return, the matter was settled. The vows were uttered, their hearts united and the marriage-day fixed. The gossips were taken by surprise. Half a dozen country belles, some of whom could boast of solid charms, had set their caps, stocked the cards and spread their net to catch the handsome minister, with fair prospects of success. To think the despised "Jenny Strick-nine" should enter the ring at a late hour, distance the field on the first heat, and triumphantly bear off the prize, was distressingly humiliating. But what could they do? Hodge was an honorable man. His pledge was given, and the die cast. About two weeks after the events at the farmhouse, the special aid of another minister was required, Hodge redeemed his pledge, and the fair donor of the stiff shirt became his happy bride. It is said that preachers generally marry rich; if so,

Hodge was an exception. Jenny was poor. After the marriage, it was said Hodge's shirts were not starched so heavily. It was also said that she, to use the vulgar expression, "wore the breeches." The way she yelled at Hodge, and the way Hodge jumped when she shouted, did make it look a little that way. But she made him a very good wife. I might add that preachers' wives are said to be very fruitful vines, as they call them, but Jenny was ever childless. Hodge was very much distressed about it, and I think her objections to children had undergone a change for the better. But I am, finally, through with this story, and glad of it.

OLD BROTHER DAVIDSON.

I believe I was speaking of Tom Davidson when I commenced meandering, and I am sorry to acknowledge that I know so little of his history. I simply know that he had the name not only of being a pretty good man, but a tolerably fair, rough country preacher. He lives down in the neighborhood of Shakerag, and I think comes to town but seldom; at least, I have not met with him for twelve months or more. I suppose that our friend Jno. W—n might have posted me, as he was once old Tom's right hand man, occupied a prominent position in the "amen corner," and "raised the hymns." I am sorry to say that Thomas has slightly blackslidden since then; but I hope he will retrace his wayward steps, and come out all right yet.

"BROTHER COFFEY."

I must go back of Davidson a little to notice Rev. Elijah Coffey, a shoemaker by trade, who came here in 1825. I wish I could pass him unnoticed, as he sank to very degrading depths; but of his private character I shall have nothing to say further than that the wife he

had when he came here, and which I understand was his second wife, was a most estimable woman, and although some bad tales were told of Coffey in Illinois, where he came from, his deportment here during her lifetime was not materially objectionable. I will be under the necessity of taking, in connection with a brief history of Coffey, also one of Rev. Silas T. Toncray. I ought, in fact to go still further back, and give old Uncle Harry Lawrence a passing notice, who came here before either the two last alluded to. He certainly cut a considerable figure among his own color, and often preached to mixed congregations. I might also speak of some straggling preachers and others of the class alluded to in the early part of my story, but of most of these the less said the better.

BROTHER COFFEY AND PHILIP S. WHITE.

Toncray was a very good, and I might say a moral man. He certainly was a very ingenious and useful man. He was a silversmith, watchmaker, engraver, sign painter, druggist and dentist; also, a doctor and preacher. The last two trades he had better never have undertaken. In the others he was moderately proficient. He and Coffey both belonged to the Baptist Church, though I think the former was of the "Hard-Shell" and the latter of the "Free-Will" persuasion. I don't think they ever got along well together. Coffey felt himself the superior of Toncray, and in fact could preach a tolerable fair sermon for the times. In the delivery of his sermons he usually held his left hand to his ear and slashed around with his right in a frightful manner, taxing his lungs to their fullest capacity, and going it throughout on the principal that Branch kept tavern. I remember to have heard him preach one night in a large, open house, illu-

minated by a solitary tallow candle. Among the audience was a huge Kentucky lawyer by the name of Phillip S. White, of whom I have before spoken as being engaged in a duel with Gus Young, also as a great temperance-lecturer at a later day. He was at that time, however, a great rowdy, and I think the most natural comedian I ever saw. White devoutly took his seat close in front of the pulpit, and no sooner did Coffey commence vapping than White set to dodging, as though every pass of the hand was a blow aimed at his head. He was loud and frequent with the "Amen," but invariably put it in the wrong place. He also took a prominent part in singing, but was woefully out of tune; during all of which he maintained the utmost gravity, while most all others were ready to burst their sides with laughter.

Coffey changed his religion frequently, and was alternately taken in and turned out by the Baptists and Methodists. Finally all the churches conspired against him, except the Catholics, whom he joined, but they would not allow him to preach. He soon quit them, and, I am sorry to say, the Methodists not only reinstated him, but licensed him to preach, but confined his ministrations to a portion of Arkansas where it was thought good character in a minister was not required.

S. T. TONCRAY.

Toncray was a very inconsistent man, ignorant in everything except mechanism, and it was a pity he had not confined himself exclusively to it. He was slow and remarkably patient. I have known him to devote weeks to the construction of a miniature ship in the inside of a large show bottle, complete in all its parts, and when finished was a most wonderful piece of work. But he

was not so patient in some other things. He was petulant with those he considered beneath him, and addicted to too frequent use of the cowhide in his own family. He performed the service of baptism as though it were an ordinary business transaction. His voice was naturally weak, and he overtaxed it to such an extent that he sometimes broke down in the middle of his sermon, and but for the Old Harry that was in him, would have made frequent failures. His congregations were mostly black. The presence of whites seemed to annoy him, owing, perhaps, to the fact that his efforts at eloquence overstepped the sublime, and provoked laughter. He furnished the ground and built, on the corner of Main and Overton streets, wholly at his own expense, what is now known as the African Church, but during his lifetime as Toncray's Church. When finished according to his plans and supervision, with its well proportioned steeple and other parts, it proved the best specimen of architecture on the bluff.

I am sorry to devote so much space to these men, but really, they cut a considerable figure in their time, and the history not only of the Church, but of Memphis, would be very defective if their names were omitted. Both served for several terms as Aldermen, while Coffey, for a short time, discharged the duties of Mayor, but whether any old dumb clock "struck one" at their demise, or whether their spirits have ever been interviewed, I am not prepared to say.

A RARE OLD MAN.

In 1826 Rev. Lorenzo Dow, one of the most noted and remarkable men of the time, not only in this country, but in Europe, preached here in the fulfillment of an appointment made two years before, which, strange to

say, was generally remembered and drew the largest congregations. He preached several times on this bluff, was very eccentric in his manners, and by some considered deranged. He was below the medium height, awkwardly built, with a swaggering walk and jesture which, added to his natural drollery and peculiar mode of expressing himself, produced laughter when least intended.

He was a thorough physiognomist; could read every man's character in his face; would point them out and reprove them for their vicious habits as though he had known them all their lives, and rather seemed to court the ill, than the good will of the people generally. There was nothing peculiar in his dress, except that he wore his beard full, which was then considered shockingly indecent; and twice he had been arrested, by the authorities of towns through which he had passed, and forcibly shaved. The only beard wore at that time was a narrow strip of whiskers extending from the temple, following the line of the jaw, and terminating near the point of the chin, and sometimes brought with a curve to the corners of the mouth. A dandy would devote more time brushing his whiskers over his finger, so as to give them a fancy curl, than is generally devoted to such purposes now.

LUCK OF THE CHURCHES.

Memphis fared badly for a church. The proprietors had never given a lot, or other material aid, toward building one. I know it is said that they gave the lots on which the first Presbyterian church is built; but I happen to know that that is not so. Those lots were and had been, to some extent, used as a graveyard even before the city was laid off. The proprietors tried for

several years, without avail, (for they were none too popular), to stop it. They then applied to the Mayor and Aldermen, offering to give the town the two lots if they would stop their further use as a burying-ground. One of the Aldermen inquired,

“If they are worthless to you, what value would they be to the town?”

To which they replied:

“They will answer for church purposes,” which was the only time the word was used, and on this flimsy pretext the church based her adverse right.

In the deed no such word as “church” appeared, but the consideration was set forth as above stated. The Board refused the proffer; but while it was an open question, and the proprietors were actively log-rolling to have it accepted,

A MEMORABLE DISASTER OCCURRED.

The explosion of the steamer *Helen McGregor*—an account of which, with other similar disasters that have occurred here, I may furnish some day for publication—by which such a vast number was killed that the citizens who had opposed the removal of the burying-ground now became its advocates; so the Winchester Cemetery was partly purchased and partly donated, and the first interments were the victims of that dreadful calamity.

Previous to 1826, the house which stands opposite the northwest corner of Market Square, and which I spoke of in a former communication as being the place in which the first court was held, and also as having been known as the Meeting House, answered very well; but when it was turned into a printing office the congregations were turned out, and for some three years the people were dependent for rooms in private families to hold meetings

in. It is true that the temporary court-house on Court Square, afterward used by Mr. Mageveney and others as a school-house, did very well for Sunday preaching; but our people were then quite romantic, and preferred spending their Sunday's in the country and performing their devotions at night, and after doing a hard day's work they did not feel like walking a half mile below town, to this Square, for such purposes.

A ROW BETWEEN THE CHURCHES.

In 1828, Mr. Charles C. Locke, uncle of Charley and Joe Locke, commenced the erection of a very handsome two-story house on Front street, then known as Chickasaw, between Concord and Overton streets, fronting some forty-five feet, designed for a hall, with rooms on each side, and some eighteen or twenty feet deep. He had succeeded in getting it enclosed, floors laid, etc., when he was overtaken by a financial misfortune, and was unable to complete it. He applied to old Ike Rawlings for a loan, offering to pledge the house and lot as security for its payment. Ike was the only money-lender we had—who, by-the-way, was very liberal, provided you got on the right side of him, and to do that you had to conform to his whims, which, unfortunately, Locke had not done. His plan of a house was a story and a half high, which he contended would answer every purpose of a two-story, and cost far less. Locke had, also, put a cornice to his house, involving another useless waste of money in Ike's mind. He had further given it a coat of white paint; Ike's favorite color was Spanish brown, both, perhaps, from economy and his long association with the Indians. But the most outrageous expense was a pair of ornamental spout-heads, with gold eagles, dates and other ridiculous flummery on them.

"No, sir," said Ike sternly; "you have spent more money on that house than was necessary to have completed a better one," smacking his lips at the same time, and looking remarkably wise and self-important. Locke, in disgust, turned from him, and for some three years that house remained in that unfinished condition. There are those ever ready to profit by the misfortunes of others, and the church had its share of them, who, instead of proffering aid for the completion of the house, applied for its gratuitous use as a church, which was readily granted, and soon one of those instances of liberality which not unfrequently occur between the different denominations took place. Locke was a Methodist, on which account the members of that church claimed a preference to the use of the house whenever a collision occurred, and urged Locke so to rule, but he refused to interfere, and the church and its possessions became questions never settled by factious partisans.

There is other history in connection with this house which, though not pertaining to this subject, may not be improper to relate. The Thespian Society was organized in 1829, and being unable to find another room so well adapted in the town, compromised with the religious societies, to whom Locke referred them, and took the upper floor, forming a sort of rotary concern. Whether they played into each other's hands, or vice versa, I shall not undertake to say, though it seemed that they got along more amicably than the religionists did among themselves, and I must here slightly correct my friend Tom Young, who, in naming the members of the Thespian Society, omitted, unintentionally, no doubt, the name of my brother George, who was somewhat hurt about it, as he was one of its most active members, and generally took a leading character.

It is also due to the history of Memphis, in this connection, to mention a man of extensive notoriety, Sol Smith, who was possessed of more brilliant and varying talents, perhaps, than any other man of his day, but woefully deficient as a financier. No matter how much money old Sol made, and he made much, he was always hard run—being greatly under the weather. In 1830 he came to Memphis, reorganized the Thespians, and as new names, like new brooms, work well, he adopted the name of the “Garrick Club,” and for a time appeared to succeed well; but he was a rolling stone, and seldom stayed long in one place, or stuck to the same pursuit.

The Presbyterians being unpleasantly situated, determined to look them out another place of meeting, and were fortunate enough to find one even better than the Locke building, which had several disadvantages. It was situated on the same street, and nearly opposite—in fact there was no other street in town, if we except the roads that led out—was a large two-story frame building, the property of Mr. John F. Schabell, father of Mr. Jas. F. Schabell, and occupied by the late Mrs. Agnes Hawthorn, who died a few years since at the advanced age of ninety-four, and shortly after occupied by Mrs. Underwood, the mother of Q. K. Underwood, of Arkansas. I feel that a tribute to these good women is due from me, and while on this subject I must mention another old lady who lived within a few doors—the late Mrs. Rachael Tarleton, who also died a short time since. I knew her when in the enjoyment of peace and plenty, but, like too many others, neglected her in her infirm and trying adversity, for at her death she must have been very old, and, I am told, perfectly helpless. For many years she had been wholly dependent on an old negress, who was formerly her slave, but who since has attended her old

mistress with a kindness, affection and unfaltering devotion that would have done credit to a daughter.

A few days ago I met in the street an old and esteemed lady—Mrs. Kesterson, formerly Miss Ann Hardaway. She did not observe me, and as she appeared to be in a hurry I did not stop her, but her bowed form and unsteady step (like my own) clearly proved that the hand of Time rested heavily upon her. Her's has been a chequered life; blessed at one time with abundance of worldly goods, and again reduced to abject poverty, the last of a large family—five brothers and two sisters—five of whom lie buried in the Winchester Cemetery. During all her trials she has, with a true Christian spirit, devoted her entire energies to the good of others.

THE PRESBYTERIAN.

The upper floor of the Schabell House the Presbyterians secured, and when the partitions were removed it presented a room of some twenty-five by thirty-six feet square. This they fitted up, in what was then considered great style, and, no doubt, with a design of plaguing somebody. Having secured a lease on the premises, they felt warranted in advertising themselves as being "permanently located." The walls were thoroughly white-washed, a neat, plain pulpit was erected, and regularly constructed seats placed in proper order. A substantial stairway led up from the outside, while the interior presented a handsome and more church-like appearance than anything ever before erected on this bluff. Their neighbor's tenure of occupation could hardly be said to extend from one Sabbath to another, and whose fixtures were of the most simple and temporary character, though not without some cost, and who, if required to move, could not have found another suitable room without

building it; nor, after their arbitrary conduct, could they ask for a joint occupation. The consequence was, they were completely taken down, and obliged to endure the mortifying spectacle of seeing the floating part of the church-goers attending the Presbyterian meetings. In justice to the Methodists I must say that less than one-fifth of the members engaged in the illiberal deportment alluded to, and it would ill become me, who had a father, mother, grandmother and elder sister members of that church—while my affinities were decidedly in the same direction—to say aught against them. But the pretty girls were of the other congregation, which, of course, attracted the young men, and I am strongly inclined to believe there was a mutual attraction.

MORAL EFFECT OF WOMAN'S PRESENCE

Another reason for my avoiding the Methodist meetings was that my old grandmother had a very annoying way of watching me, and if I chanced to glance or cast a smile or nod to some beauty across the aisle, or was guilty of other peccadillos, she was sure to take me to account for it. On the score of respectability I do not think the Methodists had anything to lose by a comparison with their more aristocratic neighbors. In evidence of which I propose to give the names of such as I can now remember of either denomination. Methodists: Solomon Roselle, Jesse A. Strange, father of J. P. Strange, John Brown, Hezekiah Cobb, recently died, John and Edward Manning, Robert Fearne, Henry James, John A. Frayser, James Robb, Zachariah Hite, farther of R. C. Hite, Wiley Kimbrough, Willis and William Wilder, and a number of others, whose names I cannot now remember.

Of the Presbyterians, I might mention Littleton Henderson, Samuel Merry, Enoch Banks, William Cowan,

Justyn Smith, William and James Lawrence, John Trigg, Tilman Bettis, Cizario Byas, Samuel Brown and others. There were some of the best citizens whose church connections I cannot now determine, and possibly have made some mistakes in those I have named. There were others whose denominations had no organization here. Others again, who seemed to filiate indiscriminately, and quite a large number of our most influential citizens, who made no profession of religion, at least did not unite with any church, but whose wives and families were strict church-members, whose names ought to be preserved.

THE CUMBERLANDS.

In 1829, I think the Rev. William Whitsett, of the Cumberland Church, came here and established a church of that denomination. Owing to the smallness of the membership he was rather unsuccessful for a time. His widow, at the extreme age of eighty-eight, still survives, with a strength of body, mind, hearing and voice that is truly remarkable. Of the large family they raised, but one daughter is now living—Mrs. Eliza Whitsett, wife and cousin of Wiley W. Whitsett, of whom few men of his day were more generally known and respected. Of their large family of children not one now survives.

PROFOUND PHILOSOPHY.

I have heretofore confined myself to matters which occurred up to 1830, except where necessary to trace individuals or incidents to later dates. It was my first intention not to venture any further, for the reason that a new epoch may be said to have occurred in the Church of Memphis worthy of commendation, being the advent of several of the ablest divines that ever filled her pulpits. I feel that my mode of dealing with persons generally

will be wholly out of place in reference to them, particularly as two of them are still living, and that, too, in this city. It is easy enough "for us historians" to show off our subjects that have passed away forty or fifty years since, in such a light as best suits us, and draw, to some little extent, on fancy, but while the originals are still here we have to be more particular about facts.

UNPALATABLE TALK.

I am an outsider in church matters, narrating incidents according to my best recollections, and have, in some instances perhaps, indulged in too much pleasantry. But so far, I have found nobody of good sense that has taken exceptions; though, perhaps, some have. I did not start out to flatter or wantonly offend. But the fact of a man's being a preacher or a professor of religion is no reason, in my mind, that his deportment should not be criticised, and I shall take the liberty of doing it, let the consequences be what they may. But I will venture to say that those who know me best will not charge me with being an enemy to the church or to preachers generally.

There are some ministers, I am sorry to say, who sometimes fail to "do unto others as they would have others do unto them." I could tell of an ex-minister who refused shelter to a lady, with a young babe, during a storm, in this county, although the possessor of a full competency of this world's goods. He was, however, kind enough to give her the gratuitous information that there was a public house only a few miles distant, at which she would be admitted,—and she was admitted and kindly cared for without charge. It is due his Reverence to say that he was unaware that the lady was the daughter of a Methodist minister. I am pleased to say

that no fatal consequences resulted, as the lady and child, now married, are still living.

REV. SAMUEL WILLIAMSON,

of the Presbyterian Church, came here, I think, in 1829. The first time I heard him was at the opening of what might be called the Schabell or Hawthorn Chapel. It was a proud occasion. He was quite young and appeared anxious to make a fine display; and did so, as far as learning was concerned. At least it was a vast improvement on what we had been accustomed to here. But his delivery was indifferent. In order to make his words more effective, he would drawl them out to an unpleasant length, and at times displayed a painful contortion of the mouth. He remained here several years, was considered very devout, and was very popular with his congregation.

The two ministers I alluded to as still being here, are

F. A. OWEN AND P. T. SCRUGGS.

They were both from North Alabama, where they had made the acquaintance of my father, and they preached their first sermons here in his house. I think Mr. Owen came here first, but in this I may be mistaken.

As to their capacity I have nothing to say, except that if every one else has as high an opinion of them as I have, they must be very popular. But I am sorry to say they proved failures. They came before their time—not like Shakspeare's man, "scarce half made up;" but, on the contrary, they were too well made up for the intelligence of the community at that time. The change from noise and bluster to sense and reason was what we were not prepared for—at least, so suddenly. It was like offering cold water to an old toper: It did him no good. These gentlemen, however, got along very well with the

intelligent; yet, I think, if they could only have split the difference it would have been much better, for we certainly needed a higher order of talent than we formerly had. There is, I think, even yet, notwithstanding the great improvement in church deportment, a set of ignorant blatherskites (who set themselves up as competent critics and judges) in some of the churches that must be a great nuisance to their societies, and particularly to intelligent ministers.

FATHER MOODY.

I must tell something about Rev. Samuel Moody, if it is of a private nature. He arrived here on the fifteenth of December, 1834. I remember the day well, for in about three hours after his arrival he performed a very interesting little ceremony, which constituted the most important event of my life. The other party to that transaction is still here, and looks like she might live to celebrate her golden wedding; and if I should be equally fortunate, we will have a big blow-out. I want you, Messrs. Editors, to consider yourselves especially invited; and be sure to come, for, aside from friendship, I have another use for you. You may not be able to say anything clever about me, but I want you to give the old woman a puff. She has borne me seven children, and raised them all, and I think I may justly feel proud of them. The youngest one exercises his citizenship at the polls; and if there are those who think the stock is likely to run out, I can inform them that three of my daughters have presented their husbands with fine, fat babies within the last few months, making just fourteen in all of the third generation. If I have not a right to be jolly, and have some claim upon my country, I would like to know who has. As we are the oldest resident

wedded couple in the city, I don't think this notice entirely out of place. I believe it is customary for novelists to wind up their stories with a wedding, but I do not know that it is so with historians, and I am particularly anxious to conform with the latter, lest they refuse to recognize me, and play smash with my aspirations.

CHARLES D. McLEAN.

The venerable person whose name heads this article is one of the very oldest and most prominent citizens of West Tennessee. He was at one time a leading politician, having beaten Hon. C. H. Williams for a seat in the Legislature. At the close of his term, which was, I think, in 1830, he removed to the neighborhood of Memphis, where he still lives, and although his large and well-stocked farm required his close attention, he found time to attend to all matters of a public character, involving the interest of this city or county, and most generally presided at such meetings. Men like C. D. McLean, Geo. L. Holmes and John Pope have done more to advance the farming interest and develop the resources of the country than can well be computed. The two latter have passed away, while old Charley, the senior of the three, though bowed down with the weight of near four-score winters, still walks our streets with remarkable activity. He was elected President of the Old Folks Association at its first organization, some twenty years ago, and has been retained in that position until its last meeting, in August, 1873, when he was reluctantly allowed to decline a re-election. Whether his active mind will allow him to pass the remainder of his days in quietude is yet to be seen. Long may he live!

THE FIRST FIRE COMPANY.

The year of our Lord, 1830, being the first decade after old Wappanocha Furgason, under the direction of William Lawrence, drove his stakes, and the fourth of our corporate existence, the census-taker found on this bluff between seven hundred and one thousand inhabitants. Whether this did, or not, include the blacks, I am not prepared to say, and had he extended his inquiries to the number of houses, would, doubtless, have found one hundred or more, many of which were of a better class than was generally found in towns of its size. Although our losses by fire were comparatively small, yet they did sometimes occur, and a more effectual way of quenching them than with buckets of water became evidently necessary. This subject had attracted some attention even before the town was incorporated, and still more afterward, but how to get an engine was the question. The non-property holders contended that it was the duty of the property-holders to furnish that article. The latter, being mostly the proprietors, who owned no houses or other property liable to burn, were willing to submit to a tax for that purpose, which, however, did not satisfy the "nons." Such was the case up to the year above mentioned, when old George Aldred, one of our Aldermen, being in Cincinnati, and seeing a small second-hand engine offered for sale very low, and thinking it would about suit us, made the purchase. I will here state that I do not find Aldred's name among the members of the Board of that year, and can only account for the omission on the supposition

that he was not elected at the regular March elections, but filled a vacancy. The continued feuds between the rich and poor, and the fact that a property qualification was required, reduced the number of eligible persons for Alderman to but few, and it was sometimes with difficulty that a Board could be secured. I am, however, very sure that Aldred was an Alderman that year. I am thus particular from the fact that he will cut a considerable figure in this story, and from the further fact that there are quite a number of critics who are ever ready to assail my historic veracity. The Vigor, as this engine was named, or the "Little Vigor," as she was commonly called, on account of her diminutiveness, not being over three feet high, worked by two long cranks extending from her sides, and capable of furnishing room for eight men, by which power she could throw water over the tallest house on the bluff, and, although somewhat defaced, seemed very substantial, and made quite a handsome appearance, while the general opinion seemed to be that she was just the thing we needed. But one of the peculiarities of the people of Memphis is, and perhaps always will be, never to allow themselves to be pleased with anything, though this engine at first promised to be an exception, and perhaps would have proved so but for an unfortunate, and I might add disgraceful, occurrence. When the machine was first landed, everybody, old and young, black and white, flocked to see it. Never were children more anxious to engage in a sport than were the men of this town to get hold of those cranks and make the thing squirt. Her parade up the hill was a grand affair, and old George Aldred seemed suddenly to have become the most popular man on the bluff. The landing was then at the foot of Auction street, coming up which street they

stopped at a mud hole in the rear of Auction square, and rousing the hogs out, they proceeded to fill the box with the muddy water, when the word "play away" was given, and such a scampering! The pipesman mounted the box, swung his pipe around so as to throw the dirty water on the crowd in all directions, and a number of fine bonnets and other rigging were ruined. This was considered a smart trick and a good joke, though the sufferers took quite a different view of it. Filling up again, they let loose on the neighboring houses, breaking in the windows and drenching everything with mud and filth, to the great grief and annoyance of the occupants. Having exhausted the mud-hole, enjoyed a big laugh and taken a hearty swig, or, rather, having repeated some half dozen previously taken, they started out to where the road crossed the bayou, putting old George in front. As they ran down the hill at full speed, the old fellow, being unable to keep out of their way, fell, and I suppose a dozen men ran over him, and, but for the exertions of a few, the engine would have passed over and killed him. As it was, he received injuries from which he never recovered. A general row came near taking place. The Alderman was picked up and carried home, and the engine was also drawn back and put in a vacant storehouse of his adjoining his dwelling. The next question to be settled was, whether Alderman Aldred and his engine, or those who had taken forcible possession of her, was most to blame. As such differences are generally compromised, they were held as about equal in the public estimation, and the old man's popularity went down faster than it had gone up. The reason was, that suits for damages were seriously thought of, and Aldred was the only one out of which such debts could likely be made. He belonged to that, then, obnoxious class known as the rich,

and that, too, without possessing some of their redeeming qualities. For instance, he was a great drunkard—always kept a barrel on tap, and yet rarely invited others to “smile.” When drunk he was a terrible old brute, particularly in his family; still he was not without friends and strange to say, among the better class of citizens. He was a man of pretty fair education and general information. In fact, he was spoken of by some as the brains of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen, and apart from his intemperate habits, was respected by his fellow members, especially Mayor Rawlings.

A CURIOUS STORY.

I am here tempted to tell a religious story, notwithstanding the unfavorable reception former ones of that character have met with. I fancy I can hear you whisper, “let that religious part pass,” while something else hints that it is as well to be hung for an old sheep as a lamb, and as I never was noted for prudence, I have determined to bulge ahead and risk the consequences. The extension of Main beyond Auction street being the point where the original Pinch took its start, has, for some reason or other, been considered a rich field for missionary labors. It will be remembered that old Nat. Howcott, some twenty years later, established what he called the “Red Church,” but what others called the “New Hiding Place,” after one of Nat’s favorite rallying songs, with which they made the welkin ring until near morning. Fortunately for them, perhaps, old George Aldred was dead, or he might have brought the little Vigor in play and washed them out as a nuisance. As it was, Nat. was allowed to continue in all his glory, and, by the way, I see from a recent publication that his spirit is making itself quite familiar in table-tipping circles. It was at

this point that a man by the name of Erwin, if I mistake not, lived at the time our story commences. He was a stout, able-bodied man, a sort of rough carpenter or gin-builder by trade, seemed physically adapted to the business, but I think was constitutionally opposed to hard work. About this time, it will be remembered, Rev. Alexander Campbell made the discovery that the Scriptures had never been rightly understood, and his theory seemed to meet with considerable favor. By a strange coincidence our man Erwin made a similar discovery, but whether there was any similitude in the two discoveries I am unable to say; so it was, that our poor fellow's mind was completely carried away with the idea of immortalizing himself as the founder of a great sect that was destined to swallow up all others. Unfortunately, however, for him, his education had been woefully neglected, and even nature seemed to have been very sparing in her gifts of language, and delivery especially. These, however, he hoped to overcome by close application, but that the cause might not suffer by the necessary delay, he wisely determined to employ an assistant, and was fortunate in securing the aid of the Rev. Elijah Coffey. The latter, however, did not yield a full adhesion to Erwinism, but stated that there were many strong points favoring it; that he had not had time, from his last and lapstone to give it that investigation that its vast importance required, but should certainly do so in due time, which meant as soon as he found out whether it was likely to take, after which he would either apply his awl or his end. Erwin's house consisted of two rooms, which, when the partition was removed, made one of about eighteen by twenty-four feet, with two front and two rear doors, and about as many windows, being about the most roomy house in the town.

And he had been to some expense in fitting it up, having removed his family to a shanty not far distant. The novelty seemed to take; the meetings were frequent, some three per week; the congregations were large, though not very orderly; the disorderly part, however, generally remained on the outside, where they could enjoy a laugh at Coffey's vaporings, or Erwin's inordinate ignorance. They also could retire to the Bell tavern and partake of an eye-opener at short intervals, without disturbing the pious exercises, in doing which they were obliged to pass old Aldred's door; and on one occasion, being instigated by the devil, bad whisky, or possibly by bad preaching, or, more likely, by all together, and observing a number of loose brickbats lying around, gathered them up and commenced pelting the Alderman's domicile. The old fellow seized his double-barrelled gun and sallied forth, when the assailants sought safety in flight, for it was generally understood that he would shoot, but that he would go into a place of divine worship to do so was never for a moment imagined. And when they found themselves within the sacred walls of Erwin chapel, they felt perfectly safe; but in this they were mistaken. Aldred, though suffering from injuries received by being run over, as before stated, and which, by the lack of skill, or, perhaps, his own indifference, had rendered him not only very unsightly, but very unwieldy, waddled along, his gun giving him a free pass, until he found himself among the new reformers, cursing, threatening and flourishing his gun. The doors and windows were immediately called into requisition, and amid the screaming of women and children, the house was cleared in a few seconds. The general impression seemed to be that shooting was to be done, and where the greatest crowd there the greatest

danger, the consequence was that each appeared desirous of being by himself and getting away as fast as possible. Erwin sought shelter in the bosom of his family, while Coffey was the only man that showed any disposition to stand to his ground. Armed with gospel grace he felt prepared to face old Aldred, if backed by Apolyon and all his tribe. He even commenced reproof, but when the double-barrels were brought to bear upon him, he considered discretion the better part of valor, and fled precipitately; after which Memphis never spent a more quiet night. But the thing was not done with. The outrage on the part of Aldred was too heinous to be overlooked. So next morning old Mason Smith, town constable, district constable and deputy sheriff, waited on old George with a State's warrant, and took him immediately before Squire Rawlings. The news had spread all over town, and of course had lost nothing in its travels. The occurrence was looked upon by all as most horrible, but the mode of punishment, made and provided in such cases, was not so well understood. Whether it was hanging, penitentiary or simply high fine and imprisonment, was the question that required a legal mind to answer, some of whom, though very reticent, looked knowing; others intimated that if certain authorities, with which they were acquainted, were brought forward, the crime would be greatly extenuated, if not justified, while others boldly declared that nothing but culpable mismanagement on the part of the prosecution could fail to send him up for at least ten years. Despite of all this, Aldred maintained his surly indifference, and it was through him that the fattest picking was expected, while the others relied on the strength of their cause, and the trial progressed without the aid of lawyers, on either side. The parsons put their case in

very feeling words, but with a look that bespoke the agony of their souls at the thought of the impious outrage. When through, his honor demanded of Aldred what he had to say? Who replied:

"That the place is a nuisance, which it is the right and duty of anyone to abate."

"How so?" asked Ike, in a less peremptory tone than was his custom.

"Because," said George, "the persons who attacked my house came thence, and, after committing the deed, hastened back to where the preaching was going on, as can be proven; and I think if that is the result of such labors, the quicker they are stopped the better."

Ike grunted, rubbed his nose, smacked his lips and replied:

"I think so too."

The aspect of affairs immediately underwent a sudden change; taking advantage of which the old squire arose and delivered, I have no doubt, the best impromptu lecture of his life, in which, as usual, he was very severe on all parties, particularly the newly-enlightened Erwin, "You are a pretty fellow to set yourself up as a teacher, and the result is only what might have been expected." To Aldred he was also very severe. "You," he said are capable of making a good citizen, and yet are proving yourself anything else." He finally dismissed the case with a warning to all parties never to appear before him again under similar circumstances. The court was immediately adjourned. Aldred, who tried to get a word with his honor, but was repulsed, was the last to get out, though when he did, was received with a cheer. The southern people, and perhaps all others, admire a bold, fearless man, and our hero had put a host to flight,

faced the frowning Hector, plead his own cause, and had not only come out scathless, but turned the tide against his accusers. It is needless to say that Aldred stock went up. Being thus greeted he delivered himself of a speech in which he said water was a great thing, not only for navigation, agriculture, manufacturing and culinary purposes, but more particularly for cleanliness; that he was a hydropathist by profession, and had the necessary apparatus to administer it, and if that dirty congregation attempted to assemble again in his hearing he would certainly wash them out. The idea was a new one, and the rabble, feeling licensed, promised themselves much sport, which I am sorry to say was afterward practiced to an improper extent, not on the Erwin-ites, however, as Coffey, immediately after this affray, made the discovery that there was nothing in it, while its founder, disconsolably wandered around for a short time, then disappeared. A few creditors were desirous of learning his whereabouts, but like other meteors, he passed so rapidly away as not to leave even a momentary glare to indicate his course.

Shortly after this Cobb's sawmill took fire. A number of persons ran in haste for the Vigor, expecting to encounter the double-barrel shotgun, but were agreeably surprised to find the door of the warehouse open and the engine in readiness, with which the fire was soon extinguished, although for a time the fate of the mill and surrounding buildings and lumber was doubtful. After this the Vigor was purchased, old Schabell advancing the money himself, and might be called her first captain. Here I might tell a number of amusing incidents in which the little Vigor flourished, but my story is already too long. Whenever a house became disorderly, it had to be washed out, which, of course, devolved on her. In 1832

a free negro by the name of Alfred Richardson, a blacksmith by trade, and possessed of some property, (afterward caught stealing cotton and sent to the penitentiary,) started the first public hack. On her first trip she was chartered by some lewd women and their gallants. Chickasaw street and Front row, as they were then called, might be said to be the only streets in town, and the hack went dashing back and forward through them at short intervals. These women had been tolerated on their promise of behaving themselves. Up to the time of their location in Chelsea, which was then a perfect wilderness, Memphis had borne the name of the most virtuous town on the river. These women had commenced acting badly, and would parade the streets in a body, dressed in fantastic style, and now they were evidently drunk, yelling at the top of their voices. The case was considered one that required the attention of the Vigor, and she was hastily brought into requisition. An old negro washerwoman, who lived near the corner of front and Jackson streets, had on hand at the time a large supply of soap-suds, some of which had stood and stunk insufferably; but the Vigor was filled with it. They next procured several pounds of lampblack, which was added, the soapsuds being sufficiently strong to dissolve it. Hardly had everything been got in readiness when here came the hack with renewed glee.

Two negroes came from the opposite side of the street, and caught the horses, when the Vigor opened. She first paid her respects to the outside passengers, whom she soon disposed of. I think I see Alf. Richardson now, heels upward in the air. As to the women, I shall attempt no description. The stream that would knock one out of the carriage would catch her from beneath before

she struck the ground. In truth, it was cruel, and several were badly hurt. The women were, of course, very abusive. After which they were quietly informed that the sooner they left the better, as the Vigor could easily be taken across the bayou. Richardson was furious, but cooled down when informed that there was a point not far distant at which the law ended.

The Vigor was overtaxed. Pitmans were attached to her cranks, so as to enable double the number of men originally intended to work upon her, by which she was broken down. There are but two, old Tom Young and myself, now living who belonged to her original organization, and perhaps the only two that ever turned her cranks. Old George Aldred died in 1835, and although possessed of some good traits, I think the world was better off without him. It was in 1838 that the Deluge was bought, supposed by many to have been our first engine. I shall not attempt to give any of her history, though much might be given. There were also some amusing incidents connected with her purchase, one of which I will venture to give, although it may place one of our city fathers in rather an undignified attitude. At that time nothing could be obtained on the corporate credit unless indorsed by the members of the Board, or other responsible citizens. Toddy Dixon, as he was familiarly called, who was Mayor at that time, being absent in Baltimore, left old Charles B. Murray, of whom everybody has, or ought to have heard, as Mayor pro tem. Charley had involved himself in one of his pet schemes to build a markethouse on Market Square, with an upper room for a town hall, etc. When the resolution to order a new fire-engine, and the members to indorse or become individually responsible for its payment, came up, and notwithstanding his sub-excellency's opposition, showed

strong symptoms of passing, he refused to put the question. It may be necessary to explain that at that time the Aldermen occupied seats on each side of a table, three on a side, with the Mayor at one end and the Recorder at the other. When the Mayor took part in the debate, as at present, he would sometimes call on the Recorder to take the vote—which he was requested to do in this case, but again refused. When, at the request of a member, the Recorder was about to put the vote, old Charley threw himself flat on his back on the table, stamping with his feet, beating with his hands and yelling like a savage, until the Board and audience, which was unusually large, made the yell general and quit the house, leaving Charley triumphant, for he, and perhaps all others present, thought that a majority had the power to involve the private funds of the minority against their will. But our early legislators were very ignorant of their powers, parliamentary rules, or individual rights. Perhaps it is wrong to expose them. The Deluge, despite old Charley's opposition, was purchased. I will simply add, that I was a member of the Fire Department up to the time the steam fire-engines were introduced.

ANOTHER HISTORIAN.

CORINTH, MISS., November 22, 1872.

EDITORS APPEAL—Forty-five years have elapsed since those days of which I wrote some time ago, and with them the memory of many events; and it is hardly possible that any one should remember correctly all the names of members of a society. In reading OLD TIMES' very interesting article, I find he has not represented all the persons he speaks of, at least from my recollection of them, in their true characters. Parsons Toncray and Coffey, are faithfully represented, according to my knowledge of those "ancient brothers;" but in the character of Harry Lawrence, OLD TIMES, I think, to use a common expression, is certainly "romancing." I profess to know as much of Uncle Harry's character as any one now living, from the fact of his having been for many years a member of our family.

In early times he married one of my father's servant women, with whom he lived happily up to the year 1842—the year I left Memphis. Up to that time, Uncle Harry's character for piety was very faulty. I only knew him as a notoriously wicked old sinner; and during the time I knew him, I never saw him exhibit the least outward piety that would pass as coin, even in Memphis, in those early days. In fact, I think that his belief was that a negro had no soul, and he fully sustained his belief by his practice.

I would like to hear OLD TIMES' opinion as to the character of one Parson Smith, who was a cotemporary of Elders Toncray and Coffey. He came from "Down

East;" and, to use the vernacular of Scotty Briggs, "Run a Gospel-mill" in Memphis, in opposition to those well-known characters.

There is an old tradition that a bet was made, between two of our (then) leading men, on the pulpit powers of Coffey and Smith. The judges on this occasion I know very well, but cannot vouch for their competency to decide such important matters. The umpire decided in favor of Parson Coffey. The winner of the wager, which was a barrel of apples, presented it to the victor, Parson Coffey, who, after a short lecture on the wickedness of gambling, fell to and devoured the fruit with marvelous voracity.

LANG SYNE.

ANSWER TO "LANG SYNE."

EDITORS APPEAL—I find in your columns a communication from my old friend "Lang Syne," of date November 22, 1872, who, by-the-way, could give you more of the early history of Memphis, if he would, than any man living. I think he is older than I am; but, perhaps, he will not acknowledge that. He is certainly an older resident, better educated, and had far better opportunities of observing the passing events of early days on this bluff than I had; and yet a beggarly half column, four or five times a year, is all that can be gotten out of him. Perhaps he is waiting until I am exhausted, and then he will flood you with matter rich, rare and peculiar. If so, he may commence immediately, for I am done. The great pity is that I did not stop some time ago. But, strange to say, he has the assurance to ask me to tell one of his own stories for him. Now, as an evidence that I did not go into bad company in my young days, I

can say positively, that I was not present when the barrel of apples was prayed for, though I believe I did eat some of the apples, and, if I am not mistaken, he was the man that gave them to me and told me the whole story afterward, and which I will endeavor to tell you in as few words as possible.

A PRAYER GAUGE IN OLD TIMES.

Parson Smith, as "Lang Syne" calls him, was what was then known as a Flat-boat Preacher, one of a class who had the faculty of leaving their religion behind whenever they took to the water, and reassumed it on returning to shore. At that time Memphis, and in fact, all the lower country, was in a measure dependent on flatboats for supplies, and at some seasons of the year their visits were rather unfrequent, and suffering was to some extent the consequence. Such was the case on one occasion when our people were delighted to see a flat-boat rowing into our landing, which was then where the upper part of the Navy-Yard is now, and soon quite a number were on her deck, among them Parsons Coffey and Smith. The latter, in order to introduce himself to the boatmen as one of their sort, gave them some choice specimens of flatboat oaths, whereupon Coffey undertook to reprove him.

"Mr. Smith," said he, advancing to that individual, "you profess to be a Christian; you are a praying man," he added, with a stern look.

"Yes," shouted Smith, "and I can beat you praying any day."

"Tut, tut," said Coffey, as though that were out of the question.

After some sparring, made up of oaths and offers to bet on the part of Smith, and indignant scoffs on the

part of Coffey, the citizens present divided and took sides, some insisting that the reputation of our town was at stake, for they refused to recognize Smith as a citizen, and that Coffey must, by all means, stand up to him. The matter was soon arranged, and a barrel of apples staked on the result. Smith led off, and, it was said, made a bully effort in the ordinary way, cheered on by his side. When it came Coffey's turn, who, to do him justice, tried to get out of the scrape, but such men as Gus. Young, Major Hickman, Green Davis, Todd Collins and others were there, including our friend, who could have made him put his head into the fire, if they had said so. Finding there was no alternative, he pitched in and showed more wit and humor than he ever before was thought capable of. He devoted the whole of his prayer to Smith, whom he represented as the most unmitigated scamp, rascal and sinner generally, on earth, urging at the same time that he was not an accountable being, that he was so constituted as to be wholly incapable of any moral, honorable, or decent deportment, too contemptible to attract the notice of a human, much less Divine being. But it appeared that Smith had more spirit than he was supposed to have, and when all others were bursting with laughter, he sprang suddenly forward, struck Coffey in the breast, and knocked him heels over stomach into the river—not, however, without being caught by the arm, jerked along, and so the pair went in together. A spontaneous yell greeted this event, which, however, was of short duration, as the parties remained under water longer than human nature would seem to warrant. They did, however, come to the surface, when poles were handed them, after which the adjourned laughter was resumed and continued for several minutes, during which the poor parsons were shivering with

the cold and begging for relief. Coffey was then taken out, but Smith was told that in consequence of his dastardly conduct he was to be left where he was. Some of the more feeling soon after helped him along the side of the boat until he could touch bottom, when he clambered up the bank and made off, and soon quit the place. Coffey was decided the victor unanimously. A fine lot of apples and other presents were given him, and he went home rejoicing. It proved to be the most popular thing that Coffey ever did. They were mighty fine apples, "Lang Syne," the first we had had for a month; but, old fellow, you must tell your own tales hereafter, and not be drawing on me; it ain't fair.

As for old Harry Lawrence, I knew, of course, that he was a grand old rascal, but as he had been dead thirty years, I did not think it necessary to tell it.

HEZEKIAH COBB.

It may be questionable whether laudations of an individual through the press on the occasion of his death avail anything to the memory of the deceased. It is not always the truly good who receive the most laudatory obituary notices. Hezekiah Cobb, who died not very long ago, deserves from the old citizens of Memphis something more than a passing notice. I was never very intimate with him, but can point out a few of his peculiarities, and leave your readers to form their own estimates of his worth. No man ever did himself justice and worked as hard as Hezekiah Cobb, nor did any man do himself justice and allow others to reap the fruits of his labors to the extent that he did. He acted

as if he thought it his duty to plant that others might reap. His trouble was in collecting money, not in earning it, and when he fell in with hard cases, which was very common, he abandoned the debt rather than be bothered with its collection. I once heard of an old house being pulled down for the purpose of building a new one in its stead, the same parties having been the original builders. Calling on Mr. Cobb for the necessary lumber (he owned a saw mill), he modestly declined furnishing it; and on being questioned for his reason, replied that they had never yet paid him for the lumber in the old building. Two men went once to purchase a large lot of lumber from him. Having made the necessary agreement and left him to measure the lumber, one of the partners, who did not know Mr. Cobb, suggested to the other that it might be better to get some one not interested to measure the lumber, as the old man might cheat. "Yes," said the other, "he will be certain to cheat, but it will be to cheat himself. No one," he continued, "that ever knew Hezekiah Cobb, would suspect him of cheating anyone else."

He was always hard run, in consequence of the difficulty of collecting, until he took Cezario Bias in partnership, when, although he worked no harder and had to divide the proceeds, Bias in a few years time had handed him over some forty thousand dollars. He was induced to go into a steamboat speculation, and bought or built the steamer Monarch, which, by bad management, never cleared expenses on any trip she ever made. After sinking all he had, and sinking him deeper in debt, she finally sunk herself, which was the best thing the steamer ever did for the owner. From that day until his death he knew nothing but hard work and terrible pecuniary difficulties.

Hezekiah Cobb was the first man that erected a steam-engine on this bluff. He built the first saw-mill and sawed the first lumber. He served longer as Alderman than perhaps any other man ever did, and that too when neither thanks, pay nor benefits accrued from it; and I will venture to say, no one was more attentive or faithful in the discharge of public duties, and should justice ever be done the pioneers and benefactors of Memphis, the name of Hezekiah Cobb will certainly occupy a prominent position.

OLD SAM. BROWN

ANECDOTES, PECULIARITIES, ETC.

Colonel Samnel R. Brown arrived on this bluff in 1819, and opened the first tavern here—a double log house, situated on the north side of Auction street, opposite the square. His means at that time appears to have been limited, as he was under the necessity of performing the duties of landlord, barkeeper, hostler and general servant, of whom, I think, an anecdote will not be out of place here. It seems he had previously acquired the title of Colonel, but whether legitimately or merely dubbed, I am unable to say, except that military titles were not so common in that day as after General T. C. McMackin's coming, who made Colonels of us all. A well dressed, gentlemanly looking person called at the house on business, and inquired for Colonel Brown. Mrs. Brown informed him that he was not in, but probably would be in a few minutes. Soon after a man drove, or, rather, rode up on a bare-backed, little, old, gray pony, to which was attached a truck-cart, that creaked

so loud you could have heard it a mile. The wheels were sawed from an ordinary sized tree, and were attached by an axle about four feet in length; the frame being made of the fork of a small tree, or sappling, and the crotch held to the hight of the axle by a strong curved peg, or foot, as they were called, while the prongs rested on the axle. In this fork or frame was secured a barrel, with the bung sawed out, leaving an opening some five or six inches square, into which a dove-tailed lid was slightly driven, to prevent the sloshing out of the water; and in this way all families were supplied, as cisterns were then unknown. Thus the Colonel came up, his shirt, which was then his outer garment, from the waist up, appeared to have rendered a week's service since its previous boiling. He had shoes, but no socks on; his breeches, according to the pattern of the day, had ample but low seat, so that when riding they drew up full half way of the calf. It is but just to say that the Colonel had a very fine pair of calves, and may have been proud of showing them.

"There," said Mrs. B., "is Colonel Brown," pointing to him of the water-cart.

The stranger looked from one to the other, in surprise, several times before being satisfied that he was not trifled with.

The Colonel seemed to have acquired an early love for office, and for more than twenty years, uninterruptedly, held from one to three. All that was necessary was to get on the good side of the Representative in the Legislature, who then controlled all the appointments for local or county offices. "Samuel" could make himself social and jovial when he tried, and tell many good jokes on himself, but it did not come natural, and was only resorted to in cases of necessity. He was the first Sheriff

of Shelby county, and served, I think, two terms. After which he concluded that the clerkship of the Court, or rather of two Courts, would pay better, and put in for them, known as the Circuit and Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions—succeeding of course, as he had thoroughly wormed in with the appointing power. Yet he was not happy. The office of Magistrate being open he applied for, and was also appointed to that office. This was quite handy, as he could, as Magistrate, bind a fellow over, and thus get two or more fees out of him. He could also, as Clerk, issue a license to himself to marry a couple, and then, by virtue of the power from himself to himself, solemnize the nuptials.

He used to tell a pretty good story in reference to his first performance in that line, which, as well as I can remember, I will endeavor to repeat; and it is, perhaps, necessary to say that although our country friends are not now the most polished in the world, yet they are a decided improvement on what they were fifty years ago; so that such stories are no reflection on the present generation. The Squire having empowered himself, pocketed the document and arrived at the place in the dusk of the evening. The old lady met him in fine spirits, and an introduction followed:

“This is Squire Brown,” she said.

“I pass for it,” he answered, in the vernacular of the day.

“This is Mrs. ——.”

“I pass for it,” she responded.

They had just received an ample supply of whisky, and all had sampled it and unanimously voted it good. After a hearty shake of hands he was led in and took a seat. The old woman then went to a large goard, thrust her hand in and withdrew it with a pretty fair handfull

of dark brown sugar, which she put into a tin-cup, then some water, and with her fore-finger proceeded to stir. The maternal head of a country family is not only a very responsible, but laborious position.

"Mammy," sang out an urchin, "come here to Sam; he is running sticks into the 'lasses jug."

"I'll git arter Sam soon's I mixes the Squire a toddy," responded the old lady.

"Mammy," cried the bride elect, "come and help me fix my harr."

"Oh hush, I shan't do it till I've done made the Squire a toddy."

Next came a gruff voice—

"Old woman, you had better look after these things, if you don't want the children to eat them up."

And again the same reply; meanwhile the finger was industriously plied, and the liquor added in broken doses, between which she would withdraw the finger from the cup and apply it to her mouth, for the purpose of testing its flavor. She was evidently an expert at the business, and determined to do the present potation up BROWN. The Colonel had seen too many fingers in his previous messes to squeam at this; beside he was very dry, and although the cup was full to the brim, did not return it until empty, not seeming to know that it was designed for two, with that grand old sentiment—

"Here's luck, Mrs. ———."

But the old woman was under the necessity of making another mess before she could return his compliments, which was—

"Same to you, Squire."

After which she bustled and scolded around at a terrible rate until the ceremony was ready to proceed. The parties being arrayed before him, he arose with great

dignity—Sam was a very dignified man—and, drawing forth the document, commenced thus: “I hold in my hand authority from Samuel R. Brown”—here he became confused and could not proceed. The more he tried to “un-confuse the deeper he confused.” But Sam had been a pedagogue in his time, and had learned the way of avoiding a burst of laughter at some ludicrous scene—which was, to get terribly mad; for which purpose they always keep an unfortunate scapegoat, whom they call up and flog, as a warning to others, and also to turn the master’s mind from the pleasant to the vindictive; it likewise relieves the monotony; so whether “studious or not, scapie is bound to catch it”—which, I am told is a certain cure for laughter, and also answers as a relief from embarrassment. Sam found that he was obliged to get mad or give up the job in disgrace, so, looking hastily around for a “scapie,” and seeing some of the men rather close behind, turned round and ordered them, in the most angry and authoritative tone, to stand back, or he would be compelled to suspend the ceremony, and at the same time driving them to the wall, by which movement he sufficiently recovered himself, and went through without further interruption, in a most creditable manner.

After which came the liquor, then the supper, then the liquor again. It is due to Sam to say that his fret, having not only answered its purpose, but established his importance, was readily abandoned, and he became one of the jolliest of the crowd. The dance was opened by Boon Schoat bolting up to Sally Swarringame, with—

“Now, Sal, you bantered me for a jig at t’other wedding, when you knowed I war too drunk to dance, but I’m your man now, and all right.”

“And I’m your gal,” replied Sally, as she bounced to

her feet, "Jist wait till I git my shoes and stockings off. I never could dance worth a cent, with 'em on."

So, after tying a handkerchief around her waist and setting her comb down in her hair—while Boon was shucking his coat and girting himself—they went at it, and the way they made the puncheons rattle for half an hour was a terror to the rats beneath, cheered on by their friends. The men showed their gallantry by siding with Sally, while the women were equally magnanimous to Boon, and "Hurraw, Boon," "Go it, Sally," "Now you've got him," "Them's the licks," was alternately exclaimed during the set-to. As to which beat was a question never yielded by the opposing side.

After the Constitution was changed, giving the election to the people, the Colonel was twice elected Clerk of the Circuit Court, making three terms of six years each, but left him out of the County Court and Magistracy. Having so long been independent of the people, and having acquired a tone and manner anything but pleasing, he found difficulty in changing it. At the end of his second term many thought he had held office long enough, and made enough to quit. He, therefore, pledged himself that if his friends would stand by him once more he would not be a candidate again. They done so, but no sooner was the election over, and he triumphant, than he relapsed into his former mode. He seemed to think he would have no further use for friends, became sullen, unaccommodating and, in some instances, uncivil. He could readily forget a friend, but not an enemy, and voting against him was a crime he rarely forgave, particularly in one who had formerly supported him,—though there was nothing unnatural in that. At the close of his last term he moved from Raleigh to Memphis, where soon the old desire for office returned. He sought, by jokes

and pleasantry to re-establish himself in public favor, but it would not take; so, after several defeats, he became convinced that his chances for office here were hopeless—a fact that was evident to everybody else long before. Disgusted and soured, he quit the State and moved to Desarc, Arkansas, where, to reward him for the honor of his citizenship, they made him Mayor. I might tell a good story of the difficulty between him and old Dr. Sledge, but shall pass it for the present. He died only a few days ago, at a very advanced age.

I have spoken of Colonel Samuel R. Brown with, perhaps, more levity than was proper, and I think it but due to say that he was a good citizen, and possessed of many good qualities. Colonel Brown was an only brother, but had, I think, nine sisters, who were remarkable for their beauty, intelligence and general lady-like bearing. The elder was Mrs. Minott, mother of our fellow-citizen, Esquire Thomas B. Minott. Two of them married Lawrences, William and James H., the former still living, though I do not know that any of her children are. Two of them married Tituses, Fearn and James. One married Thomas Phœbus, the first Editor of Memphis,—after whose death she married Mr. Wm. B. Means. She was the mother of our fellow-citizen, Thomas Phœbus. I cannot now call to mind who the other married, for I believe two of them never married at all. They were, I think, somewhat choice, as the list above will go to prove.

CHARLES B. MURRAY.

I found the individual whose name heads this article here when I first located in 1828. He was a tailor by trade. He prided himself in being unlike any other man

on earth; desired to be looked upon as a great ladies' man; dressed extravagantly. He joined the Thespians, and would have made a pretty fair actor had he not put on quite so many monkey airs. They, however, well-nigh cured him of that, by hissing him whenever he attempted it. He secured the appointment of captain, from the fact that nobody else wanted it; and, although it might have been reasonably supposed that nothing could have made a fool of Murray, this did, and still left a margin. About a year later he was appointed Magistrate. This threw his head so far in the rear that the wonder was how he succeeded in keeping his body under it, and had he stumped his toe, he would certainly have fallen backward. Being a pretty fair singer, he would take his seat on the front bench of the Methodist church, where he would throw in the thorough bass with a depth of volume which seemed to come from the bowels of the earth. When the prayers came in, and everybody, professor or worldlyite knelt, the Squire would throw himself back, assume a bold, indifferent look, while a sarcastic smile, or grin, played over his carnivorous features. As a magistrate he tried to ape old Ike Rawlings, and so far as the ape was concerned, succeeded admirably; but when he came to the sensible part, was completely lost. He professed to be a man of very extensive reading, particularly in law. McAlpin soon learned his weak points, and, instead of reading law, would cite him to some authority, which he would say "completely settles this question, as your honor well knows." A graceful nod from his honor would virtually say, "certainly!" He culled all the highfalutin he came across, and wrung it into his conversations, without regard to its signification, if it had any. He was heavy on sublime, but unfortunately always went a few steps

beyond. LIGHT was his great theme, and all his efforts at original sentiment were based upon the celestial blessing. At a public dinner, being called upon for a toast, he rose and throwing himself into the attitude of an Ajax defying lightning, thrusting his fist as far toward heaven as possible, exclaimed "Hail Holy Light." Then, after a few seconds pause, during which he maintained his attitude, casting his eye over the assembly, and not being satisfied with the effect, raised his eyes again, and, in a deep hollow tone, as if some departed spirit were speaking through him, exclaimed, "My God, what a sentiment."

In the summer of 1839, the men of Memphis were thrown into the most intense excitement by a placard, in manuscript, being found posted against a wall, purporting to be a list of books recently published, in which the name of every man of prominence in the place was shown up as an author, and their subjects were such as were best calculated to hold their reputed authors up to ridicule; for instance, the greatest drinker, of the gentlemanly class, for it alluded to no other, was writing on Temperance. But, perhaps, old Charlie's case will be about as fair a sample as I can give, and ran thus: "Murry on Originality, with a portrait of the author, bound in calf." Again, "Christian Piety and Fancy Flights, by the author of Originality." The Squire, like a number of others, was in a terrible rage, and showed his originality by being particularly offended by the manner in which his work was bound. He spent three days overhauling all the documents he could find, with the hope of detecting the handwriting. Coming out in front of the Pinchite's Tavern, at the first of the excitement, he exclaimed with furious oaths and violent gesticulations:

“Had the scoundrel heard what I said he would have felt bad.”

“Ah! what did you say!” asked one.

“I said—I said by——, that it came from an uneducated mind, by——. [Hearty laughter.]

The effect produced by this placard was generally good on those therein named. It enabled them to “see themselves as others saw them,” for all admitted the correctness of the hits, and caused some to correct their habits. Another peculiarity of this card was, that it was evidently prepared by some one well acquainted with the habits, weakness and short comings of the parties, and yet he was never discovered; and I might go farther and say never even suspected.

Charles B. Murray, died as he had lived, showing his contempt for all things sacred to others, and often said he thanked his God that he had no religion. He died very suddenly from a rupture of an artery. When his doctor told him that, with prudence, he might live two or three weeks, he gasped out an oath, called the doctor a——liar, and swore he would not live one week, which proved true. He served as Alderman several times. I have given an instance of one of his capers while acting as Mayor pro tem., in my story of the “First Fire Company.” It is due to Squire Murray to say that he was an honest, sober, industrious man, and apart from his foolish and sacriligious whims, made a good citizen, as also a husband and father. He died in 1840, and was buried in Winchester Cemetery.

He was a man of considerable study, and once detected an imposter who was passing himself off as a Turk. I have tried to have my memory refreshed in reference to this matter, as it would have proved the richest part of this story, but failed to do so. The

mock Turk slipped off as quietly as possible. On the steamer on which he took passage he found a Memphis man who knew of his exposure, and to whom he said, "If it had been any body else but a d——d cross-eyed tailor that detected me I would not have felt so bad."

The same scamp played off in Washington and other cities afterward successfully.

A BRAVE ACT.

Some forty years ago, when our city was in its infancy, and consisted of but two streets, dotted here and there with a few diminutive houses and stores; when the streets, now bordered with magnificent business houses, beautiful churches and lovely homesteads, were dense woods, peopled only by the denizens of the forest, and the music of the sad-voiced whippoorwill, the mournful katydid, and the song of birds was all that broke the stillness, a band of Indians was crossing the Mississippi at this point. The Ferry privilege then belonged to Captain Zachariah Hite, who was engaged, day and night, in transferring the sons and daughters of the "Great Manito" across the "Father of Waters." Late one afternoon, after leaving his landing on this side, the skies suddenly became o'ercast, the winds howled and the rain descended in torrents, and at the point just above the mouth of Wolf river his flat became unmanageable, and the boat and its passengers seemed doomed. But despair, under any circumstances, was a thing unknown to him. For himself and his faithful negro, Peter, he had no fear, for from childhood they had faced dangers together. The weather was bitter cold, but, nothing daunted, he

seized the boat's cable, and jumping overboard, he called unto his faithful serviteur (as One had called eighteen centuries before, to him who was to hold the "keys of the kingdom of Heaven")—"Peter, follow me," and they swam till they could obtain a footing, where they stood, holding the boat, in the midst of the storm, the icy water chilling them through and through, until the pitying hand of Him, who had once, with His "Peace, be still," calmed the turbulent waters of Galilee, was raised in their behalf, the tempest's fury was spent, and the flat, with its HUMAN freight, crossed safely to the Arkansas shore. Forty years have passed since the incident above related, and the little town of Memphis has become a populous city, teeming with life. Who will say that the man who risked his life—so precious to his wife and little ones—to save the lives of the hunted, despised and mistreated red sons of the forest, was less noble, less brave than the hero of the battle-field. The Captain died in 1840, and is now sleeping peacefully in the quiet shades of Winchester.

FRANCES WRIGHT (D'ARUSMONT).

The short sketch I published of this most remarkable lady in my brief memoirs of Rawlings and Winchester has caused many of my friends to urge upon me a more extended notice, which I unwittingly promised to do, but find it requires more space and ability than I have control of. This history belongs to Memphis or its immediate locality. It was here, it might be said, that this lady made her only permanent location, and here she attempted to carry into effect one of the grandest schemes

ever conceived by mortal man or woman, it being nothing less than raising the negro race of the United States to citizenship. However chimerical this may appear to some, it was far more feasible than the one since undertaken, and now being carried out by the United States Government. Hers, in fact, was and is the Southern theory of to-day, to-wit: That the negro must be thoroughly educated up to its requirements before citizenship could be safely entrusted to him. Of the negro families purchased she expected to accomplish nothing, except, perhaps, the amelioration of their condition. It was with the second generation she expected to apply her test; to raise the children from infancy, free from any scene of degradation or inferiority, giving them fair educations, and impressing upon them the necessity of self-reliance. If successful, or reasonably so, her idea was that it would receive the necessary encouragement, and that in a century or more slavery would wear itself out, without convulsion or producing any material derangement of the social system. With the Northern or English Abolitionists she had no sympathy. She looked upon them as a heartless, impracticable set, doing far more to retard than advance the cause of emancipation. The failure of the scheme she attributed wholly to the base conduct of those she left in charge of her affairs here during her necessary absence in Europe, in consequence of ill-health, which continued some three years. The negro she averred to have found far more tractable than she had anticipated.

But it was to the cause of true religion that she contributed most, by stripping it of the absurd dogmas that weighed it down in all intelligent, thinking minds, and only proved so many weapons in the hands of infidelity. Let anyone who can look fifty years back, and remember the doctrines taught at that time, (the very doubting of

which would have consigned the sceptic to eternal torture), and ask himself how many of them have not only become obsolete, but no intelligent minister can be found who will claim that they were ever worthy of belief.

Miss Wright seems to have had an inordinate thirst for knowledge and truth from infancy to death. On one occasion, after being frequently checked by her tutor, with the admonition that her questions were dangerous, she asked him:

“Is truth dangerous?”

“It is thought to be, my child,” was the answer.

From this she learned that Truth had still to be found, and that men dared not investigate it, which, however, did not deter her; and the further she traversed its forbidden paths, the more she became enamored with its beauties and astounded at its wanton perversions. From that time forth she dedicated her untiring energies to its cause.

As to her views of marriage, they are wholly misunderstood, or designedly misrepresented. She contended that marriage was a civil contract—and what else, according to the strict principles of the law, can be made of it? If one man imposes upon another by false representations, the law makes it a penal offense, beside annulling the contract; but if he imposes on a poor, confiding girl, even by baser falsehoods, the law not only secures him in his fraudulent gains, but tells her she has no redress; that she is this man’s wife, and must go with him and execute her duties. Good, pious people tell her that these duties are to love and honor him, (as though such were possible), while the thoughtless consider it a good joke, and enjoy a hearty laugh over it; and the hero, however base his character, is made a hero indeed, while the poor victim is rendered wretched for life,—and

all through the beauties of law, made, we are told, to protect the innocent and punish the guilty.

If a married couple find it impossible to live together happily, and mutually desire a separation, the law says no. One of you must institute suit, make charges; the other oppose and defend. You were competent to enter into a contract when, perhaps, both were minors, but incompetent to dissolve it in mature years. Suppose one of my daughters were to come to me and say, "Pa, my husband and myself cannot live together; he is perfectly willing to a separation, and I want you to take me home." I answer "Yes, provided you get up a first-class scandal case, bring it before the courts, for the special benefit of the debased rabble, and after I think you have disgraced yourselves, your relatives, and the community in which you live, sufficiently, you may come home." Would not that be nice and fatherly? and yet it is what our parental law substantially says, and to what it drives all to who prefer separation to an ungenial union. My friend, Mr. Kerr's bill, in the last Legislature, limiting divorces to conjugal infidelity, would have only made the matter worse. That crime, on the part of the male, is now, I am sorry to say, too lightly passed over by both sexes. Nine men out of ten would now confess to it rather than to brutal treatment or cruel neglect. Had Mr. Kerr's bill passed its effect would have been to have made the exceptional crime less opprobrious, and in cases of necessity, justifiable. It is not long since perjury was justified on that ground.

I claim to know something of the American people, and particularly the Southern portion. They are very jealous of what they consider their rights, which implies everything that does not infringe on the rights of others; an interference with which, instead of reconciling, only

aggravates them to further resistance. Had the Southern States been permitted to have gone out of the Union when they determined to do so, what sensible man does not believe that every one of them would have returned, and the Union been restored in far less time, without the loss of blood and treasure, or the horrid wrongs and hopeless ruin that followed, to say nothing of the thorough alienation, which an age will fail, I fear, to reconcile. So with all other unions, attempted to be held together by force or unnatural laws.

In cases where one of the parties would resist, which I fancy would be rare, if Miss Wright's theories prevailed, the law could settle the questions in dispute—such as alimony, disposition of children, etc.—without the disgusting expositions now so fluently dealt in. The only sufferers would be the scandal mongers, a few heartless, foul-mouthed lawyers, and some witty local editors. When our law-makers and rulers study the natural peculiarities of these people, and restrain them only where the public good evidently demands it, they will find less ill feeling and a more strict and cheerful observance of social order; but where persons are compelled to violate one law in order to escape the unnatural oppressions of another, a contempt for all law is the inevitable consequence. Such, at least, is my observation.

It is due to Miss Wright to say that she never advocated the thing called "Free Love." She advocated marriage, as she proved by her own act. It was only the unnatural parts she opposed.

DESCRIPTION.

I first met the subject of these remarks in Cincinnati, in 1828, and heard her lecture in the Courthouse, which, although very large, was incapable of holding the number who sought admittance on that occasion. Perfect

decorum was observed, and all seemed deeply interested. After the conclusion, she passed out near where I stood, accompanied by some half dozen ladies and gentlemen. A few steps beyond me she was met by others, and quite a number of introductions followed. All appeared, and I knew some of them to be, the best citizens of the place. The most marked respect was extended to her. She accepted an invitation and rode home with one of the most aristocratic families of the city. She seemed to me to be full six feet high, and more robust than in her later days. Her dress was a dark brown bombazine; the only remarkable thing about it was that she wore a bask, which was not common in those days; it was also higher in the neck than usual. Her hair, of a dark auburn, she wore in heavy ringlets, hanging down to her shoulders. Her hat was Leghorn, about four inches wide in the rim, which was narrower than then common. She wore no ornaments, not even a ribband. Although her features were heavily marked, I thought her handsome; but such eyes, such hair and such a dignity of mien could not fail to have made a beauty of any one.

In after years her form became bent, and age, from sickness, perhaps, seemed to have set in early. In the streets of Memphis she generally wore a man's hat, and seemed rather indifferent about dress. Her mind appeared at all times deeply engaged; she passed through the crowd without heading them, talking to herself. She put up at my father's house several times, and if she met a man at the table or elsewhere, who had traveled in any remote parts, she engaged him in conversation; drew her note book and took down everything she thought worthy, particularly as to the manners and customs of the people. I am fully satisfied she was the best informed person I have ever met with, though I think she

lived full half a century before her time; but perhaps not, as she certainly conceived, and, at a heavy expense, inaugurated schemes which she could never have hoped to see consummated in her day.

The following biographical sketch is taken from the *New American Cyclopædia*:

Wright (D'Arusmont), Fanny, a social reformer and philanthropist, born in Dundee, Scotland, about 1796, died in Cincinnati, Ohio, January 13, 1853. She was left an orphan at the age of nine, and was indoctrinated by her guardian with ideas founded on the philosophy of the French materialists. Upon becoming of age she undertook a tour of travel in the United States, which embraced a period of three years, from 1818 to 1820, and of which she published an account entitled "*Views on Society and Manners in America.*" Soon after appeared her "*Few Days in Athens,*" a defense of the Epicurean philosophy. In 1825 she returned to America, and purchased two thousand acres of land in Tennessee, including part of the present site of Memphis, where she established a colony of emancipated slaves, whose social-condition she endeavored to elevate for the purpose of proving the equality of the white and black races. The experiment eventually failed for reasons never satisfactorily explained, and the negroes were sent to Hayti. She then appeared as a public lecturer in the eastern States, where her attacks upon negro slavery and other social institutions attracted large and enthusiastic audiences, and led to the establishment of what were called "*Fanny Wright societies.*" Her visits were frequently extended to the principal cities of the Union, but the enunciation of views similar to those contained in her "*Few Days in Athens*" met with very decided opposition, and her efforts for the reformation of society proved,

on the whole, unsuccessful. About 1838 she was married in France to M. D'Arusmont, whose system of philosophy resembled her own; but they separated after a few years, and Madame D'Arusmont, who continued to be known by the name of Wright, established herself with her daughter, the sole fruit of her marriage, in Cincinnati, where she resided until her death. Ill health and the embarrassment arising from a suit brought by her husband to obtain possession of her property, interfered with her public labors as a lecturer, and the latter years of her life were passed in retirement.

The following local history of Madam D'Arusmont is furnished by a much esteemed friend, and, doubtless, will prove very interesting:

Frances Wright came to this country for the second time in the year 1824, in company with General LaFayette, and formed, with her sister Camilla, part of the company from Europe, who accompanied this great patriot in this, his visit of triumph.

But upon the return of the Marquis to France, Frances and Camilla removed to this country, and in 1825 she purchased and settled a tract of land near Germantown, in this county, ever since known as Nashobah.

This land she conveyed in trust to General Jackson, General LaFayette and others, as trustees, for the purpose of establishing a school for negro children. Here she settled many families of slaves she had purchased for the purpose, and opened the school. But this proved a shortlived enterprise, and she carried the negroes to Hayti, and settled them in comfortable houses, (as the deed of reconveyance to Frances recites,) and which was really the fact.

During the time she was employed in this philanthropic effort, she was frequently in Memphis, and is re-

membered by many of our citizens, and up to within a short time of her death paid occasional visits to Memphis and her estate at Nashobah.

In 1829, she, in company with her sister Camilla, who was then married and had one child, left this country for Europe, to take possession of a large estate in Scotland, coming to them by inheritance, and while in Paris in 1831, Camilla died, and was generally understood childless, thus leaving the entire estate to fall to Frances.

About this time, or shortly after, Frances was married to Count D'Arusmont, who came over to this country, and was in company with Frances often in Memphis, but resided most of the time at Cincinnati.

This proved an unfortunate marriage, and in later years a proceeding was filed by her for divorce, in the Circuit Court, then at Raleigh, but the litigation was transferred to the courts of Cincinnati, where, for a long time, it was a celebrated case in the courts of that city.

There was a young lady, Frances Sylvo Piquefol D'Arusmont, who will be remembered by some of the early settlers here, who was held out to the world as the daughter of Frances and the Count D'Arusmont, and to whom all the property was eventually willed by Frances.

Over the birth, life and fate of this young lady there hangs a romance and mystery which may be solved in some of the legal investigations now before the courts of our country, and to which we will not further refer, that no prejudice may be worked parties in interest.

Frances was probably the most accomplished and distinguished woman of her time and country, and was in constant association with the leading reformers of this country and of Europe, and for a long time she and her sister were the guests of General LaFayette, in Paris,

and in his letters to Camilla, he addresses her as "his daughter."

Frances was for some time connected with, and furnished the greatest share of its funds, used in the vain attempt to establish at New Harmony, Indiana, the Social establishment so well remembered by early settlers in the South and West.

In this she was seconded by Robert Dale Owen and others of world-wide reputation.

Her works—"A Few Days in Athens," "Views of American Society and Actions," were of considerable celebrity at the time. Whatever may now be thought of the views entertained, and life practiced, by this remarkable woman, it cannot be denied that she was a deep thinker, bold speaker, and resolute in action.

She died in Cincinnati, Ohio, from the effect of a fall from her carriage, in 1852.

REMARKS.

Nowwithstanding the great favor my friend has rendered me in the foregoing, I am almost tempted to fall out with him for his brevity. Modesty and delicacy are great virtues, but too much of a good thing, sometimes, becomes an evil. As to which of the two sisters Miss Sylvia was the daughter of, is not a question involved, I think, in the suits now pending. Could her fate or whereabouts be known, she is, undoubtedly, the right and legal heir to the estate. Should the mystery ever be unveiled, I feel certain she will prove to have been the daughter of Camilla, after whose death Frances conceived the idea of putting the child in some obscure place, and reporting it dead until, through a policy marriage, she could assume its parentage.

There was no criminality in the matter, so far as the rights of the child were concerned. The desire that one

of the most distinguished families of Europe, who could trace their lineage through the dark ages, should descend to posterity through her, were doubtless the sole motives to the scheme, and the object of her ambition. Perhaps the desire to relieve herself of the current charge of impotency may have had something to do with it.

BARTON RICHMOND, THE MONEY-KING OF THE SOUTH.

The removal of the deposits, during President Jackson's term, caused an immense increase of local Banks to spring up in all parts of the country, particularly in the States of Georgia, Arkansas, Alabama and Mississippi, especially in the two latter, and the country was soon flooded with these issues, which soon depreciated to about an average of fifty cents on the dollar. It was, however, very fluctuating in current value, being wholly subject to the caprices of the most unscrupulous set of men on earth. The most perfectly organized ring of that kind was formed here in Memphis, at whose head was Barton Richmond. For several years he regulated the value of, perhaps, fifty millions of doliars, or what was then called dollars. All the Banks of Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee and Arkansas, were, for a time, under his control, so far as their current value on the Mississippi river was concerned. Flatboatmen, from whom all our supplies were obtained, got the clue at Cairo of the general currency, and what Richmond's figures were on the same, which fixed their rates until they arrived here, when they called upon him in person and learned the variations, which lasted them to New

Orleans. When on their home trip, time would have to be given them until they could run up and get Richmond's last quotations, which, although given verbally, were fully noted down for the benefit of such friends as they might meet coming down, which shows the important position Memphis then held, and still might occupy. This would have been very well, had there been any stability, or desired stability; but I have known Alabama money to vary from forty to ninety cents on the dollar four or five times a year, and generally at a single pop, when there was no more reasons or necessity for it than there would be to-day of a similar change in the national currency. Other States, however, with the exception of Mississippi, were not so outrageously buffeted; but I doubt whether one-fifth of them ever expected to redeem their issues from the first. Richmond never had any money of his own, but he always had a little of somebody else's, which he was instructed and limited to loan out on good collateral at one per cent. a day. At least such was his tale. He could shave a thirty day note, pocket the big half of it, and assure you that it was a favor that he would not have done for any other man on earth; and the sympathising look he would give his victim at the time was well calculated to prove his sincerity; and, perhaps, truly his idea of an active dollar was one that doubled itself at least twice a year. Of course Richmond got rich, but his career was doomed to come to an end. Some undermining persons came in and ruined the trade, by offering money at the pitiful rate of five per cent. a month, besides advancing about double on same deposits, and poor old Bart. had the mortification of seeing the tight-ups, unmindful of past favors, abandoning him and going over to the enemy. Disgusted at such ingratitude, he gathered up his traps

and transferred his wealth to Little Rock, where it seems his fortune was wrecked about the close of the war. The defunct money-king reappeared on the streets of Memphis, where he expected to find many old friends. After hustling around among those he so kindly aided at the liberal rates alluded to, he was astonished to find that none of them could be made to see wherein their further indebtedness lay. Again in disgust he shook the Memphis dust from his feet and went to Nashville, where he had lived prior to coming to Memphis. Perhaps Mr. Richmond ought not to be blamed. I can find in Memphis to-day, and no doubt in most other cities, pious, psalm-singing Christians who would act fully as bad if they had a chance; and if they are not reduced to want and penury, as he was, it will not be because they don't deserve it. He died in Nashville a few years ago in a state of destitution, over eighty years of age.

UNCLE LOUIS TREZEVANT.

Among our earliest merchants was Louis C. Trezevant. He might be called a good man, without any remarkable stretch of the appellation, still you know people will talk. He was a very prominent member of the church—class leader, I believe—and played a conspicuous part at revivals, prayer-meetings, etc. It was customary in his time to send canvassers among the congregation, to urge the most susceptible to go forward to be prayed for. Uncle Louis was very active in this way, but his field was among the ladies. He, however, devoted too much time to certain witty ones, and the way he hung over the back of their seats, and seemed to enjoy their conversa-

tion, attracted the attention, and, possibly, the envy of others. It was, however, observed that when his wife was present he was much more circumspect and reserved. Mrs. Trezevant was quite a domestic woman, and, although truly pious, rarely attended night meetings, which were old Louis's special favorite.

They had one kind of meeting they called Love-feasts, something, I suppose, like a Quaker meeting, where each gets up, as the Spirit moves them, and tells how good the Lord has been, and how very wicked they are. They laid aside the usual reserve and frequently engaged in a hearty laugh at the extravagant expressions of some ignorant-devotee. In fact, it seemed to be a sort of religious free-and-easy, in which a little fun was admissible. I once obtained a ticket of admission, and went prepared for taking notes, but they closed the door just as I was about entering and left me out. Old Louis took the leading character at Love-feasts. To him it was a feast of love indeed, provided always the old woman was not about. The church used to get him up occasionally on charges of violating their discipline. On one occasion he bought several hundred barrels of whisky, for which he was arraigned; but after a little fatherly admonition about the danger of whisky leading to dancing, allowed to pass. They, however, got him on a far more serious charge. The City Hotel was opened with a grand ball. Old Louis was one of the Hotel Directors who permitted it. He did not go into the room where the dancing was going on, but looked in, and, some said, patted his foot to the music. Dancing was then looked upon as the unpardonable sin. Selling whisky, by the mouthful, barrel, or hundred barrels, was nothing compared to the mere looking at a ball-room; and I think his functions as class-leader was for a time suspended.

Louis would not tell a lie for the world, but if facts themselves created a false impression, that was another thing. He dealt altogether in facts, and left impressions to others. Owning a farm in the bend below Island Forty, the front of which had fallen in so rapidly that the old frame house which stood upon it had to be placed on rollers, and forced back three or four times a year, to prevent it falling in with the bank, he became very anxious to dispose of it. Taking a purchaser up to see it on one occasion, he expatiated on its richness, showed the corn and cotton stalks, and told of the almost incredible quantity of pumpkins and turnips raised the year before from a comparatively small portion of it, but said not a word about its caving propensities. They, however, spoke for themselves, by loud splashing in the water, as slices three feet, more or less, in breadth would go in at a time, which, drawing the buyer's attention, he asked:

"Mr. Trezevant, is this land not falling into the river very fast?"

"Do you see that house?" asked Louis, pointing to the frame building.

"I do," was the answer.

"Well, sir," said uncle Louis, "I assure you, most positively, that that house is not six feet nearer the bank of the river now than it was ten years ago."

This was satisfactory. The purchase of the place was closed; but two or three months later another removal of the house became necessary.

I spoke of a large crop of pumpkins and turnips having been raised on the falling-in place the year before selling it. Perhaps I had as well tell what became of that remarkable crop. An idea struck Louis that they would prove profitable. (They had probably yielded well the year before.) So it was, they were raised for ship-

ment to New Orleans, and the yield was prodigious. An arrangement with Josh. James was entered into to deliver the aforesaid pumpkins and turnips to a certain consignee in said city. A flatboat of sufficient size was procured and towed up to the place; but here a scientific, or horticultural question arose, which was, whether the two products had better be stowed separately, or whether one had better be put in first and brought to a level, and filled out with the other. This matter was thoroughly weighed by Louis and other wise and profound heads, the books being silent on the subject. It was finally decided that the pumpkins should be put in first, and the turnips on top, and thus the boat was loaded, shoved off, and in due time arrived at her destination. The consignee wrote Louis that pumpkins and turnips were in pretty fair demand, but that the prospect was that there would be a rise soon. "Wait until pumpkins get to be 'some pumpkins,'" was the laconic answer by return mail. The rise was slow but steady, when one day Josh. cast his eye over the load, and was surprised to see that it had settled materially. A hurried examination showed that a spontaneous rot had taken hold of the pumpkins, and that they had ceased to be 'some pumpkins.' The malady had extended itself to the upper layer, and the turnips were also faring bad. Josh. reported to the consignee, who told him to make the best disposition possible of the load. The boat was hastily discharged, the pumpkins consigned to the river, and a sale of the damaged turnips and empty boat effected, yielding about enough to pay off the men and expenses while there. On returning to Memphis he reported to uncle Louis verbally, and there was a pair of doleful looking countenances. Some days after the pumpkin speculators met in the street—

"Mr. James," said his patron, "had you not better call round at the store and pay over what balance is due me on that unfortunate expedition."

Josh. ran his hand in his pocket and took out a silver half-dollar; handing it to the old man, he said:

"There is the big half of all that was made."

Dr. J. B. Mallory tells an excellent story, which will be found under the head of "Early Reminiscences," of a Monsieur Dukay, but neglected to say that my old friend Louis Trezevant was a sufferer to the tune of near seven hundred dollars, for goods furnished for the "upper plantation." One smart thing uncle Louis once done—don't understand me to say the only one—was the exposure of a mesmerizer. It was common at that time for fellows to travel around with a "subject," making him do all manner of things, by touching certain organs on the head. This fellow had a negro boy, very ignorant, which was to be taken as an evidence of undoubted honesty. He could be made to laugh, cry, sing, dance, or do anything else that the professor desired, or the audience called for. Mr. Trezevant observed that the object was always announced in advance of the operation on the head, and thinking that though the eyes were shut the ears might not be, stepped on to the platform and asked if he would be allowed to propose a test.

"Certainly," said the polite operator.

"I want, then, to try him on the organ of digging potatoes," and immediately placed his own hand on the head of the negro, who, supposing it to be the hand of his boss, commenced a vigorous use of the arms, as though he was wielding a hoe. A tremendous laugh followed, and Professor Trezevant was awarded the honor of having discovered a new organ, and producing the most striking demonstrations; but the chagrined opera-

tor and his subject slunk away and was never more heard of.

Old uncle Louis, I am told, is still living, in some part of Texas. He was quite an energetic business man, and if he did make some bad speculations, made enough good ones to counterbalance and leave a handsome margin. He was, for several terms, an Alderman, and the town could boast of few better. He was prompt in his dealings and faithful to his obligations—which is saying a great deal for a man at any time.

BAD BOYS OF EARLY DAYS

The following is written by my old friend, J. J. Rawlings, who came here, a boy, in 1824. Joe, I am afraid, was rather a bad boy—in fact, Uncle Ike gave him that character; but Joe used to say that Ike was an old tyrant. As to which was right, is a question I shall leave to my readers; for, after making Ike the hero of one of my best stories, and sub-hero of others, I cannot “go back” on him. I would suggest, however, as a compromise, that they admit both statements; or, do as jurors sometimes have to do—split the difference. I fancy I see the youngster skylarking around, and hear the loud stamp of the old man’s foot, with the exclamation: “Joseph!” and see Joe spring behind the counter, as though he was shot at. He seems half-way to plead guilty, and throws the blame on the girls—or, rather, the absence of girls—and if the reader is willing, I propose that we extend to him the benefit of a doubt. The store-boys of his day, such as himself, old Bill Carter, Ike Moon, Sam Mosby and Tom Young, (all of whom are still living), had to go

through a new schooling, before being qualified as salesmen, and study the languages—not Latin or Greek, but Chickasaw and Choctaw—which they seemed to speak quite fluently. I can say for the boys in Joe Rawling's day, that, however bad they might have been as boys, they made the most energetic, enterprising and successful business men, and as good citizens as Memphis has ever been able to boast of. But read what Joseph has to say:

The boys in the little village, as Memphis might be called at that early day, were a pretty wild set; their fun and mischief had to be attended to. They meant no real harm, but their nocturnal depredations were of frequent annoyance to older ones, who would sometimes threaten extermination to the whole posse. It availed but little to them, they would approach the one offended and say, "We will get you into a good humor to-night; we will bring Bill Henderson around and get him to play you a few tunes." (By the way, Bill Henderson played as sweet a violin as mortal man ever listened to; the strains were sufficient to appease any one.) Or, "We will bring Russell Bean round, and get him to sing you a few songs." Russell Bean was an excellent singer, always carried his song book in his pocket, and would sing it through if requested. Well, the reply might be, "You had better go to church and learn to do better." The rejoinder most probably was, "We went to hear Elijah Coffey, last Sunday, and if God will forgive us for that we will not go again."

I never heard Coffey but once, and that was in company with some other boys on a beautiful Sabbath day, and the sermon was not very highly appreciated. On retiring, we stood about the door a while, and presently Coffey passed by, when one of the boys accosted him,

saying—"Coffey, that was the darndest meanest sermon I ever heard." "Well," said Coffey, "I generally adopt my sermons to suit the congregation."

Under the circumstances, I think great allowance should be made for the mischievous propensities of the boys. We had no societies, no ladies to visit, no church to go to. Turn loose a set of young lads without the salutary influence of ladies' society, and they have nothing to restrain them. To our ladies the boys are indebted for all that is gentlemanly and conservative in their young days.

The country at that time was almost a complete wilderness; had but few roads and bridges, and was but sparsely settled. The largest settlement was north of here, on Big Creek. There lived Jesse Benton, John Ralston, Charles Bolton, John Bolton, Wm. Vaughan, Kader Harrell, Wm. Bond, John Reaves, Alexander Snead and Starke Fleetwood. Of all my acquaintances at that early day, I can now call to mind but one living—Tewill Goldsby. In the absence of roads and bridges, that settlement did its trading by way of the rivers. They came down Big Creek and Hatchie and Wolf rivers in skiffs, or perogues, and carried back large quantities of supplies at a trip. They were neighbors, a unit in principle and feeling, and a more honorable set of men I never knew. They were in a new country and ready to defend themselves against all dishonest and thieving interlopers. A horse-thief would, once in a while, disturb their honest propensities. I heard of one being caught, after committing many trying depredations. The proof was positive against him. They, therefore, came to the conclusion that it was useless to trouble the law and courts with one that had evaded them so successfully heretofore; and that there was no jail in the

county secure enough for him, who had bid them defiance in many instances; so they concluded they would use a certain hollow-tree instead of the county jail. He was securely fastened in it, and I never heard of his getting out. However, it broke up all horse-stealing on Big Creek.

It is a common acceptance among some that the first settlers of a new country are generally a rough, uncouth, careless, dishonorable set—regardless of proper civilities to their kind, and boast of any advantages they may be able to acquire. As respects the names of every individual here mentioned, I had every opportunity of knowing them well, and can safely testify to the character of each and every one, and can say with truth that they would more than favorably compare with an equal number of planters of the present day. Their dealings were all honorable, to the highest extent. Although it was the custom at that time to buy goods on time, and to pay but once a year, I never knew of a single debt to be a total loss. Should one of them be a little behind at the end of the year, his neighbors were all ready to go his security for eventual payment. Now compare that with the present time; what is the difference? Let those who have sustained the planters of this day answer, and I will venture the reply will be in favor of the rough, uncouth first settlers of this country. A high degree of civilization, the influence of churches, and the fear of the law have not forced the present generation beyond the natural honest qualities of their ancestors.

The settlers south of town were, Wm. Persons, Colonel H. Person, Wm. Roberts, Frederick Christian. Those on the east were Joseph Graham, Nathaniel Anderson, Jno. B. Holmes. The first merchants were Isaac Rawlings, Winchester & Carr, and Henderson & Fearn.

THE TURNING POINT OF LIFE.

Samuel M. Gates and Camillus Hart were two moral, but romantic boys, much attached to each other. It was their habit to spend their Sundays in the unbroken forests—"A Stroll in the Woods for Me" seemed to be their motto. Gates, however, was quite religiously inclined. One Sunday morning they had started, as usual, for the woods—though Gates had proposed going to church, his friend declining. On reaching the bayou bridge he again hesitated. "Camillus," said he, "I would much rather go to church. Let us turn back and hear a good sermon."

Hart now hesitated, but finally answered: "If you wish to go back, do so, but I am bound for a roam through the woodland wilds."

They parted, the one to commune with nature, the other with nature's God. A very impressive sermon was preached, young Gates became deeply affected, and finally converted, joined the church and has ever since been one of its most constant members. Time passed. The boys became men and were thrown upon the world to work out their destiny.

Mr. Gates went into business in Memphis, while Mr. Hart sought his fortune, and cast his lot in the then more wealthy regions of Louisiana, where he engaged in business, and both seems to have prospered. Time passed, and however gentle he may act with the moral and steady, yet leaves his indelible impress. Radical changes had taken place in all things; new associations formed, and old ones, in a measure, forgotten, when

Colonel Hart visited the scenes of his boyhood, accompanied by his beautiful and accomplished daughter, of whom any father might well have been proud. When I met him and he made himself known on the street, for he had outgrown my recognition, I was struck with his general appearance, for a more perfect model of human framework I had rarely seen,—full six feet high, while his dignified bearing and urbane manners proclaimed his true character. Among others he met his old friend Gates, and a cordial greeting ensued, with a pressing invitation to the Colonel and daughter to spend an evening with Mr. Gates and family, which was, of course, accepted, and at the appointed time the guests entered the hospitable mansion and was received with all becoming etiquette. The evening passed as might be supposed with persons of refined tastes and manners. At the usual hour of retiring Mr. Gates arose, took down the family Bible, informed his guests of his unvarying custom and proceeded to read a chapter. After which they were called upon to kneel, and a fervent prayer was offered up, which was followed by a hymn. The ceremony being concluded, Mrs. Gates after the retiring salutation, took the arm of her fair visitor and conducted her to the rooms prepared for her, and the friends of early days were alone together. After a few moments silence the Colonel, with tears on his cheeks, spoke:

“Mr. Gates,” said he, “do you remember that beautiful Sunday morning when we parted on the bridge, after your fruitless efforts to persuade me to accompany you to church.”

“I do,” said Gates excitedly.

“I have thought of it a thousand times, and well I might, for it was to me the turning point of life.”

“And to me, also,” interrupted the Colonel; “ah,” he

continued, "how often I have looked back upon that stubborn act, as one of my greatest errors; how much trouble and sorrow might I have escaped had I then complied with your request, and to-day been a better and a happier man."

The two friends here threw themselves into each others arms and wept upon each others necks.

I have, perhaps, taken too much liberty with these gentlemen's names. Few persons like to have their weaknesses paraded before the public; and yet this was no weakness, but the true outpourings of noble, manly spirits. Tears thus shed would have done honor to the most eminent and exalted, especially, I might say of Colonel Hart, whose position had brought him, unavoidably, in contact with the rude, vicious and debased; yet, notwithstanding the trying ordeal through which he had passed, his heart had lost none of its native purity and his conscience remained unseared by scenes of carnage.

A RELIC OF EARLY GRANDEUR—DEATH OF MISS MARIA A. EATON.

There recently stood opposite the Overton Hotel, on Main street, an old two-story frame; in fact, it still stands there, but has been moved back to make room for a more stately edifice, by which it will soon be, no doubt, hid from view. Few would have thought, forty years ago, that such would have been its fate. I almost fancy I see Dr. Wood Tucker, father of Mr. S. H. Tucker, a distinguished citizen of Little Rock, Ark., strutting back and forth through its spacious hall, as with the conscious pride of being the builder, owner and occupant of the

finest residence in Memphis. It was afterward occupied by Robert Lawrence, Jesse M. Tait, Dr. Wyatt Christian and other prominent men of that day.

Squire Richards tells quite a number of amusing anecdotes in connection with this old building that would be worth relating here, but I shall confine myself to one incident, of a rather melancholy nature, and one that has made a lasting impression on my mind:

Immediately after its completion, in 1832, a Miss Maria A. Eaton, sister of Hon. John H. Eaton, a member of President Jackson's Cabinet, who at that time was kicking up a terrible dust in Washington, or rather, his wife was, as she, for a time, it was believed, ruled all departments of the Government, distributed its favors, and when some of the cabinet ministers rebelled, she bursted the cabinet up; but she finally came to a most pitiable end. I have nothing to do with her. Miss Maria A. Eaton possessed all the talents of her sister-in-law, while scorning her unscrupulous and debasing schemes. Though apparently bold and fearless—for she could have addressed the combined dignitaries of the world with a grace, ease and self-possession that would have done credit to any—she yet possessed so amiable and affectionate a nature as to secure the love of all, while her lofty and dignified bearing proved a sufficient protection in her extensive and, sometimes, venturesome travels. I do not know whether any of her writings are extant, but they were certainly worthy of preservation. Her verses, but for their melancholy cast, would have been rare specimens of beauty. She was a misanthropist, at least so far as her relatives were concerned, and much incensed at the conduct of her brother. On the completion of the Tucker mansion she secured rooms in it, for the double reason of their superior accommodations

and that the convenience of a physician was necessary to her impaired health. She was hardly located in her new quarters before she was taken down, never to rise again, and after about a week's lingering, died. To have heard that dear lady talk one would almost have thought themselves in the presence of an inspired person, and their wonder would have been how any could wrong, or how she could have erroneously conceived herself wronged by any.

My wife, then a young lady, was an almost constant attendant at her bed-side during her last illness, and received a letter from her aged mother, thanking her and other young ladies for their care and kindness to her unhappy daughter during her sickness. Her grave lies in a secluded part of Winchester Cemetery, covered by a large marble slab bearing the following inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
MARIA ALLEN EATON,
DAUGHTER OF WM. A. EATON, DECEASED,
OF HALIFAX CO., N. C.
BORN AUG. 5TH, 1797, AND DIED JULY 18TH, 1832.

"THEY THAT SLEEP IN JESUS,
WILL GOD BRING WITH HIM."

Rev. Samuel Williamson preached her funeral sermon, and displayed a degree of fervor that proved the depth of that truly good man's heart.

My wife visits the grave of Miss Eaton as she does that of a relative, never failing to leave a token of her affection. A friend wrote some verses to her memory, which were published at the time. The following is the only one that I now remember:

"Maria! dear, departed shade;
She sleeps beneath the sod.
Her body there entombed must rest,
And moulder with the silent dust;
Her spirit meets her God."

WILLIAM CARTER.

I have just received an interesting communication from my old friend, Billy Carter, as we used to call him. He still runs his large and well stocked plantation near Germantown, many of his old, faithful servants adhering to him. It still, however, lacks one very important appendage, commonly called a wife. The old fellow, though seemingly courageous enough in other matters, has shrunk from popping the question. But, perhaps, some pert beauty has told him "no," and it has "soured" him against the whole fraternity. I had one to talk that way to me once, and know how it hurts. I pouted about it a good while, but finally recovered.

To look at old Billy, one would hardly suppose he had ever seen the inside of a store, much less flourished behind a counter. Still, his was always the heavy shipping business, and although raised behind a dry goods counter, yet he never put on much style.

His communication is a general "hash" of early incidents, and says he supposed I would prefer fixing it up to suit myself. How very considerate!

It appears that his father moved here from Shawneetown, Illinois, in the winter or spring of 1826. The family appear to have been in quite indigent circumstances, and to make matters worse, the father died the following year. Billy's first employment was driving a pair of mules, in a circular manner, under Joe Davis' cotton gin, it being the first thing of the kind in Shelby county. He gives a long and amusing account of this gin; and how the farmers in the Big Creek settlement

(which was, perhaps, the most wealthy in the District), brought their seed cotton—sometimes in perogues—to Davis' gin; also all other settlements. And when they afterward got gins, they were for several years without presses, and they would bring their lint cotton in bags for pressing. He has a vivid recollection of the Indian habits and trade. Sometimes the town would be literally crowded with them—including squaws, papposes and ponies. Their sub or impromptu councils were generally held on the bluff, about where the Commandant's house now stands. Here they would form in a circle, sometimes a hundred feet in diameter, with a small fire in the center. Then the tomahawk-pipe would be filled with killikinick, a mixture of tobacco and shomack, and it was astonishing how much smoke it would yield. The more moderate Indians would take from one to two puffs, but old hoggish fellows would frequently take as many as three, and the last one would make you think his legs were hollow, as there certainly could not be room for that much smoke in his pouch; but wherever it found quarters inwardly, it returned through his nostrils, from which two columns of smoke would be ejected that would have done credit to a one-horse steam engine. The pipe was refilled as readily as it gave out; but they never used but one. The bottle would also take its course, but not so frequent or regular. There was always one Indian, who, although he would take an occasional whiff at the pipe, never touched the bottle. This was the lookout. No sooner, however, was he relieved than he made the bottle gargle.

After the pipe had made its first rounds, an orator would rise and bow, first to the oldest man in the ring, then gracefully on either side; then rub his hands, cast his eyes up, and appear for a few moments lost in medi-

tation, and would, perhaps, have taken a sip of water had there been any present. He would first open in low and measured words, but would gradually warm up until the most powerful jesticulations would follow, while his voice would vary, alternately, from the highest to the lowest key. At one time he seemed to threaten a pugilistic attack on all; and at another, would apply the most soothing and affectionate accents, with upturned eyes and clasped hands, apparently appealing to the Great Spirit to verify his statements. Then, of a sudden, drawing down his visage and casting his eyes around the circle, he would, in tone and manner, seem to challenge their better sense and judgment. At the conclusion he would again bow to the old man, specifically, and then to the others, generally uttering, as he did so, the words, "mark skech," (I've spoken), and take his seat. A low but general moan would be all the response; no applause, no interruption, save the passage and puffing of the pipe, while the strictest attention would seemingly be paid. After the speaker had been seated a minute or more, another would arise and deliver himself with a greater or less degree of force, conclude in the same manner and receive the same response. I think if our white orators have not learned their mode of delivery from the Indian, they and their auditory might, at least, learn something from him in the way of politeness.

Their ball plays, which I have witnessed on the level bluff below Beal street and in Fort Pickering, were certainly the most athletic performances I have ever seen.

Billy devotes considerable space in his letter to the description of the fine fruit that grew on the old Indian or Fort Pickering place. He does not speak, though, of hooking any of the fruit. If he did not, he was an excep-

tion to the boys, generally. But in my time, they had some ugly dogs there. He does not say a word about old Paddy Meagher's (formerly Henry Foy's) fine orchard. By-the-way, Billy used to live with old Paddy. I wonder if he ever learned to milk goats. I'll bet he drank goat milk and eat goat meat while he stayed with Paddy, or done worse. I wish he had told us about that bear fight in which Paddy got his two dogs killed. If I recollect aright, the animal was quietly emigrating to Arkansas, as they were generally permitted to do, except when the boys wanted a little sport, then they would set the dogs on them. But this was a huge fellow, and was passing about where the Worsham House now stands, on his way from the bayou, when Paddy was induced to set his dogs on him; and in about two minutes Paddy was dogless. The old fellow was terribly distressed about the loss of his orchard guardians; but he did not gain much sympathy from the boys. Joe Rawlings admits that he was glad of it. While bruin was making his way down the ravine, where Cochran's lumber yard is now, old Henry James gave him a rifle ball full in the face, and he keeled over and died. Bears occasionally visited the town as late as 1835, which was not to be wondered at, as a better range or more dense thicket for all manner of "varmints" could no where be found than along the bayou from Adams street south. As for deer, they were almost as common as cattle, though they were not so apt to venture into town.

Another thing that my friend Billy speaks of, and which I have myself noticed, was the number of old fields, both on the bluff and for miles around, that appeared to have been turned out for an age. Some places were nearly covered with grass, others with bushes, but most commonly with blackberry vines, the remains of an

old hearth, and, perhaps, a well might also be found. Who cultivated these fields is probably now wholly unknown, but if it were by Indians, they done it in a manner that would be creditable to any farmers at the present day, for the rows were not only laid off regularly, but the ridges thrown up higher than at present; showing, as he says, that they must have been worked with powerful turning plows.

Billy, after serving a time with old Paddy, and then swinging round the circle, whipping up a couple of lazy mules, was next placed behind the counter of Jos. L. Davis, afterward Lawrence & Davis, Commission Merchants. Uncle Billy Carter, as he is called, seems to have prospered in everything. What he is now worth I don't know, but it must be considerable. There is much other matter connected with this communication that is equally interesting with the foregoing cullings, which I shall be compelled to omit for the present.

TILMAN BETTIS AND SOLOMAN ROZZELL.

The gentlemen whose names head this article settled about three miles east of this place in 1820, on adjoining farms. They were good farmers and good citizens, and though different in temperament, were very much attached to each other. Mr. Bettis was rather on the free-and-easy order, fond of his glass, his friends and a good joke; took the world easy and seemed to care but little about the opinion of others. Mr. Rozzell was reserved, unsocial, and with the exception of neighbors Anderson B. Carr and Tillman Bettis, generally unconfiding, though in monetary and commercial affairs he

thought there was nobody like M. B. Winchester; but in this he was not at all peculiar. But old Till. and Sol., as they were commonly called, differed in almost all things outside of farming. While the former was a strong whig, the latter was an uncompromising Democrat. In religion they appeared to have changed positions. The former was a calm, but devout Presbyterian, while the latter was one of the most demonstrative of Methodists. There was one thing that may have had something to do with uniting them. Neither could have recognized his name in the plainest of print. This was a matter that old Sol. was very sensitive about, while Till. did not care who knew it, or what they said about it; and it would have been much better for his neighbor had he pursued a similar course. Numerous anecdotes might be told of these worthy men, but I shall confine myself at present to but one. At the first election for School Commissioners in this county two very competent men were named, and as no opposition ticket was suggested their election seemed certain, and but little interest was evinced until the day of election. On that day, however, a secret ticket was put forth and very industriously circulated, and when the vote was counted out it was found that Solomon Rozzell and Tilman Bettis were duly elected School Commissioners for Shelby County. When Sol. heard it he got very angry, mounted his horse and went immediately to see his brother Commissioner.

"Friend Tilman," he said, "have you heard what these dirty fellows have done?—gone and elected you and me School Commissioners, when they know we have no larnin'."

"Never mind," said Till., "don't say a word and we'll beat them yet."

"But," replied Sol., "it's done through disrespect."

"Never mind," continued Till., "you will make it worse by getting mad; keep quiet and let me work this thing."

Not long after a candidate for teacher presented himself to old Sol. "Go to Mr. Bettis," said that worthy, "I'll have nothing to do with it."

Mr. Bettis told the applicant to meet him and the other Commissioner at the office of Doctor Trezevant on a certain day for examination. At the specified time the two officials met—the one all confidence and self-possession, the other morose and sullen. Doctor Trezevant had piled up the various books, commencing with the higher and terminating with the primary.

"Now," said Till. to his associate, "all you have to do is to keep quiet and look knowing."

This was easy enough for the person addressed, as he had been practicing it from his childhood up. When the candidate was admitted, and seated, Till. took from the pile the upper book, presenting it with the request:

"Please explain this, sir."

"This," said the party under examination, "is Webster's Elementary Spelling Book," and proceeded elaborately to explain, giving specimens of pronunciation, etc. In like manner he was handed, in turn, and went through all others. Occasionally Till. would interrupt him with, "explain that over again, if you please." The poor fellow would repeat the sentence with the greatest precision, lest he should commit an error, grammatical or otherwise, and exhibiting at the same time a nervous uneasiness; and well he might, for there sat the modern Solomon, whose ample brow bespoke a perfect storehouse of scholastic lore, and whose features proclaimed him a fit representative, if not an improvement, on his original

namesake, while the searching eye of his interrogator was well calculated to unnerve almost anyone. The man was finally dismissed with the information that if he would call on the morrow he would learn their decision. No sooner was he fairly out of hearing than old Till, laid back and laughed heartily, in which Dr. Trezevant joined. Old Sol. rose with the exclamation, "shucks on such foolishness!" and was making for the door, when Till. called him back to know what his decision was in the matter.

"You and the Doctor fix that up to suit yourselves," answered Sol., and hurried off. It was finally decided that Doctor Trezevant should make out a report according to his own judgment, and sign their names to it. The result was that the man got the position, but was badly plagued when he learned that the men who examined and caused him such alarm was not collegian graduates.

MAJOR EDWIN HICKMAN.

I think it was in the year 1820 that Major Hickman came here. He first opened one of the most beautiful farms in this neighborhood which, in 1830, he sold to John B. Rodgers, investing his means in town property, and some kind of stocks, which seemed to yield him a handsome income; at least he always appeared to have plenty of money, and was by no means sparing of it. Anybody could borrow money from him that desired. Fortunately for him we did not have as many borrowers as at present. He was the controlling spirit among the fast young men, not to the extent, however, of Gus. Young and others; but exercised a moral and restraining in-

fluence over them, which was not without its beneficial effect; and although he at times drank to great excess, yet so systematic that I never saw him unfit for the best ladies' society.

He, however, broke off, and for the last twenty-five years of his life, was strictly a temperate man. In fact, he was one of the most perfect specimens of a true gentleman in manners, dress, and general deportment I ever knew. Although an incorrigible bachelor, he was still a great favorite with the ladies, and well he might be, for no woman wanted a friend, where he was, that did not find one in Major Hickman.

His first business engagement, I believe, after farming, was the firm of Hickman & Sappington, the latter his cousin, Benjamin R., still living, and now a citizen of San Antonio, Texas. They established the first wharfboat here, and kept it some three or four years. After which they established the old Exchange Hotel, where the Overton now stands, except that it fronted on the river, the Exchange Building having since been erected. It was a decided improvement on anything of the kind ever before attempted on this bluff. The Major was in no wise a business man, yet he was one of the greatest accessions to the hotel. His dignified, though easy and graceful manner, done more to draw custom than it was perhaps possible for bountiful tables or other accommodations, had such been wanting, to have done. When Hon. Henry Clay was here in 1843, he was at the Exchange two days before he learned that the Major was a Democrat, and expressed his surprise that anyone, during such times, could extend such urbane manners to a political opponent. As Mayor of the city, which office he held several terms, the qualities he had so fully displayed as landlord were even more admirably

exemplified, and while some refused to vote for him on the grounds that he done nothing, a greater number averred that his gentlemanly manner done more to advance the interest of Memphis than the labor or attention of any other man could accomplish. When the family of Doctor M. B. Sappington moved to Texas it was not the original design of the Major to have accompanied them, but the separation was too much, and with a view of an early return, he proposed to see them safe there, and the separation was deferred until a score of years had intervened, when death brought about what moral courage, opposed by affection, had so signally failed in. My sister, Mrs. B. R. Sappington, sent me his photograph, with a view of having it lithographed for this publication, and although more than four score years had passed over it, no nobler head could have adorned these pages; yet, for reasons not necessary to mention, I am compelled to delay its production until another addition.

SICKNESS IN MEMPHIS.

In 1827 this locality was first visited by the buffalo knats, that came near killing all the cattle. This was followed by what was known as the Dingué, or break-bone fever, a kind of disease that makes one feel more like committing suicide than any other, perhaps, that flesh is heir to, though seldom fatal. This was followed by a malignant character of billious fever, and at one time near half the citizens of town were down with it; yet, in proportion to the number affected, there were comparatively few deaths. It, however, gave the place

a bad name for health, which was the first heavy drawback Memphis ever received, and from which it took years to recover, and that, too, at a time when her prospects were brightest.

In the fall of 1832 the cholera first visited this country. The old steamer Freedom distributed it all along the river, from Louisville to New Orleans. Memphis escaped better than almost any other place. We have since been visited by it several times, but generally in a less malignant form. The yellow fever has visited here three times, though never what might be called in a severe form.

I honestly believe Memphis to be the healthiest place on this river, from the mouth of the Missouri river down. It will certainly compare favorably with St. Louis.

THE LAWRENCE FAMILY.

One of the most prominent families of early days on this bluff, was the Lawrences. There were five brothers: John B., William, James H., Robert, and B., Levett.

William Lawrence came here in 1818. He was a man of far more than ordinary scientific and commercial ability. A Civil Engineer by profession, he layed off the town of Memphis originally, from the bayou, north, to Union street, and from the river to the alley east of Third street. Take the map of Memphis, and compare any of the additions with the original plat, and you will be surprised to see how far they fall behind it in regularity, beauty, etc. He surveyed many large tracts of land in the district, and, I think, was at one time Surveyor-General. He was also the first Clerk of the Circuit Court,

in 1828. He established the first Commission House on the bluff, in connection with Robert Fearn. He died in 1831. Had his life been spared he would, undoubtedly, have proved one of the most prosperous merchants here. His widow still survives, though his children, three in number, are all dead. Dr. John S. Williams, of Arkansas, married one of his daughters.

Robert Lawrence, with Joseph L. Davis, succeeded his brother William in business. Bob, as he was always called, could play his part in any crowd, from the free-and-easy up. His name appears in several of my stories, which portrays his jovial disposition.

James H. Lawrence, the cleverest of the family, I think—which is saying a great deal—left some three or more children, Mrs. H. D. Connell being one, and James H. Lawrence, Jr., another. From this branch, alone, the family are likely to be perpetuated, at least the name. Mrs. Connell has several children, and James has, I think, as many as four sons.

Captain B. Levett Lawrence commanded several steamboats, having followed the business some fifteen or twenty years. He died in 1849—I think childless.

OUR FIRST BUSINESS MEN.

Jos. L. Davis, established the first cotton press; Thos. B. Carr, the first tannery; Nathaniel Ragland, the first drug store; Seth M. Nelson, the first bakery; John F. Schabell, the first tailor shop; Samuel Runkle, the first tin-shop; Stith M. Nelson, the first bakery; Gordon Simpson, the first butchery; C. C. Locke, the first saddlery; Dick Hinds, the first brickyard; the late Hezekiah Cobb,

the first sawmill; W. O. Lofland, the first flouring mill; Isaac Rawlings, first insurance office. Dr. Frank Graham was the first resident physician; R. C. McAlpin, first resident lawyer; John R. Kent, first resident carpenter; John W. Fowler, first plasterer; Wm. B. Dare, first bricklayer; Rev. Elijah Coffey, first shoemaker; Silas T. Toncray, first silver smith and jeweler; the late Rachel Tarlton, first Milliner; Robert Quinly, first blacksmith.

NAMES OF OLD CITIZENS.

The following named persons, having failed to appear in any of my stories or elsewhere in this work, from the fact that they had no direct connection with any subject matter treated, are not the less deserving of mention:

Wash H. Bolton, George Watson, Britton Duke, John C. Davenport, Silas Buck, L. C. Adkinson, Archibald Walker, John W. Haynes, Capt. Rufe Fritz, John Fritz, Robb & Atwood, Merchants; W. B. Dabney, Wm. B. Turley, V. D. Barrey, Granville D. Searcey, Wm. H. Bayliss, John L. Brown, R. D. Starr, G. W. Fisher, John Y. Bayliss, J. W. Todd, S. A. Norton, Jas. Banks, Andrew Gwynne, James Penn, Wm. Underwood, W. K. Poston, James Wickersham, Dr. Wm. V. Taylor, Squire Jesse Waldran, J. W. A. Pettit, S. B. Williamson, S. W. Jefferson, Daniel Hughes, R. L. Kay, Ben. Wright, Zack Edmonds, Jacob Bean, Joseph Withams, A. J. Wells, Barnett Graham, Wash Runkle, Silas Buck, Arch Walker, Boler Cocke, John and James Kimble, A. H. Davis, James Hardaway, Lem. Hardaway, Charles and John Hardaway, John B. Moseley, David O. Dooley, Wm. D. Gilmore, Dr. Hugh Wheatley, Calvin Goodman, John L. Sweeney,

George Flaherty, David Park, Sam. Park, Jesse D. Carr, T. B. Smith, Sam Allen, Alex. Allen, Jno. W. Fuller, Zach. Joiner, James and Wiley Kimbro, John and Edward Manning, Starke Redick, Moses Ingersoll.

DR. MICHAEL GABBERT.

It does me good to write of such a man as old Mike Gabbert—one that would get up at any hour of the night—rain or shine—to visit a patient, without stopping to inquire, if it was or not a paying case. He did more free practice, I expect, than any other physician has ever done on this bluff, and if one's good actions in this world is any recommendation to him in the next, (and who will say they are not!) old Mike Gabbert is certainly in heaven, for he did freely "cast bread upon the waters." He came nearer following the golden rule—"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you"—than any man we ever knew.

THE MOUTH OF WOLF RIVER.

"The Mouth of Wolf" once shared with the "Chickasaw Bluffs" as a designation for this point; and to read some documents—the John Rice grant for instance—an unsophisticated person might suppose that Wolf river was greater than the Mississippi. It has certainly exercised considerable influence in locating the city landing, and indeed upon the wavering fortunes of the city itself. When John Rice laid his grant, in 1783, the mouth of Wolf was lower down than the foot of Jefferson street. This statement, for a number of years, was based

wholly upon my assertion, and doubted by some; but I have since got ample documentary evidence for it. Thirty-five years later, it was in the rear of where the County Jail now stands. By this freak, John—or rather, his assigns—lost just half a mile of the finest part of their river front—for he had selected that as his starting or processional point. The Ramsey grant, however, gained what the former had lost, which, instead of beginning away down in Fort Pickering, found its northern boundary up at Beal street. But all this has been previously set forth, and I will simply add here that the mouth of Wolf river is to-day two hundred yards further up than it was ten years ago.

“FRESH FISH.”

The mouth of Wolf has ever been a great place for fishing, and quite a number of fishing and family boats are at all times huddled around it. Whether it is possible to keep such a place decent or not, I am unable to say, but it seems that it never is, and it is almost sufficient to turn one against fresh fish to smell the stench and witness the filthy sights that surround the localities where they are caught and prepared for market.

MOSQUITOES.

The mouth of Wolf river has always been noted for the number and fierceness of its mosquitoes. There, in spring, they first assemble, and “there they longest tarry.” Speaking of mosquitoes, they are nothing to compare to what they used to be, and some species of them seem to have disappeared entirely; and as the balance may follow soon, (God grant they may), it probably will not be amiss to perpetuate their memory here. The spring mosquito was a small, red one, very hardy and of a powerful constitution, for they labored

night and day. Their sting was not so severe, but in number they made up for that deficiency. They swarmed around one's head to such an extent that inhaling them was of common occurrence. Their number at the mouth of Wolf was said to be so great that if a man would thrust his arm forward and jerk it hastily back, he would leave a momentary but distinct vacuum through the dense mass. These were succeeded by the "graybacks," much larger and more severe in their bite, but not so incessant and otherwise annoying. Then came the gallinipper—(this is the species about to become extinct, if it has not already done so, for I have not seen one in over thirty years, though I am told a few still visit the mouth of Wolf.) They were very large, the body and thighs being covered with fur, and in sting I would give the preference to the bumblebee. The graybacks were succeeded by the specklebacks, being larger than the former and possessed of some of the qualities of the gallinipper. They squat down to their work and kick up their long legs behind them. After the speckleback came a black (the present) mosquito, who, if the weather is not too severe, will stick by you all winter, but will not disturb you in day time.

ANECDOTES.

A stranger once, coming down by Frame's Island, with a bush in hand, fighting the mosquitoes off as hard as he could, saw a boy with his pole set out, fishing, while he was stamping and flapping his hands in all directions, the great difficulty appearing to be that he wanted full a dozen more hands for the same purpose.

"Well, my son," said the man, "the mosquitoes are very bad here."

"No," said the boy, still slapping, "not much here,

but when you get down to the mouth of Wolf they'll give you h—ll."

A steamer in early days put into the mouth of Wolf. She had been hailed a short distance above, and had sent out and taken on a passenger, who turned out to have no money. The captain was very mad about it, and was going to put him ashore there. The poor fellow begged very hard, but to no purpose, when he turned to the passengers and begged them to loan him the money. One of them, a mischievous fellow, replied:

"If you will strip your back and lay down for five minutes, so that the mosquitoes can have a fair swig at you, I will pay your passage."

To his surprise the proposition was accepted, and the poor fellow, shucking his shirt, lay flat upon the deck, with his face on his arms. In a few seconds there was ~~not~~ space for another mosquito on him, while a perfect cloud was hovering over him, awaiting their turn. The poor fellow's flesh would twitch and quiver, when his employer would hallo at him, for, according to agreement, he was to lay perfectly still—as though that were possible; but he would nerve himself, determined to bear the torture for the time specified. About two minutes had elapsed, when the boss reached over and planted the fire end of his cigar on the fellow's back, who immediately threw one of his hands back, exclaiming—

"No mosquito—gallinipper, by G——d!" when the sufferer was relieved and his passage paid.

We cannot resist the desire to return our sincere acknowledgments to Mr. TOM GALE for material aid in the publication of this book; and to Mr. CLEM FERGUSON, the Binder, for the splendid manner in which he has bound it.

“OLD FOLKS OF SHELBY COUNTY.”

We do not know of anything more appropriate with which to close our book than the following list of officers and members of the chartered organization of the “Old Folks of Shelby County:”

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William B. Waldran, President.
 John T. Stratton, Vice-President.
 Jesse P. Prescott, Recording Secretary.
 Ben. Richmond, Financial Secretary.
 Robert A. Parker, Treasurer.

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Hoffman, J. P.	Patrick, J. M.	Tunley, T. B.
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Jones, O. C.	Prescott, Oscar F.	Vance, W. L.
Jones, J. R.	Park, Wm.	Wolf, Tobias.
Jones, Felix M.	Padgett, C.	White, J. M.
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Mellersh, George.	Saint, J. C.	Zent, John.

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Davidson, Rev. T. P.	McMackin, T. C.	White, Rev. Geo.
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DEATHS SINCE 1871.

Bowen, John H.	Dunlap, W. C.	Worsham, J. J.
Chandler, W. R.	Holst, J. C.	Cochran, M. E.
Harris, E. R.	Banks, James,	Granger, George.
Bills, John H.*	Edmonson, A. J.*	Starr, R. D.

*Honorary Members.

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